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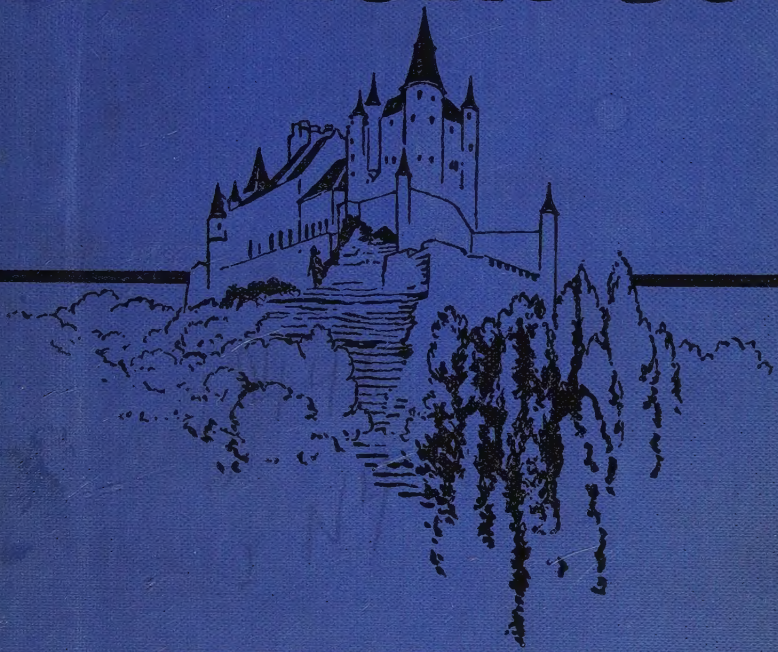

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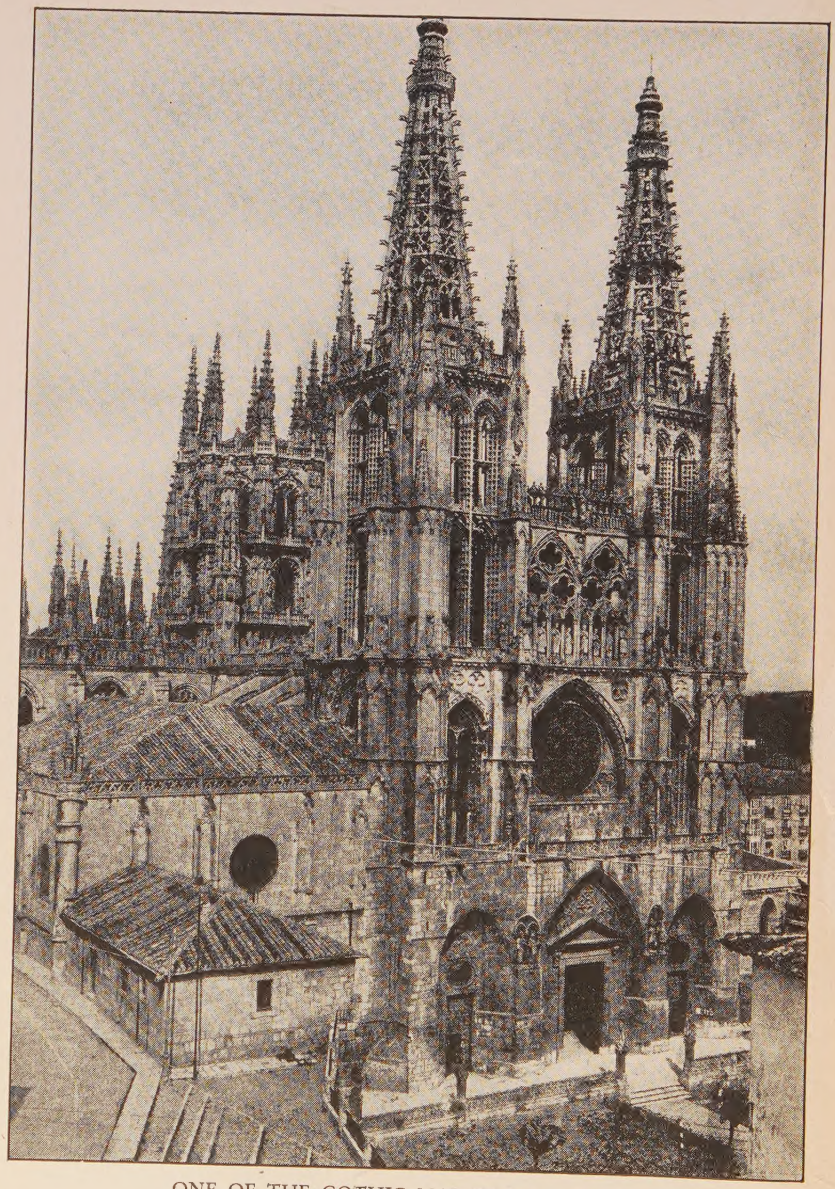

ONE OF THE GOTHIC MARVELS OF SPAIN:
THE CATHEDRAL OF BURGOS

NEWMAN TRAVELTALKS

SEEING SPAIN
AND
MOROCCO

By

E. M. NEWMAN

Author of "Seeing Italy," "Seeing Russia," "Seeing Egypt and the Holy Land," "Seeing Germany," "Seeing England and Scotland," "Seeing France," etc.

NEARLY 300 ILLUSTRATIONS
FROM ORIGINAL PHOTOGRAPHS

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INTRODUCTION

ROMANTIC Spain has been less attractive to the visitor than other European countries only because it did not offer the comforts which the average traveler demands. There is no denying the fact that, until a few years ago, the hotels throughout Spain were not up to the standard; that the highways were notoriously bad, and the railways so slow that one's patience was sorely tried. It is not astonishing, therefore, that even the manifold attractions of Spain could not lure any such army of visitors as that found in other countries where the "sights" were no more important.

Since the entertaining of tourists has become a vital and profitable industry in many other countries, Spain has at last awakened to her opportunities and has begun a campaign to improve her hotels, build better highways, and speed up her trains. The result is a happy one for the visitor. In such cities as Madrid, Barcelona and Seville, palatial hotels have risen where formerly a first-class inn was unknown. Prices for rooms are still out of proportion to those in other European countries, in hotels de luxe; but even the second-class hotels in Spain have begun to use a paint-brush, refurnish their rooms, and better their accommodations.

An excellent motor-road now extends from Hendaye, on the French boundary, through San Sebastián and on down to Madrid. A new and splendid highway has been built between Madrid and Toledo. From the capital south to Seville the roads are good, but from Seville to Granada there is still room for considerable improvement. The highways in the

South of Spain, generally speaking, are not good. Most of the roads, even in the North, are very dusty, adding to one's discomfort; but on the whole there has been a vast improvement. If this improvement continues, it will make travel in Spain as comfortable as in other frequented lands.

Express trains no longer torture the hurried tourist by running at the speed of an ordinary freight train, but now bowl along at thirty or forty miles an hour. It is true that there are still some day expresses that limit their ambitions to ten or fifteen miles an hour, but they are becoming fewer and are usually encountered off the main line of travel.

I would be unfair were I not to compliment the Spanish people upon their earnest efforts, in recent years, to improve conditions. Justly or unjustly, Spain has long been called "the land of mañana." Whether that has been responsible for its failure to keep up with the times in the matter of travel facilities, or whether the cause was poverty, indifference or politics, I do not know; but the fact remains that many travelers who were anxious to visit the country have stayed away because they were told that they would have to put up with delays as well as discomfort.

A short time ago I might have hesitated when asked to recommend a tour of Spain, especially if I knew the inquirer to be at all particular about living conditions when traveling abroad. But things have changed. Everything to-day is not exactly as some would like it, of course; but I believe the principal cities and sights of Spain may now be viewed in comfort—even in luxury.

Were there nothing more than the monuments left by the Moors, one would have ample reason for a visit to the Iberian Peninsula; but when we remember that the traveler may include also the Prado gallery in Madrid, the wonderful

old city of Toledo, the marvelous Cathedral of Cordova, the Giralda Tower and Cathedral of Seville, and enjoy Granada and the Alhambra as a climax, there is sufficient to lure him without mentioning the glories of Barcelona, Burgos, Saragossa and numerous other places of interest.

If you have the time and money, go first to Morocco. It will give you a chance to visualize the background from which sprang many of the architectural wonders that to-day beckon you to Spain. See both countries if you can; if not, be sure to see Spain.

For six photographic reproductions of art masterpieces in the Prado gallery, and for a like number of illustrations both in the chapter on the Recreations of Spain and in that on Saragossa, I am indebted to the Spanish Tourist Information Office in New York City, a bureau whose aid can be invoked to advantage by those intending to visit the Iberian Peninsula.

THE AUTHOR.

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I SEEING MOROCCO FIRST

ROCK OF GIBRALTAR SEEN ACROSS THE BAY FROM ALGECIRAS

SEEING SPAIN AND MOROCCO

I

SEEING MOROCCO FIRST

BEFORE entering Spain, it is advisable and easy to postpone arrival in the land of sunshine and castanets for at least a glance at Morocco, and, if leisure permits, an extended journey into the enchanted land of the Moor. Such a tour provides a geographical, historical and ethnological background for the joys that await the newcomer after he passes north of Gibraltar. This preparatory spin in Africa is comfortably and speedily available to present-day tourists; while it abounds in unusual sights, rare glimpses of Oriental life, and spectacular pictures on every hand, all unfamiliar to the American, the excursion has none of the dangers and none of the discomforts of the past. One is as safe in Morocco, nowadays, as he is on the Continent of Europe; and what has been accomplished within the last few years to add to the pleasure of the tourist, while permitting enough of the old to remain untouched, is a continuous delight to the traveler. Thus, while the visitor feels that he has arrived in the land of the Arabian Nights, he can still enjoy the comforts and conveniences of the modern world in a measure almost comparable to what he would find in France or Italy.

Morocco is only three hours distant from Gibraltar; but the stranger feels, when he sees it for the first time, that he

must have traveled much farther to reach it, because its scenes correspond with what his previous conception has placed upon the other side of the world.

Russia unites Europe with Asia; Spain is a similar link between Europe and Africa. The two were at one time joined together, and even now they are almost connected. In fact, it is likely that in the future they will be joined again; but this will be accomplished by a tunnel, which has been pronounced feasible by engineers who have made the preliminary surveys. The Straits of Gibraltar are only eight miles across at the narrowest point. The greatest engineering feats yet accomplished in the way of juggling with continents have been feats of separation—by means of the Panama and the Suez canals; but this connecting link would be exactly the reverse—a tunnel between the Pillars of Her-

A DEPARTMENT STORE, ORIENTAL STYLE

BREAD VENDORS IN MOROCCO

cules, which would join the continents of Africa and Europe. From the tests of the soil and rock that have been made, it is likely that the tunnel, if it is ever constructed, will be from Tarifa on the coast of Spain to some point, yet to be decided upon, in Morocco. This project was proposed by a Frenchman as early as 1869, and since that time several companies have offered to undertake the work. Such a tunnel would make possible train service between the capitals of Europe and Cape Town, South Africa.

A visit to Morocco is an appropriate prolog to the alluring drama of Spain; an alluring prelude to the Spanish symphony. After arrival at Gibraltar (the natives call it the Rock), instead of boarding the small steamer that crosses over to Algeciras, thus putting our feet upon Spanish soil, let us take another small steamer that ferries us across the Straits. From one side of the huge gateway to the other we go, and soon we stand on African soil, an experience as novel and exhilarating as tho the big ship had brought us ashore at one of the ports farther south on the Dark Continent. We obtain splendid views of the giant rocks known as the Pillars of Hercules, guarding the passage between the Mediterranean and the Atlantic. Hercules appears prominently in ancient Moorish legendry, and many places hereabouts bear his name, because, according to the legend, it was he who separated Europe from Africa at this point—a feat

to be duly celebrated. The legend is that Antæus, the giant son of Atlas, killed all men who came in his power, for the purpose of adding their skulls to a mound in honor of Neptune. Hercules destroyed him, and in so doing opened the watery gateway that leads from the Mediterranean to all the world.

Either at the time of arrival or upon returning to Gibraltar, the traveler may spend several pleasant hours in the town itself or in a drive that corkscrews around the Rock, one of the world's most celebrated fortifications. The Rock is two and one-half miles in length and has a breadth of about one-half mile. The drives afford excellent lookouts across the water. The only wild monkeys remaining in Europe formerly haunted its rugged slopes, and a few are said to remain; but they are now so rarely visible that the most optimistic tourist

TANGIER: WHERE THE ORIENT COMES NEAREST TO THE UNITED STATES

DEMI-MONDE TYPE, MOROCCO

usually over water that is what artists know as ultramarine blue, those of us who never have been in this part of the world before receive a thrill at the thought of our arrival in Africa—deep, brooding, almost mystical Africa. Landing at Tangier is still made in small boats, often through heavy swells; but any discomfort from this cause is soon over. Only a few years ago, a journey through Morocco was fraught with danger. Living conditions in need not look for one. The floral display, however, may compensate for this, and my own experience has been that one should be fairly well satisfied at Gibraltar if the weather be favorable for outdoor sight-seeing. A heavy fog often drapes itself around the Rock; the rainfall is heavy, and, particularly in the summer months, the sunshine and heat are likely to be too excessive for the comfort of one unused to them.

As we approach Tangier,

SENEGALESE NEAR CASABLANCA

A BIT OF SENEGAL ON EUROPE'S DOORSTEP

the country were primitive, highways were bad or non-existent. To-day one may live in twentieth-century luxury, enjoy modern comforts, and travel in perfect safety. Where Raisuli formerly roamed with his bandits and Abd El Krim with his Riffian army fought for years, more than forty palatial hotels have risen. In the remote oases of the Sahara, situated hundreds of miles from the Mediterranean, amid the dates and palms, gorgeous hotels have been constructed, with running water, private baths, and all the luxury of western civilization. Those of us who are satiated with the more familiar routes of travel, those who seek novelty, may find it in the Garden of Allah. Our visit may dispel some illusions, and perhaps a few of us may be disappointed; but for the great majority of visitors Morocco will be of memorable interest, because it is "different."

Tangier is a cosmopolitan city having excellent hotels and a permanent and visiting population almost as mixed as that of Cairo, rightly called the melting-pot of the world. One encounters representatives of nearly all races and religions amid the unusual pageant of the streets of Tangier, and at the same time one is observing architecture and ways of life wholly unlike anything to be found elsewhere. Modern times have brought a great renovation to this ancient city, an epoch-making clean-up, along with many modern buildings; but the moderns, thanks be! have left the more picturesque aspects of the past largely undisturbed. Thus one quickly gains the impression of having arrived in a land that affords vivid glimpses of what it was when the colossal Arab Empire extended from Bagdad to Fez, and when Morocco became its western outpost, called by the Moors themselves El Moghreb El Aksa or Land of the Farthest West. Here we see Mohammedans in the great majority, for they include the

Berbers as well as the Moors; Jews claiming to be descendants of settlers who were of Asiatic origin and who came here as early as the third century; many Negroes, both slaves and freemen; desert men who come from far off in the South; and many Europeans, especially Spaniards.

All this colorful diversity is spectacular and gives to the newcomer the impression that he has arrived in a land of musical comedy; that all the people around him are costumed

A STREET IN THE SEGREGATED DISTRICT OF CASABLANCA

for the stage; that the curtain will soon rise, and that the United States Marines will shortly arrive to rescue these beautifully dressed foreign ladies, who are staying at the hotel and who have rashly ventured into the streets for a glimpse of the fascinating native life.

Tangier is a city of white buildings surrounded by a splendid old wall with ancient gateways, while above them all rises the citadel. The population is noisy and seems truly Oriental; and I would suggest to visitors that they go to one

CASABLANCA, CHIEF CITY OF FRENCH MOROCCO (Rue de la Gare)

CASABLANCA BOASTS A TASTEFUL "PALAIS DE JUSTICE"

of the three markets, where tumult exists at its fullest. The services of a guide are unnecessary; but one who desires to see as much as possible in a brief time will find it advantageous to go about accompanied by someone who speaks English or another familiar language and who is acquainted with the chief points of interest. An accomplished guide can help one to see things that might otherwise be missed.

A TOWN MADE OF AMERICAN TIN CANS—
NEAR CASABLANCA

For example, I recall one who called himself Mohammed, and who was engaged less in the capacity of guide than as an assistant in arranging for photographs of typical natives. The Arabs here, as elsewhere, are superstitious about standing before a camera; which is not strange, since many of them believe that after a camel or other animal has been photographed, its heart is dead and the creature is likely to expire very shortly. Mohammed succeeded in arranging for many photographs, however, overcoming the native fear

by administering "presents" to the unwilling. I was about to return to the hotel, when he saw a group of natives in a narrow street and suggested that I follow him quickly.

A snake-charmer was giving an exhibition, and Mohammed explained that while it was a form of entertainment much enjoyed by the natives, it might end abruptly as soon as it was observed by a policeman. I followed him to the group of men, women and children and continued behind him as he pressed his way through the crowd toward the inner circle. He had surmised correctly, and there in the center of the ring stood a man about fifty years of age, who had a large and very active serpent coiled about his neck. At arm's length he held another smaller snake in each hand. The latter squirmed and coiled around his hands, but he

A POTTERY SHOP OR "SOUK" IN CASABLANCA

PUBLIC BUILDINGS IN MAZAGAN, FRENCH MOROCCO

VIEW OF MAZAGAN FROM THE RAMPARTS

ENJOYING TEA IN AN AFRICAN TEA-GARDEN

AN UP-TO-DATE HOTEL ROOM IN MARAKESH

A COMFORTABLE HOTEL IN MARAKESH, WHERE EAST MEETS WEST UNDER SUNNY SKIES

shook them out to full length, like short lariats, holding them by the neck. As he did so, he held their heads close to his mouth, poked out his tongue and permitted the quickly moving tongues of the snakes to strike his own and his chin. Then he made a quick movement of the head and caught the heads of both snakes in his mouth, after which he closed his lips. The crowd was enjoying this disgusting spectacle, but it was not to my taste and I turned to go.

"Wait, please, Mister," Mohammed begged; "yet is to come the dance, and that is very good."

I remained, and after the man had placed the serpents in a burlap sack on the pavement, he squatted and began to play upon a very shrill flute-like instrument. The lid of a wicker basket in front of him slowly rose, and there protruded from below it the head of a serpent which had a *hood*, and which, in my ignorance of the whole snake family, I took for a relative, at least, of the dreaded cobra of India. The snake slid out of the basket and raised its head seemingly a foot above the pavement, facing the player and appearing to be "charmed" by the music. Literally, it seemed to dance, swaying its head back and forth as tho imitating the movements of the player. Probably it was a remarkable exhibit; at least, the natives shouted and applauded; but after I had flung a coin into the circle, I went away and told Mohammed that I had seen enough "sights" of that description for one afternoon. On our way back to the hotel, nevertheless, we witnessed two "magic" performances—a man who put red-hot pieces of charcoal on his tongue and another who bit pieces from a glass dish and chewed the fragments.

Tangier, altho it is internationalized, affords an excellent introduction to the whole romantic country of Morocco and its interesting people. It is also a good starting-point for

BERBER HORSEMEN OUTSIDE THE WALLS OF MARAKESH

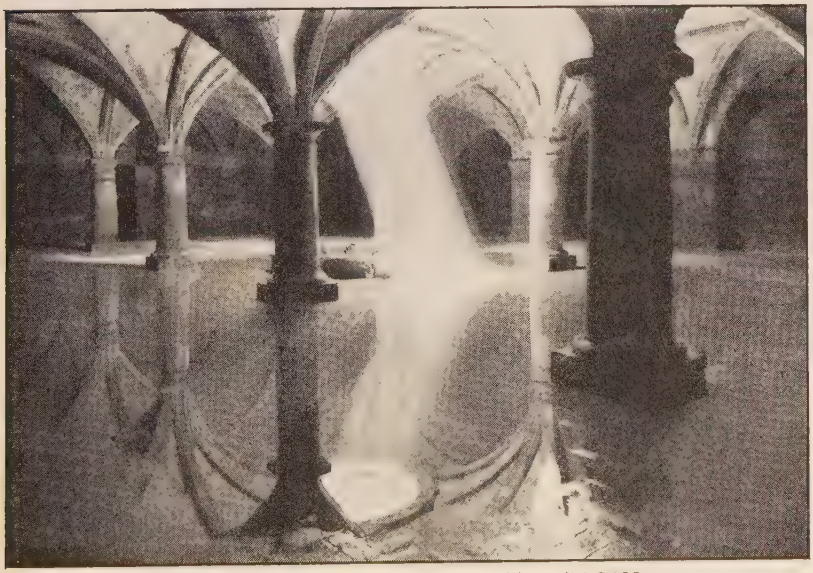
one who makes the tour into the interior and visits cities that have not surrendered to western influence.

Spain still retains a small strip of territory in northwestern Africa, through which we must pass to French Morocco if we land at Tangier. Good motor roads link the Spanish with the French highways. Artistic bridges span the rivers, and a narrow-gage railway creeps across country to Casablanca, which is the port for French Morocco.

Casablanca affords an astonishing contrast between the ultra-modern business quarter and the ramshackle *souks* and bazaars in the old Moorish quarter. The French have not been considered good colonizers, as a rule, but they have accomplished wonders in Morocco. Under the guiding hand of General Lyautey, former French Resident-General, they have opened up wide avenues and constructed magnificent public buildings and banks, all in Moorish style. Here is the gateway

to a land which until a few years ago was forbidden territory to Europeans; one marvels at the progress made.

Just outside Casablanca, black soldiers from Senegal live in huts such as they inhabit in their native land. They are prepared for any emergency. All Morocco is honeycombed with military camps, insuring safety to the inhabitants and visitors. Life here seems to have undergone a remarkable change; and yet it is a paradox and seems not to have changed at all, save in architecture. Through the narrow streets of the native town the same curious stream of humanity still flows; the Moor in his burnous, the Jew in his long black cloak; Negroes and Arabs mingle in thoroughfares filled with donkeys, camels, horses, and automobiles. An effort has been made to separate the chaff from the wheat. In a segregated district called Bouz-Bir is a village surrounded by a wall. Built in the suburbs of Casablanca, it is under the protection



IN A PORTUGUESE CISTERN AT MAZAGAN

and supervision of the police. Within spotlessly white walls are streets well-paved and drained. There are shops and rows of houses in which live hundreds of women who come from every section of the desert; some are surly, some gay, many shockingly young, but all live in a state of depravity almost beyond belief.

A daily airplane service connects Casablanca with Europe, and wonderful motor roads penetrate the desert, extending far beyond the Atlas Mountains. Only a blind man could lose his way. The highways are well marked, not with ordinary signs, but with great white walls.

There are two routes to Marakesh; one follows the sea and passes through Mazagan, an ancient Portuguese city. After fighting for its possession for centuries the King of Portugal relinquished it, and since the eighteenth century it has been in the hands of the Moors. An ancient cistern which enabled the Portuguese to withstand many sieges is the most interesting sight in the town. Once the great hall of a fortress, it became a haven of refuge for Portuguese troops and finally was sealed up and filled with water. A pool of water still seeps over the floor almost to the walls.

II INLAND FROM MAZAGAN

A DISTANT VIEW OF THE ATLAS MOUNTAINS FROM MARAKESH

II

INLAND FROM MAZAGAN

THE ride into the interior from Mazagan dispels many previously formed ideas concerning Morocco, because we pass through huge fields of grain and fine vineyards; but in the distance the great sand expanse of the Sahara spreads out before us. Yonder is a large circle of palms, and far beyond this oasis, the Atlas Mountains. Each turn of the automobile's wheels brings us nearer to the formidable red wall ahead, and there is a thrill for every western traveler, who knows that he is approaching the city of Marakesh, where formerly only nomads and desert tribesmen arrived, dust-covered, from the Sahara.

The French have come, but they have not altered the largest city in Morocco. An air of mystery still prevails here, heightened by the walls, which recall the isolation that the place enjoyed for many centuries. One of the most inspiring sights in the world is Marakesh if you are fortunate enough to arrive at sunset. Set in a beautiful garden, surrounded by flowers and date palms, rises a modern palatial hotel. One's first impression is that by some miracle it has been transported on a magic carpet and dropped in the Garden of Allah. The interior is as attractive as the exterior, and you are at ease in your room with private bath; but be not deceived as to your surroundings, for not more than five hundred feet away life is just as it was in the distant past. The Arab no longer resents the presence of the infidel; he merely

A SHOPPING STREET PROTECTED FROM THE SUN BY MATTING

NATIVE BOY ORCHESTRA IN THE STREETS OF MARAKESH

ignores him and his methods. The French erect modern hotels and introduce up-to-date shops, but the Moors refuse to follow; they go on in the same old way. Natives build no cinemas, no cabarets, no wide streets; only narrow covered lanes, with tiny cubby-holes which they call bazaars.

JEWISH CHILDREN AT MARAKESH

The pedestrian passes through streets that are covered with matting. The sun filters through in patches forming a curious combination of high lights and deep shadows. Within this maze of lanes is a seething mass of men and veiled women. One finds a welcome relief from the jostling crowds in the *souks,* by going to the central market known as the Place Djemaa El Fna. If you want to see snake-charmers, you will find them here; or should you prefer acrobats, this is where you can see them. Story-tellers, jugglers, and dancing boys are other attractions that draw huge crowds, a great carnival held daily. If you are more serious minded, let me suggest that you take smelling salts with you and go out to the tanneries to see how Morocco leather is made. You may like the leather, but you will not enjoy the odor. Even their tanning methods do not change. Water is stored in large earthen jars. Only a Kaid or a Sultan uses chinaware. The native potter is practical rather than artistic. He makes what the people need, and as the masses are poor, most of the pot-

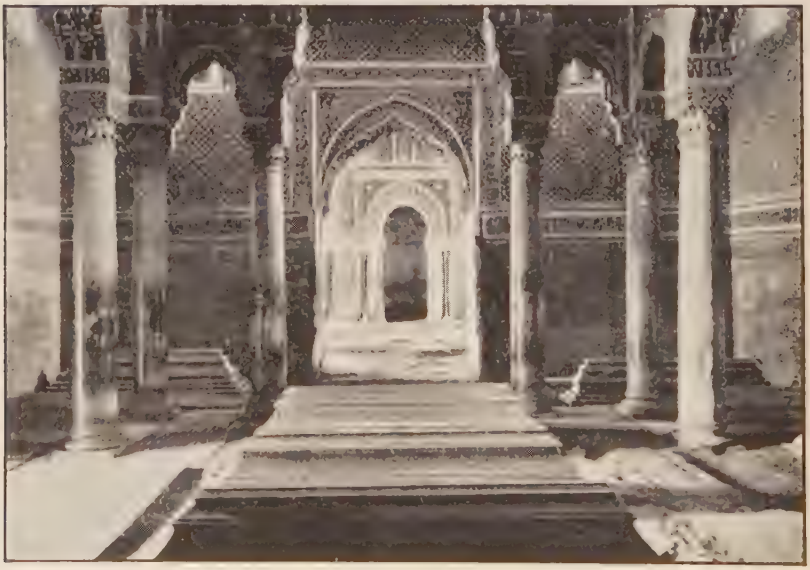
FRENCH MOROCCO HAS MANY LOVELY GARDENS: THIS ONE IS IN MARAKESH

teries turn out cheap, useful articles for native consumption.

When Titus destroyed Jerusalem, thousands of Jews found refuge in northern Africa; and they were joined in 1492 by many others who were expelled from Spain. For nearly two thousand years those exiles from Palestine were virtual slaves. Compelled to live in a Ghetto, they were for centuries forbidden to leave the *Mellah* at night. No Jew was permitted to visit the Fna or central market, nor was he allowed to ride on a donkey or camel. Since the French have had the mandate for Morocco, his lot has been easier; but there are still many restrictions. Most of the Jews are small merchants; some are carpenters, blacksmiths, or are engaged in similar trades. They have lived so long among the Arabs that they have adopted their customs and absorbed many of their superstitions. There are twelve thousand Jews in Marakesh. During the day they pour out of the *Mellah* into the Moorish city. Seated along the sidewalk, hundreds work as shoe-repairers. One day I noticed huge stocks of used tires, and I wondered what they did with them; but it did not take me long to find out. Jewish workers were cutting the tires into strips, from which sandals were made. It is a new and practical use for old tires, which in other countries usually are thrown away. Another thing that I saw in the *Mellah* was the making of lamps and lanterns from Standard Oil cans. From the old tins, bird-cages and attractive lanterns were manufactured—one more evidence of the use to which discarded articles may be put.

There is little to choose between a Jewish and an Arab home of the better class. Both are alike in design, having a central court around which are the living and sleeping rooms. They use no chairs or tables, only divans and cushions. Life within the *Mellah*, however, has naturally made

BLACK NURSE AND WHITE BABY IN A PROSPEROUS HOME AT MARAKESH



THE SAADIAN TOMBS AT MARAKESH

them exceedingly clannish, and now that they are free to live where they please, they still cling to the Ghetto. Some of the younger generation have become quite modern, being too young to know much about the former régime. A few have been to Paris, and the influence of these excursions to the French capital is plainly evident. So little do the Jews of Marakesh use chairs, that even in their synagogs there are no seats except long benches around the walls. These,

MR. NEWMAN AND THE PASHA'S SECRETARY AT MARAKESH

being sufficiently like a divan, are tolerated. Women are not permitted inside the building, a rule which follows closely that of the Moor, who does not permit a woman to enter a mosque.

In the *Bahia* or Palace there is a vivid reminder of the former Sultan, who lived here in Oriental splendor. The court of honor is one of the several inner courts paved with marble. To see all of the palace, one must stroll through a multitude of rooms. The red and blue saddles in the recep-

THE PORTUGUESE GATE, MARAKESH

tion room, presented to the Governor, recall the days when the Sultan rode in state through the streets of Marakesh, mounted on a mule or an Arabian horse. Women were not permitted in this part of the palace. Quarters for the wives and concubines of the Sultan, however, were maintained in the harem. They remained in seclusion. A fountain in the center served as both ornament and bath.

Architectural gems are the Saadian tombs, the final resting-places of rulers who flourished in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Twelve marble columns, worn to a polish by the bodies of reverent pilgrims who rubbed against them, support a roof wonderfully decorated in chiseled plaster.

Unwelcome as were the Moors in Spain, their artistic taste influenced the Spaniards, and now it has so impressed the French, in turn, that they are copying the Moorish style of

architecture both in homes and in various public buildings.

French colonists are pouring into the country. To convince the Moors that they are there to stay, they are taking up farm lands and building homes. One day I was motoring around the outer walls of Marakesh, which extend eight miles, when suddenly I heard shooting and saw native horsemen dashing madly through a ravine, firing as they rode. Then I made the discovery that all the excitement was due to a motion-picture company, which was filming a story of the desert and using real sons of the desert to act the various parts. French directors had native interpreters at the megaphones. At the word of command, these wild tribesmen fairly flew over the ground, riding furiously and shooting at apparently defenseless French troops camped in the desert. Here was realism.

HOME OF A NEW YORK BANKER IN MARAKESH

HASSAN TOWER AND MOSQUE AT RABAT, DESTROYED BY THE LISBON EARTHQUAKE

There is a surprizing country between Marakesh and Rabat—surprizing to anyone who still thinks of Morocco as all desert—because we pass through gigantic fields of grain as we make the journey; and then there are other pleasures awaiting us when we arrive in Rabat. When the French assumed their protectorate over Morocco they made this city its capital. Once a home for pirates, who frequently raided the Mediterranean, Rabat became a commercial center and a port from which expeditions set out against Spain. Since France has been in possession, a new city has been built outside the native quarter, and, as elsewhere in Morocco, a splendid modern hotel is one of the attractions. The privilege of living in twentieth-century comfort so close to an unspoiled native town is one of the delights of a visit. In many respects the French are building better here

than in France. Wide avenues, immaculate white buildings in Moorish design, beautifully decorated, give to the business quarter of the modern city of Rabat the appearance of a section of a world's fair. The sidewalk cafés remind one of Paris. Private homes harmonize architecturally with the business section. The architecture, however, differs from anything one sees in France. It was a happy thought on the part of the builders not to change Morocco in such a way as to obliterate the Moor—not to supplant him by building everything in French style.

The Governor—appointed by the French Government—lives in the Residency, the largest and most imposing building in the country. The entrance is closely guarded by Algerian and Senegalese troops. Under the old régime, the Moorish Governor lived in the *Kasba* or fortress, which is

MODERN COMFORT IN A HOTEL ROOM AT RABAT

THE BUSY MARKET OF MEKINEZ IS A GOOD PLACE TO SEE THE MOORISH PEOPLE

now obsolete and in ruins. Vines and creepers cover walls formerly used as a protection by pirates. Once there was an entire village within the battlemented walls; but nothing remains of it, and in its place is a lovely garden. Clinging to the inner walls, a few rooms are intact; they are used as a museum and school for the development of native arts. The *Kasba* has become a public playground for children, and some of the best native types I saw were within the walls of the ancient fort. Pride of race is evident even in the children; the Moor considers himself a superior person and begins by teaching that doctrine to his children. Even the poorest of these are inclined to stand aloof and eye the stranger with misgivings. One must win their confidence before they become friendly. Offer them money, and they stretch out their little hands to take it—then run away as quickly as they can.

A gateway leads to a celebrated Moorish tea-garden, where, after a strenuous day of sightseeing, one may find rest amid delightful surroundings. Tea flavored with mint is served with cakes and pastry. It is a gathering place for natives as well as Europeans, and is a tastefully decorated and quiet nook. On the walls of the *Kasba* storks have made their homes for centuries, undisturbed by the Moor because they are believed to bring good luck.

A well-known landmark in Rabat is the Hassan Tower, all that now stands of what was intended to be the largest mosque in the world. It was never completed. What was built was destroyed by the same earthquake that shook Lisbon in 1755. The minaret is similar in style to the Giralda Tower in Seville.

Across the river from Rabat is Salé, another pirates' nest and once a rival of Rabat. It was bombarded and almost

MEKINEZ AND ITS MINARETS, FROM WHICH THE MUEZZIN CALLS THE FAITHFUL TO PRAYER

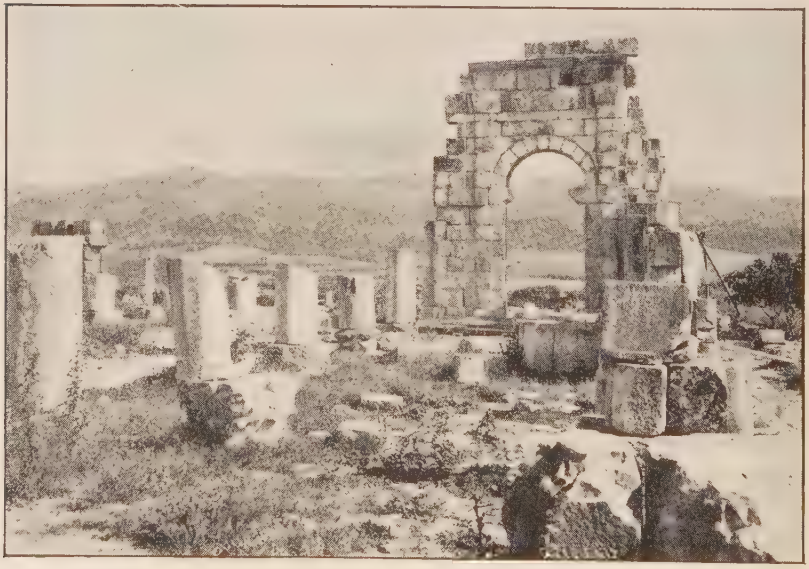
INTERIOR OF A JEWISH HOME IN MEKINEZ, SHOWING THE INFLUENCE OF MOORISH ART

BAB-EL-MANSOUR, ONE OF THE GATES OF MEKINEZ

GIVING THE HORSE A DRINK AT A PUBLIC FOUNTAIN IN MEKINEZ

destroyed by the French in 1851, and since then has lost its importance and has become a quiet native town, but well worth a visit from the tourist. The streets are dirty, and practically no Europeans live there; the inhabitants are of the fanatical type, with a hatred for "infidels."

After an eighty-mile run, much of it through the cork forest of Mamora, we arrive at Mekinez, another walled city with several beautiful gateways. We enter by the Bab-el-Mansour, a gateway that fulfils all our anticipations. Mohammedan law does not permit anyone to make anything absolutely perfect, so there is an intentional fault which mars an otherwise flawless bit of architecture. In front of the gate, a native market spreads over a huge square. Here, as in the Fna at Marakesh and Tangier, snake-charmers, story-tellers, and acrobats attract crowds of eager natives. Across



REMINDERS OF ROMAN CIVILIZATION AT VOLUBILIS

the square from the market is one of the most ornate fountains in Morocco. The tiled designs on Moorish fountains always arrest the eye, but this whole fountain is unusual.

For centuries the Jews of Mekinez have lived in a *Mellah.* To visit it we pass through a gate which formerly was locked at night, and altho this restriction no longer holds, most of the Jews still live in the old quarter. I found many fine

GIRLS IN THE "HOLY CITY" OF MOULAY IDRIS

types of Spanish and Portuguese Jews who came here nearly five hundred years ago as refugees and remained through the centuries. Their quarters are very crowded, the streets so narrow there is no room for vehicles.

The Bab-el-Mansour was built by Moulay Ismail, a contemporary of Louis XIV. He tried to rival the French monarch by making Mekinez outdo Versailles. He had many wives and is said to have had eight hundred children. His

granaries, pointed out as his stables, afford one of the most interesting sights in Mekinez. He compelled Christian slaves to build some of his palaces, and, as an evidence of his power, he is said frequently to have swung his simitar and slashed off the head of the slave who was holding his horse's bridle.

Some of the largest and finest roses in northern Africa may be seen here in the Jardin d'Essais where French scientists are experimenting, trying to determine what plants, flowers, vegetables and trees may best be introduced. Near by is a stud and ostrich farm; also a military school for the training of native officers.

On our short journey to the sacred city of Moulay Idris, we may stop at Volubilis, which was the westernmost part of Africa occupied by the Romans. The scant remains of

MOULAY IDRIS IN ITS SETTING OF ARID HILLS

Rome's ancient splendor here are therefore of some interest, altho the ruins elsewhere in the country are much more imposing.

Until a few years ago no "infidel"—meaning no Christian—had ever entered Moulay Idris, and even now none can spend the night there. Buried in the sacred city is a descendant of Fatima, daughter of the Prophet; so this place of pilgrimage is almost as sacred as Mecca itself to Islamic

GATE OF THE JEWISH QUARTER IN FEZ

Morocco. Perched on the hills about twenty miles from Mekinez, it covers two spurs of the mountains, and from a distance gives the impression of having nothing architectural to distinguish it—of being only a group of flat white houses huddled together. Tens of thousands of pilgrims, in the month of May, wend their way to this shrine: kaids with their guards, tribesmen with their escorts, men, women and children, all cross the hills and so throng Moulay Idris that

A TYPICAL STREET IN FEZ

the town is overcrowded, compelling thousands to live in camps on the hillsides, as in the holy cities of Arabia. This religious festival attracts the pious and the fanatical, the good and the bad. Holy men grovel on the ground in a frenzy of religious enthusiasm, priests chant prayers, and courtesans also arrive in hundreds to turn the nights into orgies. Moulay Idris is the only place in Morocco where women are treated as equals and addressed as equals. They bring tents with them, cover their arms with dozens of gold bracelets, and wear chains of gold coins, among which I have seen American five- and ten-dollar gold pieces. At night, singing and shouts of laughter are heard from within their tents, and in this holy place there is unbelievable revelry.

Fez, the old capital of Morocco, is but a short distance from Moulay Idris and Mekinez. Situated on the River Fez, it has water in abundance, which probably explains why it was chosen as a capital. Our first view is obtained from a height and shows the city lying in a valley, the houses creeping up the side of a long hill, most of its streets being sloping and steep. From the terrace of the Jamai Palace Hotel, once the home of a former Vizier, we obtain magnificent glimpses of the surrounding country as well as of the city. The old Vizier chose wisely; building his palace high above the city, he was monarch of all he surveyed. We stand on the terrace of the hotel and look into a Mohammedan grave-

yard where Moslem women go every Friday to pray for their dead—and also to enjoy a picnic. When a Mohammedan chooses relaxation and pleasure for his wives, he permits them to pray; otherwise, their faces veiled, they rarely leave home except to make purchases in the bazaars.

Once in the narrow lanes within the walls of Fez, the age of the city becomes apparent. At times we appear to be walking through ruins; but behind these blank walls are beautiful courts, flowing fountains, and rooms with tiled floors which face a cool interior. Fez is even more astonishing than Marakesh. It has not as many inhabitants, yet it is far more crowded. Nowhere else in Morocco is there such a jostling crowd of men, women and donkeys. The shrill cries of "Belak, belak," ("Make way, make way") are heard continuously in the streets. In the *souks* are the painted

TAZA AND THE MINARET OF ONE OF ITS MOSQUES

doors for which Fez is famous. Folding like shutters at night, they are closed and locked; and there are no windows, so that after business hours the *souks* become mere painted thoroughfares. Numerous fountains remind us that the river Fez is spilt into many channels, flowing beneath houses, under streets, everywhere. It would be easy to get rid of an unwelcome guest here—merely by opening a trap-door in a house and dropping him into the river beneath. Water spouts from hydrants, flows from fountains, rushes through gutters, and passes between buildings in swiftly flowing streams. Fez is not like Venice; few open channels are to be seen, yet one is always aware that water is near.

Jews came to Fez in the eighth century. The *Mellah* is one of the most interesting in Morocco. It has its own civic council and is the only place in the country where we see comparatively modern buildings four and five stories in height, which date back to the old régime. Fanaticism is still rampant in the old capital, and no infidel may enter a mosque.

As we roll out of Fez on our way to Taza, we are close to the boundary of Algiers. Taza, our last stop in Morocco, was the outpost of the French in the long and bitter fight against Abd El Krim.

MOORISH LIFE IN FEZ: AT THE ENTRANCE TO A FASHIONABLE BAZAAR

III

THE ROMANCE OF SPAIN

WHILE we are still wandering through Morocco, viewing the present-day life of the Mohammedans whom Spain drove back across the Straits of Gibraltar four centuries ago, let us think a little about the traits of the Spanish people, whom we are next to visit.

After numerous sojourns in Spain I have come to the conclusion that much of its romance exists only in its history and in its literature. Many believe that "sunny Spain" is a semi-tropical paradise, with gorgeous-colored flowers carpeting wonderful gardens which are like scenes from the Arabian Nights. They picture to themselves a full moon, the sound of castanets, soft music, a serenader before a grilled window, his lithe body swaying to the music in the ecstasy of youth; while behind the grille stands a dark-haired, black-eyed señorita, ravishingly beautiful, her heart throbbing in unison with the wild abandon of her lover's song. This picture may be true in some respects, but the visitor who goes to Spain expecting to see it will probably be disappointed. Romance in that form is not on exhibition in Spain.

The nearest approximation to it, perhaps, may be found in the hills around Granada, where dwell the Gipsies in their caves. For a small sum one may see these Gitanas and their dance partners apparently swooning away in an ecstasy of emotion as they swirl madly under the spell of sensuous music

and clicking castanets. Call it the romance of Spain, if you will; but make no bargain beforehand, or refuse to pay for your entertainment after the dance, and suddenly what seemed to be divine inspiration disappears; everything takes on a frigid air, and one scents the commercial aspect of the entire performance.

There are some young and impressionable women who picture the Cavaliers of Spain as "great lovers." They have been carried away by the love-making of the late Rudolph Valentino, who undoubtedly understood the art; and because this handsome young Italian played the Spaniard so well, they assume that Spain is filled with ardent lovers. Perhaps there are many young Spaniards who are experts in that line—who have the "it" which appeals to the emotional members of the gentler sex—but such men are not peculiar to Spain

POTTERS AT WORK ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF FEZ

A MOORISH BABY

romance flies out of the window in Spain as elsewhere. A father or husband may be affectionate, devoted, willing to assume his burdens, and yet be as unable to see romance in the daily grind as a matter-of-fact American in the same circumstances. If we go to Spain with this in mind, we shall have fewer illusions and be less likely to be disappointed.

If there is less romance than one anticipated, there is alone; they may be found even in the United States. Not every man in this country is a "great lover," but neither is every man in Spain.

Most of the people are poor, and it is hard to be romantic on an empty stomach. It is all very well in the "movies," but when it comes to stern reality, human nature is more or less alike in all countries. After marriage, if there is not enough to eat,

HOW THE MOORS PUNISH BAD BOYS

IN THE KASBA AT RABAT: GUNS THAT ONCE BELONGED TO SPAIN

compensation in other things. When properly introduced, the visitor will find the hospitality of the Spanish people boundless, politeness among the cultured a natural gift, and their knowledge of English astounding. Many of the Grandees were educated in England; some are graduates of Oxford or Cambridge, and have a remarkable flow of words, pronounced flawlessly and without the slightest trace of an accent. The Queen, having been an English Princess, has educated all her children in the English language; and when they are by themselves, the royal Princesses often converse in English, as do the sons of the royal household. Cousins and other relatives of the King are all fluent in English.

I have seen Spain when it was anything but "sunny." I have been nearly frozen in hotels at Granada and even at Seville, when the sun, like the proverbial romance, was conspicuous by its absence. It is true that in summer Seville may be intensely hot, but so may Madrid, even if it does lie more than three thousand feet above sea level; so seasons, like circumstances, alter cases.

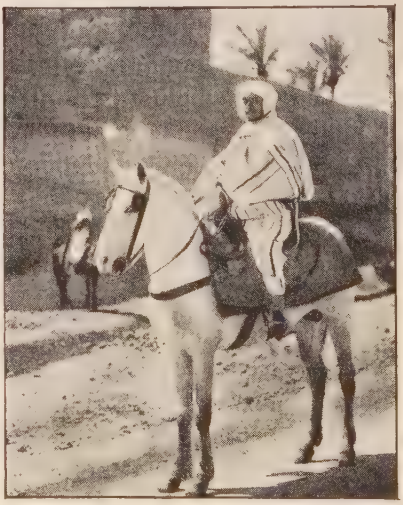
Spanish people are inclined to be excitable, as are most Latins; it seems to be a part of their nature, as it is of the masses in Italy or France. A little experience encountered by a friend of mine at San Sebastián, just after crossing the French border, illustrates both the excitability and the politeness of the ordinary Spaniard. This American and his wife had gone to a photographer to get a snap-shot to paste into a kilometer ticket on which they were going to tour Spain. The photograph was duly taken (the wife afterward labeled a copy of it "Wild animals I have known"), and the photographer told my friend—in Spanish, of course—to call at eight o'clock for the finished product. At eight that evening he duly presented himself—and was received with a torrent

HAVE A DRINK?

Vending water by the cupful from a goatskin bag

to it. Apologies from the American, smiles from the photographer, everybody happy again.

The same sort of thing happens in Spain even among those whose ears are fully accustomed to the language. What appears to be a murderous quarrel turns out to be a harmless argument or a mere difference of opinion, which in some countries of excited and indignant Spanish that was utterly beyond his power to comprehend. Somehow he had insulted the photographer, and so far as he could make out, deserved to be carved into small bits. As he stood there, open-mouthed and speechless (his stock of Spanish was not very large), one of the bystanders said in a calm, kindly, deliberate voice, "*A las ocho, mañana por la mañana, Señor*—At eight o'clock to-morrow morning, Sir." That was all there was



A BERBER AND HIS FAVORITE MOUNT

MOTOR-BUS TERMINAL ON THE WATERFRONT OF ALGECIRAS

would be laughed off as of no consequence. When taxicab drivers fall out, they abuse each other in sulfurous streams of words; but these outbursts are usually meaningless, because as soon as the heat of anger passes the incident is forgotten.

Politics is perhaps an exception. A political quarrel may lead to assassination. Almost every man in Spain is a natural politician; he believes in himself and in his power to solve the problems of his country. Ready at any time to rise in the square called the Puerta del Sol and harangue the crowd, he waxes eloquent in advocacy of his ideas, which he believes to be the sole salvation of his people. We are often told by Europeans that in the United States politics is a business; well, in Spain it is a vocation. It is even possible that graft is not confined to the United States, and while I would not

SNOWS OF THE SIERRA NEVADAS SEEN FROM GRANADA

IN THE PARKS OF CADIZ WE SEEM TO BE IN THE TROPICS

charge anyone with such a thing in Spain, I am so firm a believer in human nature that I am inclined to think it might exist there as elsewhere.

A few general suggestions may be acceptable to those who are about to undertake a comprehensive tour of Spain for the first time. As to the best season of the year to go, it is preferable to go at any season, even the worst, rather than not to go at all. I have been in the country at all seasons, and I have found it extremely hot in some of the cities during the summer months, just as I have found the northern cities cold in winter; but one often finds these same climatic conditions at home. The common report of the excessive temperatures of the peninsula come to us chiefly from English travelers, and English ideas of comfort, especially as regards summer heat, are somewhat different from our own.

Anyone who can choose his own time for the tour of Spain will do well to arrive there either in April, May or June, or in September, October or November. December usually is a rainy month, and in the central and northern parts January is likely to be cold. Barcelona, for example, has no snow throughout the year, and in several parts of the country flowers bloom outdoors in the winter, while even in the north the trees are budding as early as February. On the other hand, it is chilly in some sections until well into April. But Spain is the land of sunshine, having three thousand hours of sunshine yearly, as against seventeen hundred in Germany and fourteen hundred in England. A wise traveler carries sufficient variety of clothing to be able to "dress for the weather," which, he may be reasonably assured, will contribute much to his comfort.

The Spanish tour to-day is no such adventure as it was in 1840, when Theophile Gautier wrote of his romantic ex-

periences, recently reprinted. One who starts out upon the journey does not know whether to be glad or to regret that this is so, because undoubtedly the tour has lost a certain tang that it once possessed. The traveler in our day knows that he is as safe in Spain as in other parts of Europe. But Gautier wrote, nearly a century ago:

"A journey in Spain is still a perilous and romantic enterprise; one has to put forth one's strength and be brave, patient and strong; one risks one's life at every step; privations of every kind, the absence of things most indispensable for existence, the danger of the roads, which are impassable to anybody but Andalusian muleteers, a heat that is infernal, a sun that would split one's skull, are the least of the drawbacks; you have also the insurgents, the robbers and the hotel-keepers, arrant rogues whose honesty is regulated by

PATIENT DONKEYS CARRY MOST OF RONDA'S DRINKING WATER

OLDER THAN COLUMBUS
Miguelete Bell, Valencia, hung on St. Michael's Day, 1418

the number of carbines you carry with you. Danger surrounds you, precedes and follows you; you hear nothing on all sides but whispered tales of terror and mystery. 'Yesterday the bandit supped in this *posada*'—'A caravan has been carried off and taken to the mountains by brigands to hold it to ransom'—'Palillos are ambushed at such-and-such a spot which you will have to pass.' No doubt there is much exaggeration in all this; but, however incredulous one may be, one is forced to believe something when one sees at every turn of the road wooden crosses bearing such inscriptions as 'Here they killed a man.' 'Here died by violence . . .'"

That state of affairs is all past and gone, but the modern tourist who goes to Spain must still be prepared to find the train service much slower than it is at home. This is true despite the fact that the number of express trains between the larger cities has been increased, and that the service is much more reliable nowadays than one might anticipate after listening to the reports of travelers who visited Spain previous to ten or fifteen years ago. Many improvements have been made, and the service in several instances is comparable to that in other parts of Europe. As a rule, railroad fares are high; but one may reduce the price by purchasing

kilometer books, which are valid for several months. Altho they may be purchased at the railway stations if application is made several days in advance of departure, it is advisable to obtain them from a tourist agency. A photograph of the owner will be required, to prevent a transfer or sale. Trains not equipped with restaurant cars usually stop at stations with a buffet, where meals may be obtained; but frequently the hotels at which one has stayed provide a basket containing a lunch, when one starts on a railway journey.

One should be careful not to drink water indiscriminately, particularly the water offered for sale at the railway stations. There are several bottled Spanish waters that are pleasant and safe; and if one pays an additional price, he may obtain the French waters with which he is more familiar. It is advisable to place one's luggage in receptacles that may be

TAXIS AT THE RAILROAD STATION, ELCHE

RURAL LIFE IN SOUTHERN SPAIN, WHERE GOATS ARE RAISED FOR THEIR MILK

carried in the compartment of the train, which saves expense and obviates annoyance and delay at the stations, where porters are always in waiting for arriving trains.

The unit of currency is the *peseta*, which like the dollar is divided into one hundred parts known as *centimos*. Cab fare is not high, altho it is usually the verdict that it is high enough, considering the age of the vehicles in which one is often obliged to ride. Motor-taxis are making their appearance in the larger cities, and an arrangement may be made to engage them at an hourly rate for sight-seeing trips.

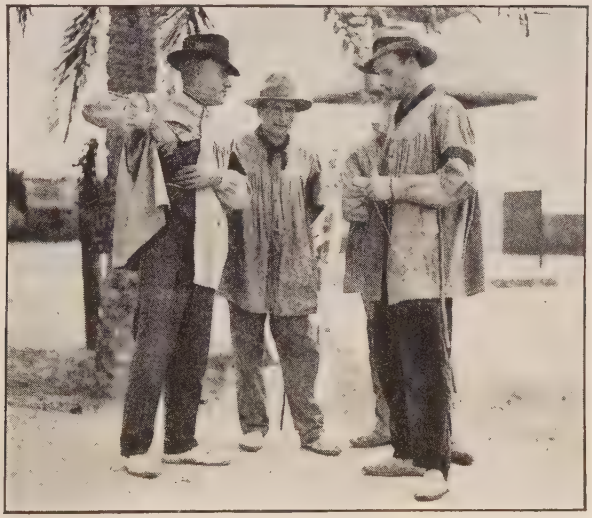
While it is not imperative to employ a guide or interpreter in the usual tourist route through Spain—certainly not in the larger cities—there is often much to be gained through the services of one who is familiar not only with the language of the people, but also with their customs, many of which

are unknown to the visitor from other lands. It is not even imperative to speak Spanish fluently, or at all, as there are servants in all the leading hotels who have at least a passable knowledge of English, so that one may make his desires known and obtain necessary information and directions; nevertheless, there is an advantage in entering the country with a knowledge of a few common phrases and questions, such as may be easily acquired from an ordinary handbook during the voyage. Interpreters—often with a very rudimentary knowledge of English—are supplied by most of the large hotels upon application. The guides are not always reliable in regard to dates and important historical events.

The visitor is likely to think that the chief characteristic of the Spanish people is politeness: and their politeness usually is the genuine article. Next comes what seems an excessive

HOW THE PEOPLE OF ELCHE GET THEIR DRINKING WATER

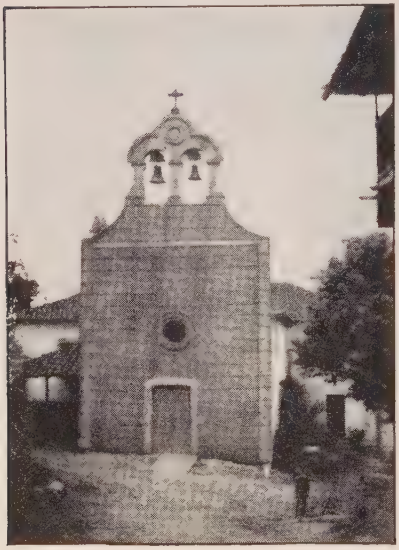
pride. These traits are marked in all walks of life and are not at all confined to the wealthy or upper classes. The cultured Spaniard, it is true, sometimes spends so much time and so many words in gracious compliments and forms of address as to make them seem not only superfluous, but meaningless, from the American point of view; but this is one of the customs of the country. It is not unusual to hear a



CAUGHT NEAR ALICANTE, WHERE SHORT GRAY AND BLACK SMOCKS ARE MUCH WORN

couple of street urchins addressing each other as *señor,* altho they may be quarreling the next minute. Cabmen and chauffeurs use the same forms of address, altho it is well known that the Spanish vocabulary is rich in contemptuous phrases; these phrases, too, may come into liberal use as soon as the ceremonious greeting is over.

I have seen a man in the market raise his hat to a woman selling fish, before he presumed to inquire the price of her



LITTLE CHURCHES LIKE THIS DOT EVERY HILLSIDE

stock. A man seldom enters a store of any kind where there is a feminine clerk without raising his hat; and he would not be so rude as to leave the establishment without raising his hat again, saying "*Adios*" and committing her to the care of God. One who invites a friend to his home usually speaks of it as a humble abode, wholly at the command of the invited guest. Admire a painting, a vase or almost anything else in the possession of a Spaniard, and he will reply in a manner that might seem to give away the article mentioned. Beggars have been known to refer to themselves as the "aristocratic democracy." There is at least the theory that wealth and education count for nothing in the social rank. The poor *hidalgo* is said to be as much respected as the one who possesses a vast fortune.

I have heard American and English travelers complain of Spanish discourtesy; but in every case I have ascertained that the offender was the stranger, who had behaved in a manner not expected in Spain, usually owing to his lack of knowledge of age-old customs, which to the native are as unalterable as the laws of the Medes and Persians. The American is likely to become annoyed with the tardiness and the leisurely manner that is encountered everywhere, on railroads, in hotels, in automobiles, museums, and the chief points covered by

the visitor. The haste and rush of the average American is rudeness to the average Spaniard outside of a few of the larger cities; and peevishness in regard to waiting is considered something like boorishness. Arguments over the late arrival of a carriage, the late opening of doors, or minor matters of service are futile. A pleasant smile will accomplish marvels; but no Spaniard, whether he be a government official or the boy who cleans one's shoes, will permit himself to be bullied; and he often imagines this is the intent of one who complains of delay.

The American tourist should expect to distribute liberal gratuities in Spain. The amount to each individual may be small, but the number of individuals is apt to be large. The attendants at museums and galleries, as well as chauffeurs, coachmen, hotel servants of all kinds, sacristans at churches

TWO HOUSEHOLD FAVORITES ON THE WAY TO PASTURE

and all others who render a service of any kind, even those who open or close doors, expect something. A safe rule to follow at hotels is to distribute about ten per cent. of the bill among the various employees, and if one cares to do so, he may deposit that amount at the office and ask for its distribution.

Some of the expected courtesies should be extended by the visitor: bowing to others seated at a table in a restaurant when one arrives and departs, and similar demonstrations of regard as one enters or leaves a railway carriage. It is even a good practise to extend compliments if one enters into conversation with the natives, as national pride is a characteristic of the Spaniard; he likes to hear that the visitor admires his country and its people, that the tour is being enjoyed—that all other tours on earth, in fact, are not to

ON FEAST DAYS LITTLE CHILDREN AND BEGGARS CAN GET SOMETHING TO EAT AT THE HUMBLEST DOOR

be compared for a moment with this journey through Spain.

In Spain, everyone seems to be a politician, and to have the greatest interest in what is happening or is about to happen in the political world. An English observer, Mr. Wiggin, says in this connection:

"The schoolboy, who with us would be thinking of nothing more serious than football, aspires to sum up the situation

A SPANISH TYPE FOUND IN MANY CAFES

and give his opinion of the public men as if he were an ex-Prime Minister at least. These orators of the cafés and street corners are delighted to find a foreigner on whom they can air their unfledged opinions, and the traveler who can speak or understand a few words of Spanish comes back with wonderful accounts of what 'a Spaniard whom I met in the train told me.' In any case, no one ever says as hard things of his countrymen as a Spaniard will say of those who do not belong to the little political clique which has the extreme honor of

ALICANTE'S HANDSOME PROMENADE: THE PASEO DE LOS MARTIRES

counting himself as one of its number. These cliques—for one cannot call them parties—are innumerable, called, for the most part, after one man, of whom no one has heard except his particular friends."

It is well for the stranger to refrain from expression of an opinion on subjects that in any way are related to politics or religion. In fact, intercourse with the natives should be tactfully conducted, as offense may easily be given by one who is not well acquainted with them, their history, customs and manner of living and thinking. On the other hand, as they are a thoughtful and intelligent people, and as their seriousness is tempered by a lively sense of humor, the visitor who is tactful in his conduct will enjoy meeting and mingling with them, particularly when it is a festival occasion and all Latins are gay.

IV RONDA, CADIZ AND SEVILLE

RONDA, THE CITY ON THE BRINK OF A CHASM
View of the Guadalevin gorge from the garden of the "Moorish King's House"

IV

RONDA, CADIZ AND SEVILLE

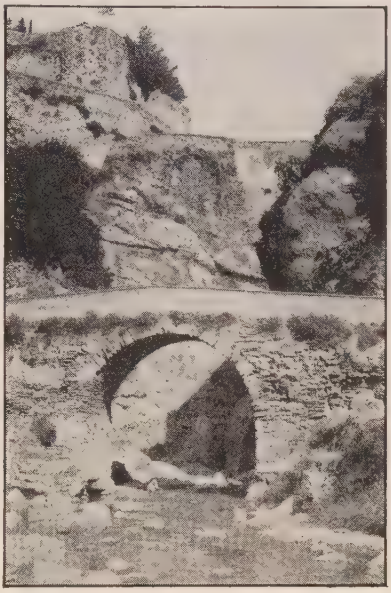
THE first glimpse of Spain, for the tourist who enters by way of Gibraltar, is from the Bay of Algeciras, whence a fine view of the Rock may be obtained. Algeciras is no more than a country town, having only a few thousand inhabitants and almost no "sights" of the kind usually sought by the traveler. One of its comforts, however, is the luxurious hotel, which is much frequented by the British and Americans during the winter season, owing to the mild climate and beautiful surroundings; and in summer it is an agreeable spot from which to start upon the grand tour of Spain. There is nothing particularly characteristic of the country here, to be sure, but it is an extremely pleasant subtropical way-station, where one may spend a few enjoyable days after the voyage.

To one who has made the detour to Morocco, the gardens of Algeciras may appear to be less luxuriant in billowy foliage and brilliant flowers; but any American will receive a thrill from the hotel's garden, which, among other things, has literally a grove and arbor of heliotrope—with us a small potted or garden plant, but here grown to be a tall shrub or even a small tree. The richly perfumed and cool air of this grove affords the newcomer a delightful place in which to sit and read, meditate, or perhaps arrange schedules for the tour of Spain; for here we are well within the country's borders, altho seemingly almost in the shadow of Britain's mighty fortress.

A pleasant excursion from Gibraltar, for all who have the leisure and who are not in a hurry to reach the chief cities visited by tourists, is to Ronda, a small place of about twenty thousand inhabitants, but one of great charm and tremendous archeological and historical interest. More accurately, there is a new Ronda and an old Ronda; the former having sprung into existence after the Moors surrendered to the "Catholic Kings," and the latter, the Moorish town built upon the site of the ancient Roman Arunda, of which interesting remains are still visible. I would not venture an opinion as to which is the more interesting, as that depends entirely upon the taste of the visitor; better to see them both and enjoy the thrill provided by the contrast of the centuries. Ronda was at one time notorious for its smugglers, and it was long famous for its horse-tamers. It has come upon

GIBRALTAR AS SEEN FROM ALGECIRAS ON A CLEAR DAY

quieter days, however, and one finds no evidences of the melodramatic character of its citizens, who are now chiefly concerned with their milling, fruit-growing and wine-production. One's impression before arrival is that this strip of land is an agricultural paradise; and altho it is a luxuriant scene at the present time, the same territory is said to have presented an even more attractive appearance in the days of the Moorish domination.



SAN MIGUEL BRIDGE, RONDA

Arrival at the railway station brings us close to the so-called New Town, consisting chiefly of whitewashed houses and streets in which we observe an interesting population. This busy community is made up of Spaniards in somewhat spectacular costumes and many Moors, the Moorish women being wrapped up in garments that resemble huge black bags. We see the Plaza de Toros, in which an annual fair is held in May, attracting much attention throughout the country on account of the bull-fights and other features. Everything, even during the festivity, has a somewhat primitive air. For example, the slaughtered horses from the games are merely tossed over the precipices into the famous valley of the Guadalevín, where they are awaited by birds of prey.

Ronda is a place in which one wanders about very profitably, having no destination in view, but certain to come upon much of interest, particularly if one be fortified with even

a synopsis of the history of the place. It is easy then to delight in the legends, as well as the facts, connected with ancient structures and sites. There are splendid views to be obtained from many points, and at least a full day of wandering about is advisable. Through the very heart of the city runs the precipitous chasm, or *tajo* of the Guadalevín, five hundred feet deep. We visit the great bridge of one span across this ravine, from which the architect is said to have plunged to his death—killed by the thing of his creation. The Casa del Rey Moro would be worth a visit, for a view from its terrace; but we are thrilled by the story of the former resident, who slaughtered as many of his enemies as possible, then had their skulls encrusted with precious stones, and made into cups, from which he drank wine. Hereabouts are many Arab constructions that catch the eye, many

RONDA'S OLDEST BRIDGE ACROSS THE GUADALEVIN GORGE

churches worth a glimpse or a visit, many waterfalls and rugged landscapes.

In Spain, the sharp contrasts make impossible any feeling of weariness or satiety. There are regions of luxuriant growth bounded by mountains of eternal snow. Through the plain a river glides among groves of gray olives; in the shaded patios of the city, silver fountains keep the air cool

RONDA GLIMPSED ACROSS THE "OLD BRIDGE"

and fresh, and on the coldest night in winter the temperature is still some degrees above the freezing point. Yet in the fiery heat of summer we lift up our eyes to the hills and look on the snowy sierra against the deep blue of the sky. It is indeed a strange and fascinating land. In Spain, the nature of the country, with its rough mountain barriers and turbulent, unnavigable rivers, still protects originality and keeps the character of the country distinct. This may not promote material prosperity, but it constitutes a country of the pic-

turesque and unexpected, a country where imagination is not dead, and where the artist and poet find their true home. Not the least of the country's attractions, perhaps, is the Spanish improvidence and absence of method—the gay living from hand to mouth. A traveler in the wilder districts may easily find himself half perishing from scarcity of food and lost in an intricate labyrinth of ways between far distant villages. The deliberate method of prosperity and success is held in small esteem.

Possibly this is not quite so generally true now as it was before the Great War. Spain is awake, and in its own deliberate way, no doubt, aims at progress and future development; but the signs of this change are confined chiefly to the larger cities; otherwise, Spain remains just about what it has been for a long time, and a radical change in customs and conditions of living will be slow in making itself visible. Spain is not, despite its many tourists, a country of foreign colonies. To the Englishman, this fact brings a striking novelty, for he may visit Switzerland and Italy and France and barely leave the atmosphere of England; but in Spain he will find no difficulty in following Bacon's advice to the traveler in foreign countries to "sequester himself from the company of his countrymen."

If one desires sublime and varied scenery in Spain, it is spread broadcast. If one seeks historic interest, then surely Spain will prove no disappointment, for ruined structures dating back to Romans, Goths and Moors are still extant there, fanned by the perfumed breath of orange trees or shaded by the dropping fringes of the palm and speaking to us of the successive dominion of many powerful races, each of which has left behind it indestructible evidences of its sway. Spain, the country of vivid contrasts of snow and

sunshine, of valiant soldiers and dancing *señoritas,* of haughty grandees and gracious *doñas,* of harsh deserts and beautiful oases, of lovely vineyards and barren heaths—no wonder its people are proud to call it their fatherland! Yet Spain, tho scarcely to be surpassed in interest by any other country on the globe, is sought out by comparatively few tourists. Those few, however, are abundantly repaid.

FOUNTAIN ON THE ALAMEDA DE APODACA, CADIZ

Outside of the larger cities, Spain has fewer hotels than one finds in other European countries, and they do not provide the comforts that other provincial hostelries offer; but the principal cities have large and luxurious hotels, comparable to those in the other metropolitan cities of the Continent. An effort is being made throughout the country to improve the hotel service. This is also true of the railroad service, and anyone who has traveled extensively in Spain over a period of years notices an annual improvement.

THE PALM-EMBOWERED CATHEDRAL OF CADIZ

Let us go by motor-bus or train to Cadiz, which is too often overlooked by the tourist. Its magnificent location is enough in itself to stir the imagination, and one who knows even the barest outline of its history will replace the modern buildings with the villas of ancient Romans of wealth, who made it a favorite resort long before the dawn of the Christian era. The white city occupies a headland that stretches into the sea, so that it is almost completely surrounded by water and seems, like Venice, to be floating upon the waves. A famous traveler has written that its appearance could be expressed best "by writing the word 'white' with a white pencil on blue paper." Another has said that its buildings seem to be coated with plaster of Paris; it gleams in the sunshine like the fanciful sugar decorations upon a huge wedding cake. And the charm of the city is no less when it is viewed at close range: seemingly every building has its own watch-towers, balconies and splendid staircases and courts, while the parks, through which the sea breezes blow, have palms, fountains and a native population that is highly decorative or ornamental in costumes that exactly fit the scene.

Cadiz has been a place of importance for over three thousand years. Ancient Greek geographers mentioned it frequently, as did the Romans. The Carthaginians occupied it, and Hamilcar and Hannibal floated their fleets in the waters surrounding the wealthy town. Pompey and Cæsar disputed its possession, and in the age of Augustus it was a favored place of residence. Away back before the beginning of our era, the preserved fish from Cadiz was famous in the markets of Athens and Rome. Traces of this ancient splendor have entirely disappeared, but one sees in the present an apparent knowledge of the noble past.

CADIZ AND ITS CATHEDRAL SEEN FROM THE WATCH-TOWER

All Spanish cities approve of the promenade. The people love to stroll up and down walks bordered by flower-beds and shimmering fountains; but the walks of Cadiz are unusually attractive. It is a delightful walk to the watch-tower known as the Torre del Vigia, where one obtains a magnificent view of the sea. In the Plaza de la Constitución, one observes the bustling life of the city; and the Alameda de Apodaca affords splendid views of the water and of distant mountain ranges.

The Cadiz Academy of Fine Arts contains an interesting collection of pictures and casts, altho one is unlikely to spend much time inspecting its treasures, in view of the more important galleries that are to be seen elsewhere. It is not the way of the routine tourist to spend much time in this city, anyway, and perhaps the hours here are best spent out of doors.

Both train service and the motor-bus are available between Algeciras and Seville. The latter seems to me to be the most Spanish city in Spain. At least, one feels here that he sees the Spain of the time of Ferdinand and Isabella, because even the architects cling to the old, and there is not the constant intrusion of modern-style buildings to mar the impression of the ancient picture. Even the women have been less influenced by the invasion of continental dress than elsewhere, and one likes the result as seen in the beautiful Sevillanas. They have a distinction of face, figure, manner and dress that long ago attracted the admiration of all who saw them. The natives are a very proud people, and in their opinion there is no other city of consequence in Spain. There is an old saying, oft repeated by them, that "he who has not seen Seville has not seen the marvelous."

A GLIMPSE OF SEVILLE ACROSS THE GUADALQUIVIR

CORK BARK AND OTHER CARGOES ON THE GUADALQUIVIR

Seville lies on a plain on the banks of the Guadalquivir, a yellow stream, perhaps of darker hue than the Tiber. Altho the city is over fifty miles from the sea, the river is navigable from the coast to the quays by ships of considerable size, which gives Seville the advantages of a port as well as of an inland city. It enjoyed this favored position in antiquity and has continued to do so throughout the ages. The climate is delightful in the winter months, but the thermometer soars in summer. To one unaccustomed to its air, the winter sometimes seems chilly; but one has only to glance at the roses and hyacinths in bloom to know that the temperature is higher than it seems to be.

America played an important rôle in promoting the prosperity of Seville. Christopher Columbus was formally received here upon the return from his first voyage, and the

city enjoyed a monopoly of transatlantic trade, which soon made it the chief port of Spain. Here came the ships laden with their incredible cargoes of gold, which enriched the city as well as the nation and gave it a splendor that attracted the envy of the world. Political events caused its greatness to pass into eclipse for a time, but there came an awakening in the eighteenth century; and world-travelers usually agree that to-day it remains one of the gayest cities on earth. But its gaiety is not that of tinsel, but rather of old gold, bronze, and the mellowness of old tapestry.

As at Cadiz, most of the buildings are white, and it seems that every available space of the city has been planted with trees, which afford abundant shade even in those toasting days of summer. Most of the houses are built around *patios*, of which one obtains many fascinating glimpses from the streets. The courts usually are paved with marble, many are ornamented with fountains and plants, and in summer they are the chief "living rooms" of the people, as they are in so many Oriental cities.

The unequaled church festivals of the city draw huge crowds of visitors during Holy Week. It is an event in any traveler's life to be present at one of these celebrations; yet, while spring is in this respect the best time to visit Seville, it is an inadvisable time for sight-seeing, owing to the crowds in the principal places of interest and the impossibility of leisurely observation. Some of the processions of Holy Week are on a more imposing scale than can be seen elsewhere; for example, those in which the various brotherhoods carry huge statues of the saints on platforms supported by dozens of men and accompanied by the masked members, who carry lighted candles and march to music. In addition to the processions, there are highly impressive services in the Cathedral,

beginning with the blessing of the palms on Palm Sunday. On Tuesday and Wednesday there is wonderful Passion music, the veil of the temple is rent, the lights are extinguished, and the "Miserere" is sung. On Thursday occurs the rite of the Washing of Feet. Good Friday's services begin early in the morning, including the Adoration of the Cross by the barefooted chapter dressed in black garments and followed by vespers whispered in the dark. On Saturday the huge Pascal candle is blessed; it is over twenty feet long and usually weighs about eight hundred pounds.

On Easter Sunday, after high mass, huge processions pass through the city streets. In the celebration of Corpus Christi occurs the celebrated dance of the ten boys before the high altar of the Cathedral, a curious survival of the Mozarabic ritual. Many fanciful stories have been told concerning the

THE NARROW "CALLE DE LAS SIERPES," CENTER OF SEVILLE'S LIFE

origin of this unusual dance in the church; and tourists are likely to prefer them to the more unromantic facts. For example, here is one of the best, as related by the Rev. Henry Cart de Lafontaine:

"While Louis XIII was reigning over France, the Pope heard much talk of the Spanish dance called the 'Sevillana.' He wished to satisfy himself by actual eye-witness, as to the character of the dance, and expressed his desire to a bishop of Seville, who every year visited Rome. Evil tongues make the bishop responsible for the primary suggestion of the idea. Be that as it may, the bishop on his return to Seville had twelve youths well instructed in all the intricate measures of this Andalusian dance. He had to choose youths, for how could he present maidens to the horrified glance of the Holy Father? When his little troupe was thoroughly schooled and perfected, he took the party to Rome and the audience was arranged. The 'Sevillana' was danced in one of the rooms of the Vatican. The Pope warmly complimented the young executants, who were dressed in beautiful silk costumes of the period. The bishop humbly asked for permission to perform the dance at certain fêtes in the Cathedral Church at Seville, and further pleaded for a restriction of this privilege to that church alone. The Pope, hoist by his own petard, did not like to refuse, but granted the privilege with this restriction, that it should only last so long as the costumes of the dancers were wearable. Needless to say, these costumes are, therefore, objects of constant repair, but they are supposed to retain their identity even to this day. And this is the reason why the twelve boys who dance the 'Sevillana' before the high altar in the cathedral on certain feast days, are dressed in the costume belonging to the reign of Louis XIII."

THE CATHEDRAL OF SEVILLE, RICH IN WORKS OF ART AND HISTORIC MEMORIES

This is much like those pleasant stories that we hear from the lips of obliging professional guides, who believe that all travelers have romantic or sentimental leanings; but if we want something nearer the truth, we find it in the words of Rhoda G. Edwards, who wrote:

"As far as it is possible to ascertain from records, this dance would seem always to have been in use in the Seville Cathedral; when the town was taken from the Moors in the thirteenth century it was undoubtedly an established custom, and in 1428 we find the six boys recognized as an integral part of the chapter by Pope Eugenius IV. The dance is known as (sic) 'Los Scises,' or dance of the six boys, who with four others, dance it before the high altar at Benediction on the three evenings before Lent and in the octaves of Corpus Christi and La Purissima (the conception of Our Lady). The dress of the boys is most picturesque, page costumes of the time of Philip III being worn, blue for La Purissima and red satin doublets slashed with blue for the other occasion; white hats with blue and white feathers are also worn whilst dancing. The dance is usually of twenty-five minutes' duration and in form seems quite unique, not resembling any of the other Spanish dance-forms, or in fact those of any other country. The boys accompany the symphony on castanets and sing a hymn in two parts whilst dancing."

There are many other fiestas and celebrations in the city, both religious and popular, so that at almost all times of the year the visitor finds Seville *en fête,* enjoying parades, fireworks and dances.

The chief reason for the tourist's visit to Seville is the Cathedral, one of the mightiest edifices ever erected for purposes of devotion, being second in size only to St. Peter's

at Rome. For a time the Spaniards were contented with the huge mosque which the Moors had built and which had been consecrated to Christian worship; but when it fell into disrepair, the chapter determined to erect a bascilica that would be without a rival anywhere. The structure was begun ninety years before the discovery of America and was completed eight years after Columbus had brought back tidings of the New World. The magnificent Gothic structure, which is not only a church but also a huge historical museum containing vast treasure, has survived several disasters that have threatened to wreck it; but restoration has preserved its pristine glory, and one sees it to-day as it has been seen throughout the centuries—perhaps with even an added beauty of age. The architectural specialists who fail to find a convincing unity in St. Peter's admit that this structure

ONE OF THE HANDSOME PORTALS OF SEVILLE CATHEDRAL

INSIDE THE GREAT CATHEDRAL OF SEVILLE

impresses one as a single church, an edifice erected for and devoted to worship, whereas the Roman basilica seems a whole precinct and, altho roofed in, not exactly a place of worship for the people of the city in which it stands.

The huge Giralda Tower stands beside the church as its campanile, and while the two represent two distinct styles of architecture, the high tower having been attached to the mosque, there is an airy grace about it that blends perfectly with the Gothic architecture and one seems to complement the other. The Giralda, built of material from ancient Roman structures, has walls about eight feet thick at the base, and its upper part consists of a network of bricks set edgewise around the windows and niches. At the top is a rectangular belfry, and the structure is capped by a dome which supports a female figure representing Faith. The height is slightly over three hundred feet, and one may climb

THE GIRALDA TOWER

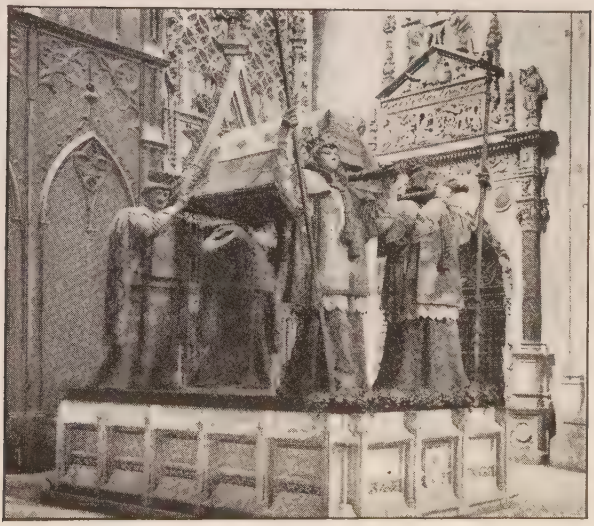
to the top by thirty-five stages and be rewarded with a fine view of the city and surrounding country. A reproduction of the Giralda Tower rose above the former Madison Square Garden in New York City.

Near by is the Court of the Oranges, a large patio, once belonging to the ancient mosque. It has a fountain, sculptures representing sacred subjects, and at the left is the library known as the Biblioteca Colombina, which contains a large collection of important books and manuscripts. It was founded by Fernando Colón, son of the discoverer of America, who collected about four thousand books and bequeathed them to the Cathedral chapter. The gems of the collection are manuscripts of Columbus.

One's first impression of the interior of the Cathedral may be that the area is too vast; but after two hours spent within its walls, one is likely to surrender to its fascination and long afterward look back upon it as the most marvelous of all the churches in Spain. It has seventy-five stained-glass windows, some of which have interesting Biblical scenes. In the nave near the west entrance is the tomb of Fernando Colón. The Capilla Mayor contains some of the finest Gothic wood-carving in Spain, a figure of the Virgin and forty-five compartments containing religious scenes. "St. Peter's

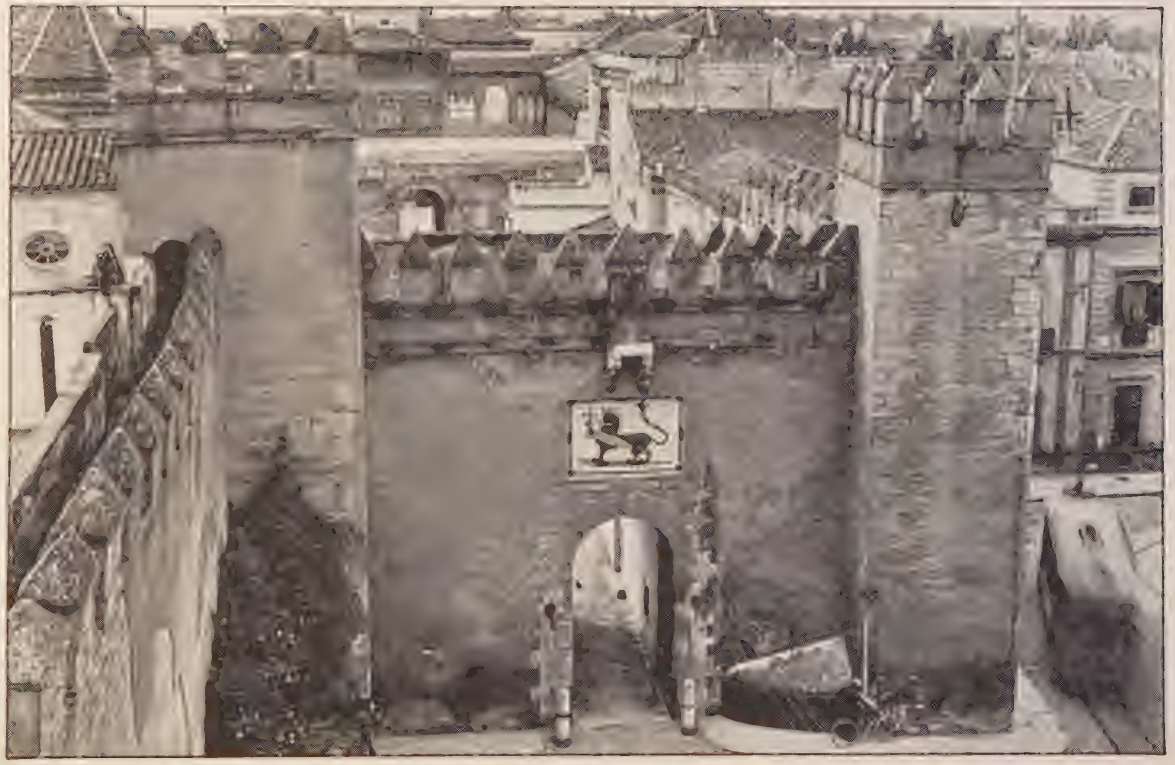
Denial," by Ribera, is behind the altar. The side chapels and sacristies contain many examples of Spanish painting and sculpture.

Of particular interest to all Americans is the imposing Monument to Christopher Columbus, which was erected in Havana before the discoverer's remains were removed to Seville. It has a marble base on which are four allegorical figures in bronze—the kingdoms of Aragon, Castille, Leon



TOMB OF COLUMBUS IN SEVILLE CATHEDRAL

and Navarre—supporting the sarcophagus in which lie the remains, presumably in their final resting-place. The body of Columbus continued to cross the ocean, after his death. It first reposed at Valladolid, later was removed to the Carthusian convent at Seville, then, according to the wish of the deceased, was transferred to Santo Domingo; later it was taken to the Cathedral at Havana, and finally was returned to Spain and deposited in the Cathedral at Seville. An in-



ENTRANCE TO THE ALCAZAR AT SEVILLE

scription on the tomb refers to the "ungrateful separation of America from its mother, Spain."

Near by is the famous "Generación," showing Adam and Eve adoring the Virgin; also a colossal painting of San Cristobal and one showing "The Descent from the Cross." Among the many other things to hold our attention in the Cathedral is the Sacristia Mayor, in which several treasures should be observed: the gigantic silver candelabra, a reliquary received from Alfonso the Learned, monstrances, crosses, vestments, some of which date from the fifteenth century, a Moorish prayer-carpet and silver keys of great historic significance.

A detailed account of the sights of the Cathedral would fill a book; I have mentioned only a few for the most cursory visitor. One may derive a fair impression of the structure in a single visit of two hours, but it is advisable to return if time allows. I make no suggestion as to the number of days one may profitably devote to Seville, but merely say that one should remain as long as possible, because each day abounds in interest; here, more than anywhere else in Spain, one feels that the very life of the country is visible, as it is not in some of the other cities of importance.

W. D. Howells offers this interesting observation concerning the worshipers in this great shrine:

"Chiefly, of course, they were women. In Catholic countries women either have more sins to be forgiven than the men, or else they are sorrier for them; and here, whether there was service or not, they were dropped everywhere in veiled and motionless prayer. In Seville the law of the mantilla is rigorously enforced. If a woman drives, she may wear a hat; but if she walks, she must wear a mantilla under pain of being pointed at by the finger of scorn. If she is a young

GLIMPSING THE CHARM OF THE ALCAZAR

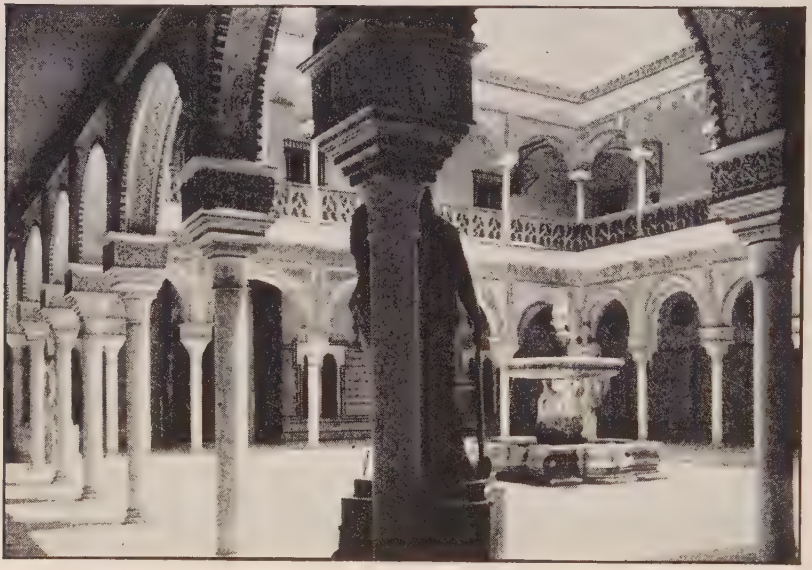
girl she may wear colors with it (a cheerful blue seems the favorite) but by far the greater number came to the cathedral in complete black.

"Those somber figures which clustered before a chapel, or singly dotted the pavement everywhere, flitted in and out like shadows in the perpetual twilight. For far the greater number, their coming to the church was almost their sole escape into the world. They sometimes met friends, and after a moment, or an hour, of prayer they could cheer their hearts with neighborly gossip. But for the greater part they appeared and disappeared silently and swiftly, and left the spectator to helpless conjecture of their history. Many of them would first have met their husbands in the cathedral when they prayed, or when they began to look around to see who was looking at them. It might have been their trysting-place, safe-guarding them in their lovers' meetings, and after marriage it had become their social world, when their husbands left them for the clubs or the cafés."

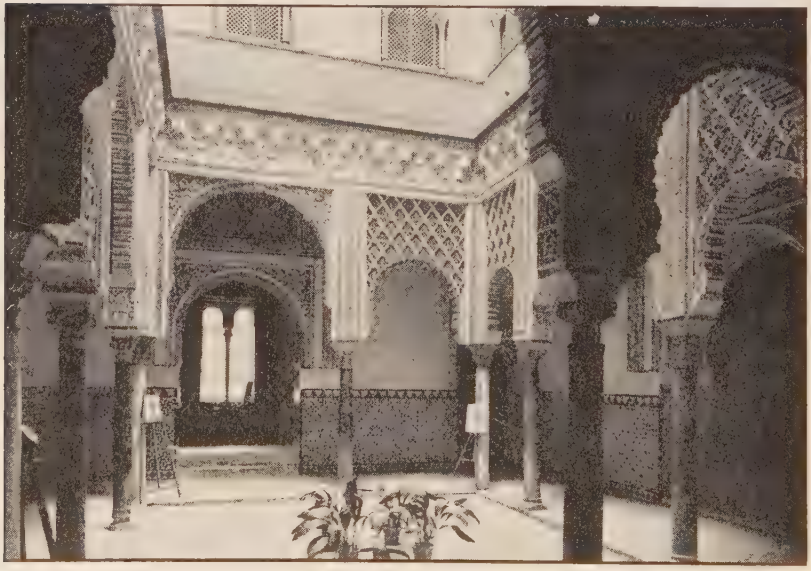
If the Cathedral is the chief lure of foreigners who visit Seville, of almost the same interest is the Alcázar, the palace of the Moorish kings, later occupied by Spanish sovereigns. It is of exquisite beauty and is built upon the remains of the ancient Roman Prætorium. The exterior reminds one of

the cold, bare walls of castles and strongholds of the Middle Ages, as well it may, for this was once the chief fortress of the city. But the interior blazes with color and Oriental warmth, some of its apartments being equaled in splendor only by rooms in the Alhambra at Granada. We visit the celebrated Hall of the Ambassadors and the much larger Court of the Maidens, the latter being seventy-two feet in length and pierced by twenty-four Moorish arches and the walls supported by fifty-two coupled marble columns. The Dolls' Court, a little gem, receives its name from two small figures in the decoration. Adjoining it is the bedroom of Isabella the Catholic. There are several rooms which the public rarely sees. The living rooms of Peter the Cruel are closed to visitors and are used only when the King of Spain visits Seville. In this room Peter spent much of his time with

GARDEN OF THE ALCAZAR AT SEVILLE

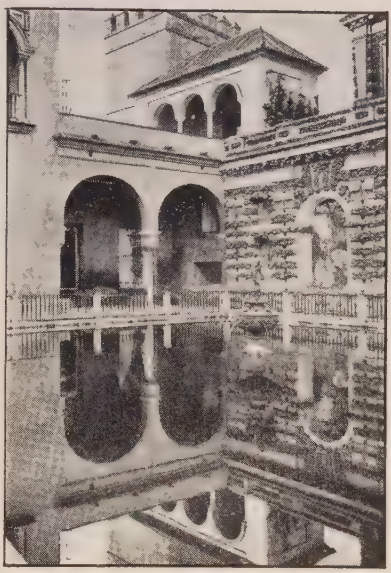


THE COURT OF MAIDENS IN THE ALCAZAR, FORMER PALACE OF THE MOORISH KINGS



THE DOLLS' ROOM IN THE OLD PALACE OF THE MOORS

his mistress, Maria of Padilla. She is buried in the Cathedral, notwithstanding her known relationship to the King. The gardens enriched by Peter have a beautiful fountain where Maria of Padilla came for her bath. It is said that Peter's courtiers then showed their gallantry by drinking the water. Adroitly hidden in the paths of this garden are thousands of tiny sprays which were turned on by order of the King, at times drenching the Queen and her attendants, a royal idea of a practical joke. The Alcázar gardens also contain a maze, a grotto, and a beautiful pavilion adorned with *azulejos* or glazed tiles painted in rich colors.



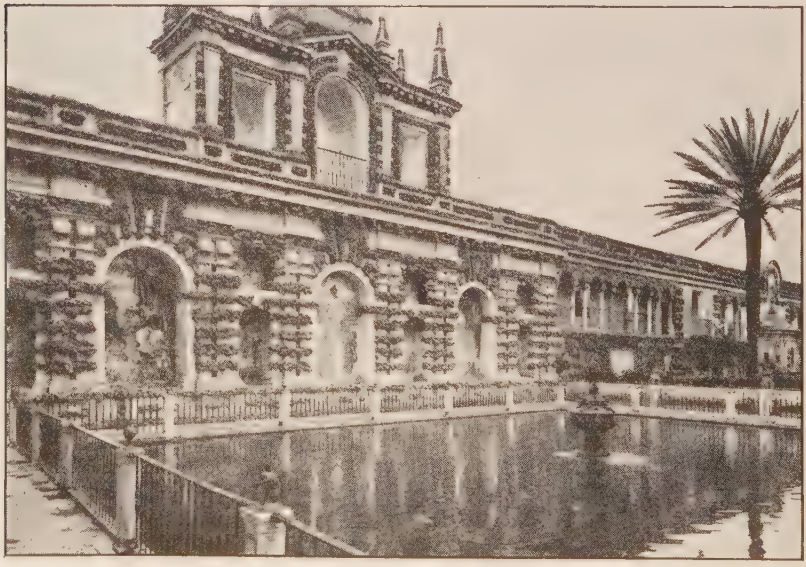
THE ALCAZAR MIRRORED IN ONE OF ITS PONDS

On a recent visit to Seville, I saw another lovely garden, the private property of the Duke of Alva, one of the Grandees of Spain. He maintains a gorgeous palace in Seville and his gardens vie in beauty with those of the Alcázar.

It has seemed to me always that in no other part of Spain has one so good an opportunity to observe the beauty of Spanish women as at Seville, and particularly during the celebration of the *Feria,* which is essentially a women's fête. Here we observe the parade of spectacular shawls, combs, flowers in the hair, and the flashing eyes, the merest glance from which, said a writer of four centuries ago, should be

considered a great favor. Another writer remarked in 1623 that when viewing the women of Seville in the promenade, it was impossible to distinguish a countess from a cobbler's wife. They pile their hair high, as they did centuries ago, and adorn it, after which a *mantilla* is draped gracefully over the comb.

Artemidorus, a writer of the sixth century B.C., speaks of the extravagant headdress of the Spanish women in that day. It is notable also that their rather sallow complexions seem always to have been compared to metal. Cervantes said a lady's complexion was like a burnished and polished sword. Gautier called this complexion "a golden pallor," and Blasco Ibáñez, of our own time, spoke in one of his books of the "metallic reflection" of Neleta's skin. Valera wrote of ladies who had complexions of "burnished bronze." At Seville, as



WHERE MARIA DE PADILLA USED TO BATHE, WHILE GALLANT COURTIERS DRANK THE WATER

IN THE SPANISH-AMERICAN EXPOSITION GROUNDS, SEVILLE

ROOM OF PETER THE CRUEL, IN THE ALCAZAR

elsewhere in Spain, a beauty's eyes and complexion are considered her rarest possessions.

One of the former objections to a lengthy sojourn in the city was the lack of good hotels. A few years ago there was not a single modern hotel, but with the completion of the palatial Alfonso XIII this deficiency has been met, and only the exorbitant charge for accommodation remains to worry the visitor.

V MALAGA AND GRANADA

PORT OF MALAGA, FROM WHICH THE FAMOUS GRAPES AND RAISINS GO ALL OVER THE WORLD

V

MALAGA AND GRANADA

MALAGA is so beautifully situated on the eastern spurs of the mountains that form a semicircle around its ancient bay that I often have wondered why it never has become a greater favorite as a resort for tourists. Those who visit the place are charmed by it, and many prefer it to other coast cities of the country; it is certain that there has been a definite endeavor to make it a winter retreat for those who would be likely to enjoy its climate and the view of the sea. But it remains the most famous of Mediterranean ports in Spain, also the oldest, and is still notable for its commerce rather than for its scenic beauties. It produces sugar, iron and cotton, but is best known to the world for the abundance of its fruits, especially its grapes, melons, pomegranates, and olives; the much-liked raisins from the Malaga district find a ready market in distant countries. More than two thousand years ago the Phenicians, who traveled far, took with them salt fish from this port, which was a notable depot even then; it is possible that the name of the city itself was derived from *malac*, which means "to salt." Following the Phenicians, the Romans considered it an important port; but there are no remains of antiquity, few even of a later period, when the Arabs liked to speak of the place as a paradise. It finally became of slight importance in the fifteenth century, and was slow in recovering its commercial and industrial position; but it has gone forward at

a rapid pace in recent years, and to-day takes on the airs of a modern city. It must be admitted that Malaga has not many sights of consequence for the tourist; but, as I have hinted, it is a charming place in which to spend a few days, mingling with the people and observing their customs, which are distinctly Spanish despite the presence of strangers from all the ports of the world.

One of the most interesting sights of the city is the Cathedral, which occupies the site of a Moorish mosque and dates

MALAGA'S BUSY PORT AND LIGHTHOUSE

from five years before the discovery of America—altho it was not completed until the nineteenth century. This stretch of years accounts for the church's unusual architectural features. The façade is flanked by two towers and has two stages in which are a series of Corinthian columns. The portals are approached by flights of fifteen steps and each has above it a round-headed window. One of the towers has a stage with columns, surmounted by a dome and lan-

tern. The interior, which is nearly four hundred feet long, is distinguished for its light and airy appearance, produced by two rows of pillars supporting rosette-studded vaulting. The main altar is a domed, four-sided temple, and there are several wood carvings that should be seen.

Many delightful jaunts beckon the visitor, both in the city and in its environs; Malaga is a pleasant place for strolling about with no particular destination. One may go up to the Gibralfaro, site of the original acropolis; to the fishing village of Palo; to the Cerro de San Antonio, where the view is superb; and out among the vineyards of Colmenar, to the villa of La Concepción, where there are Roman antiques.

It is likely, however, that even if we have the leisure for a visit to Malaga, our minds will be upon Granada, naturally

ALONG THE HIGHWAY IN RURAL ANDALUSIA

VIEW IN THE ALBACIN SECTION OF GRANADA

one of the chief points of interest for all visitors to Spain. And it will not be Granada itself that beckons us most insistently; it will be the Alhambra, one of the most notable palaces in Europe, and one of those structures, like the Pyramids of Gizeh or the Acropolis at Athens, which provide a thrill that never is forgotten. Even when viewed from afar, Granada itself seems to be insignificant, because the gigantic Alhambra sits threateningly and majestically upon the hill, dwarfing all that lies beneath, seemingly in its shadow.

One should reflect, after arriving at Granada, however, that the Alhambra will be there to-morrow and long after to-morrow; so that undue haste is not to be recommended in visiting it. In fact, it grows in majesty and serenity as one views it from below in the city streets. Curiosity concerning it is enhanced by frequent observation from the base of the walls and towers; and the visitor should not overlook the interesting scenes in Granada itself. The city has a great historical interest; and perhaps one who knows something of this will be better equipped to understand how, why, and for what the palatial fortress was erected.

Granada was the capital of the great Moorish kingdom, and here transpired some of the momentous events in the colossal struggle between Morocco and Spain. One of these events had a meaning for the whole world, because it was a check in the stride of Islam across Europe, a triumph for Christianity. Here were enacted the scenes in the life of Mohammed Abu Abdallah, known to history and legend as Boabdil. He retreated from here with his train of followers, deserting the throne and palace of his ancestors, and when he turned to view the splendors which his eyes were never again to see, he burst into tears and his taunting and resolute mother, Aisha, delivered herself of the much quoted words:

THE SNOW-COVERED SIERRA NEVADA RANGE, SEEN FROM GRANADA

"Weep not like a woman for what you could not defend like a man." The vanquishing of the Moor in Granada was an event that stirred the entire Christian world, and there was great rejoicing; the event stirred countless poets, and the memory of it is enshrined in countless books. A Te Deum was sung in the great cathedrals of the world, celebrating the victory. Such a service, history tells us, was held in St. Paul's, London, in the reign of Henry VII.

Let us recall what Washington Irving wrote of Granada a century ago, because it will enable us to arrive at a fuller appreciation of it to-day.

"The renowned Kingdom of Granada," he said, "was situate in the southern part of Spain, bordering on the Mediterranean sea, and defended on the land-side by lofty and rugged mountains, locking up within their embraces deep, rich, and

verdant valleys, where the sterility of the surrounding heights was repaid by prodigal fertility. The city of Granada lay in the center of the Kingdom, sheltered as it were in the lap of the Sierra Nevada, or chain of snowy mountains. It covered two lofty hills, and a deep valley which divides them, through which flows the river Darro. One of these hills was crowned by the royal palace and fortress of the Alhambra, capable of containing forty thousand men within its walls and towers. Never was there an edifice accomplished in a superior style of barbaric magnificence; the stranger who, even at the present day, wanders amongst its silent and deserted courts and ruined halls, gazes with astonishment at its gilded and fretted domes and luxurious decorations, still retaining their brilliancy and beauty in defiance of the ravages of time.

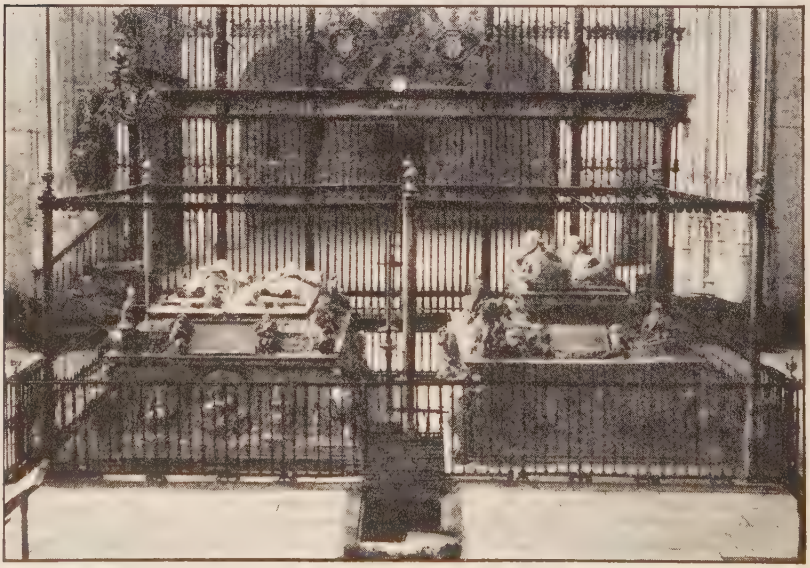
THE ALHAMBRA SEEN FROM THE HILL OF THE GIPSIES

THE RIVER DARRO BEFORE IT DISAPPEARS UNDER THE STREETS OF GRANADA

"Opposite to the hill on which stood the Alhambra was its rival hill, on the summit of which was a spacious plain covered with houses and crowded with inhabitants. The declivities and skirts of two hills were covered with houses to the number of seventy thousand, separated by narrow streets and small squares according to the custom of the Moorish cities. As the edifices rose above each other on the sides of the hill, they presented a mingled appearance of city and grove, delightful to the eye. The whole was surrounded by high walls, three leagues in the circuit, with twelve gates and fortified by a thousand and thirty towers.

"The glory of the city, however, was its *vega* or plain, which spread out to a circumference of thirty-seven leagues, surrounded by lofty mountains. It was a vast garden of delight, refreshed by numerous fountains, and by the silver windings of the Xenil. The labor and ingenuity of the Moors had diverted the waters of the river into thousands of rills and streams and diffused them over the whole surface of the plain. Indeed, they had wrought up this happy region to a degree of wonderful prosperity, and took a pride in decorating it as if it had been a favorite mistress. The hills were clad with orchards and vineyards, the plains covered with waving grain. Here was seen in profusion, the orange, citron, fig, pomegranate, with large plantations of mulberry trees, from which was produced the finest of silk. The vine clambered from tree to tree; the grapes hung in rich clusters above the peasants' cottages, and the groves were rejoiced by the perpetual song of the nightingale. In a word, so beautiful was the earth, so pure the air, and so serene the sky, that the Moors imagined the paradise of their Prophet to be situated in that part of the heaven which overhung the Kingdom of Granada."

The outstanding feature of the city is the Cathedral, which was consecrated in the sixteenth century, but is still unfinished. Specialists have declared it to be the most perfect Renaissance building in Spain; but, while it makes an imposing appearance, it will not be its architectural features that attract us so much as the fact that it is the chief monument of the conquest of southern Spain. Whitewash has been applied liberally, and it has an extremely modern appearance, altho we are reminded of its age not only by its form but by the sculptures and paintings, which are chiefly the work of Alonso Cano, a celebrated artist of the seventeenth century, who fled to Granada after being accused of the murder of his wife at Valladolid. The masterpieces of his life are the seven paintings in the dome of the Cathedral



TOMB OF FERDINAND AND ISABELLA, IN THE ROYAL CHAPEL OF GRANADA CATHEDRAL

representing scenes from the life of the Virgin. He devoted sixteen years of his life to the service of the Cathedral, of which he was prebendary. When the chapter protested that Cano was no Latin scholar, the King settled the matter by replying: "With a stroke of the pen I can make canons like you by the score, but Alonso Cano is a miracle of God."

A HISTORIC CASKET
It once held the jewels which Queen Isabella pawned to help Columbus

The interior of the edifice is slightly less than four hundred feet in length; the vaulting is one hundred feet high and is supported by massive piers formed of four Corinthian columns. The roof of the Capilla Mayor is also borne by Corinthian columns, at the base of which are colossal statues of the Apostles in bronze gilt. There are many paintings and sculptures, both here and in the lateral chapels.

Adjoining the Cathedral is the Sagrario, now used as a parish church—upon the site of the chief mosque of Granada. Near by is the Capilla Real, erected in the early days of the sixteenth century as the burial chapel of the Catholic Kings, and enlarged by Charles V. As we enter, we come upon some fine marble monuments, upon which are chiseled the recumbent forms of the royal dead. Thence we go to the vault below, where are the leaden coffins. The Sacristy has kneeling figures of Ferdinand and Isabella and a glass case containing personal relics of the monarchs. Here are also

A GIPSY OF GRANADA

several rare vestments—one embroidered by Isabella—and the famous mirror of the Queen, now converted into a *custodia;* also the golden casket which once contained the jewels pawned by Queen Isabella to finance the voyage of Christopher Columbus to the Western World.

Burial vaults are not amusing places, but I have to smile whenever I recall a certain experience of mine in this royal sepulcher. I had descended into it to get a photograph of the leaden coffins containing the mortal remains of Ferdinand and Isabella. There was only one electric light, and the ceiling was very low; hence it was with the greatest difficulty that I could place the cameras so as to get a good picture. The darkness meant a long time-exposure, and the leaden color of the coffins made the task all the more intricate. After forty minutes or more, however, I felt satisfied that I had obtained what I had come for; and, closing the camera, I toiled slowly up the stone steps into the Cathedral above.

As I emerged into the light, carrying the camera and dragging the black cloth which I use for focusing, I suddenly came upon a well-known American, whom I had not expected to see in Spain. When he saw me coming out of the tomb, he turned ghastly white. Visions of King Ferdinand coming to life caused him to gasp and stutter, until he finally

realized that the specter was only a tired and half-blinded travel-lecturer already known to him in the flesh. I have often been mistaken for some other bald-headed man in various parts of the world, but that is the only time when I was taken for a ghost.

There are several other churches in Granada that repay a visit; but instead of making special visits to them it is advisable to enter as one comes upon them in the course of rambles along the principal thoroughfares and byways. This

GIPSY DANCERS IN FRONT OF THEIR CAVE HOME

is a city that provides countless attractions for the tourist who merely rambles about, glancing frequently above to obtain various views of the great citadel that crowns the hill. For example, one should go to the Camino del Sacro Monte, where Gipsies and others inhabit the cave-dwellings. It is a popular pastime here to get the permission of the "King" of the Gipsies to inspect these dwellings, and to have one's fortune told by the *Gitanos* while watching them dance. But I would advise you to conclude a definite bargain be-

forehand. From the Sacro Monte it is about one mile to San Miguel el Alto, where we obtain another fine view of the city and the Alhambra, and thence we may descend to Albaicin, which has several churches on Moorish foundations.

The Museo Provincial, whose treasures are not particularly notable, may prompt a visit on account of its paintings of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries and architectural fragments. The splendid villa called Cuarto Real de Santo Domingo, which belonged to the Moors, contains interesting decorations that antedate those of the Alhambra, and is surrounded by superb gardens of myrtle and laurel that date from the Moorish period. The Alameda is one of the favorite city promenades, and the Paseo del Salon is another well shaded avenue, ornamented with fountains and statues.

It was while Washington Irving was attached to the

ROOM IN THE ALHAMBRA WHERE WASHINGTON IRVING WROTE HIS BOOK ON THE SUBJECT

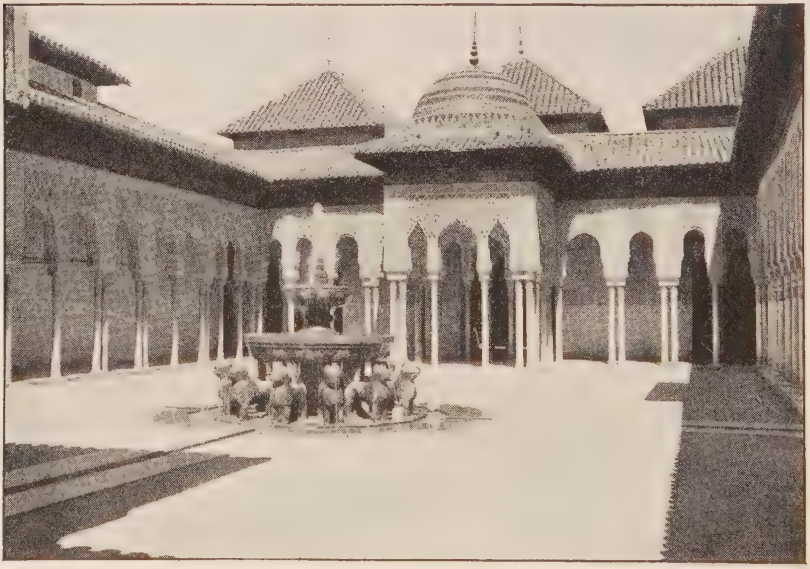
A WINDOW IN THE ALHAMBRA

American Embassy at Madrid that he first visited Granada. He was so impressed by the Alhambra that upon his return to the capital he made a plea to the government to do all in its power to preserve for posterity this magnificent Moorish monument. He had found the place inhabited by Gipsies, who had permitted it to become filthy and in danger of passing to ruin. The authorities were doing little or nothing to prevent this calamity. Irving wrote of the Alhambra as no other has done, before or since; and the world owes a debt to him for having done much to save this matchless heirloom of the Moors, a fantastic altho formidable fairyland, for us to wander about in to-day. A good deal of money, it is true, had been appropriated for the restoration and preservation of the Alhambra long before Irving's day; but Philip V had converted such revenues to his own use, and some of his successors are believed to have followed his example. In the hundred years since Irving lived in the old palace and wrote about it, an official effort has been made to prevent further decay, even if not much has yet been accomplished in the way of restoration.

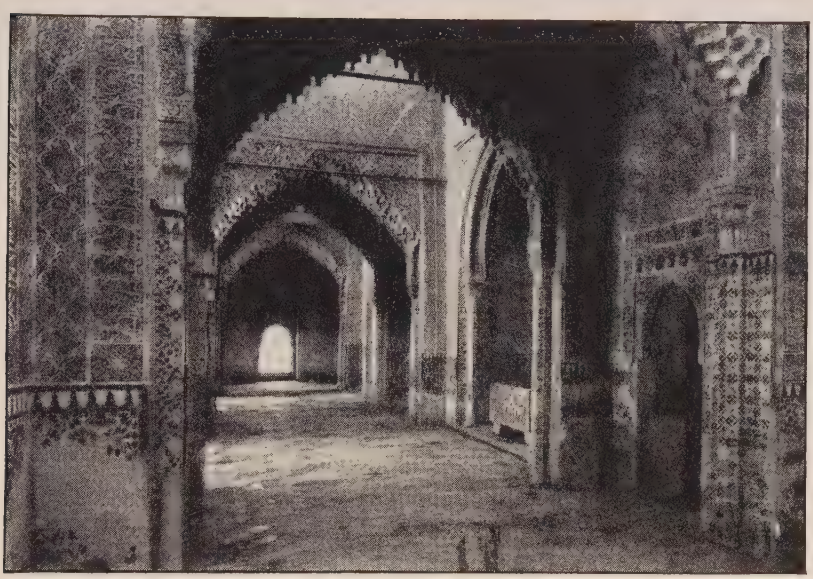
Doubtless there were fortifications upon this hill as early as the tenth century; but it was Mohammed I who selected

the place as his residence, and so the history of the Alhambra usually is said to have begun with him. His constructions were on a modest scale, but they were continued and enlarged by his son. Yusuf I had greater power and resources, so he destroyed much of the work of his predecessors and erected the palace known as the Court of the Myrtles, where the monarch sat in state. It is likely that he also constructed the huge wall around the plateau and its twenty-three towers. After the celebrated surrender of Granada, Ferdinand and Isabella took a great interest in the place and ordered extensive restorations. Charles V erected a new palace within the enclosure; but the decline of the place began in the early years of the eighteenth century.

Ascending the hill, we pass to the former Moorish palace through the tower-gateway known as the Puerta Judiciaria,



COURT OF THE LIONS, ONCE THE CENTER OF MOORISH ROYAL FAMILY LIFE



BEAUTIFULLY DECORATED HALL OF JUSTICE IN THE ALHAMBRA

the outer arch in the form of a horseshoe and the inner arch bearing the form of a key, the Moorish symbol of power. This tower is a building in itself, the two entrances leading to a long passage constructed for purposes of defense. We enter first the Court of the Myrtles, which derives its name from a pool of water surrounded by myrtle hedges. The court is one hundred twenty feet long, and at its ends are arcades, each paved with marble slabs and resting upon marble columns. One of the arcades has an excellent example of stalactite vaulting, which bears the famous line, "There is no conqueror but God," and other Arabic lines, deftly made to be a part of the geometrical decorations. There are verses from the Koran, poems and pious aspirations, lofty praises of the beauties of the place, devotions to the one God, words celebrating the greatness of former residents and of

BALCONY OF THE TWO SISTERS, IN THE ALHAMBRA, GRANADA

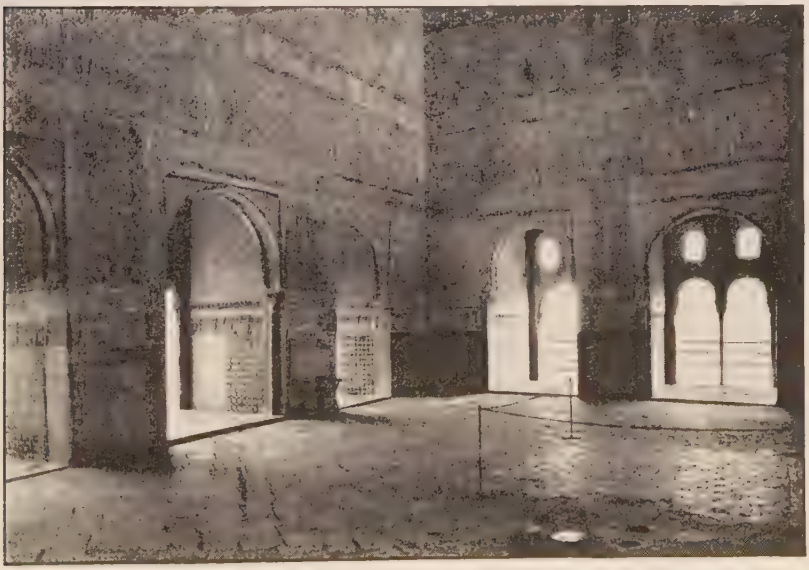
the builders. It has been said that "Solomon in all his glory would have sighed for such a palace as this." One of the much quoted inscriptions has been rendered into English as: "Thou givest safety from the breeze to the blades of grass and inspirest terror in the very stars of heaven." Another is: "Praise to God! Delicately have the fingers of the artist embroidered my robe, after setting the jewels of my diadem."

The Court of the Lions obtains its name from the large fountain in the center, which is supported by twelve stone lions and stood at the center of the life of the winter palace in the days of the Moors. Here there are over one hundred columns, standing alone, in pairs, or in groups. The fret-work of the walls has the appearance of carved ivory, and the arcades are paved with blue and white tiles.

This court leads us to beautiful chambers, one of which,

the Hall of the Abencerrages, derives its name from an important family whose chief members were beheaded in this room by Boabdil. The central section has a stalactite ceiling, and beneath it is a fountain; upon the marble of the fountain are brown stains which are said by the guides to be the blood of the Abencerrages.

Among other inscriptions in the main court is one that entreats the visitor not to be frightened by the lions: "For what else is this fountain but a beneficent cloud pouring out its abundant supplies over the lions underneath, like the hands of the Caliph when he rises in the morning to distribute plentiful rewards among his soldiers, the Lions of War? Ah, thou who beholdest these lions crouching, fear not; life is wanting to enable them to show their fury." One recalls here that the Koran expressly forbids the faithful from mak-



HALL OF THE TWO SISTERS, WHERE FERDINAND AND ISABELLA RECEIVED COLUMBUS

GARDEN OF THE GENERALIFE, FORMER SUMMER PALACE OF THE MOORISH KINGS

ing representations of living things; but it has been noted that while the sculptor seems to have broken the command, he might have argued that he made his lions as unlike the real beasts as possible.

The Hall of Justice seems to be a fantastic grotto, and is one of the best of the apartments off this court. It has honeycomb vaulting and many stalactite arches. The Room of the Two Sisters doubtless was the suite occupied by the Sultana in the winter season. The name is derived from two slabs of white marble in the principal room, where many experts believe that the decoration of the Alhambra is at its best. The honeycomb vault is said to be the largest of all Arab roofs of the kind, containing thousands of cells, each differing from all the others.

We may pause for a moment to visit the Palace of Charles V. Altho planned as early as 1526, this palace never has been completed, because it was to have had a chapel, the dome of which would rise above all other Alhambra buildings. It is a quadrangle over two hundred feet square, built in Renaissance style, and has some fine ornamentations, showing scenes of battle, marine and allegorical deities. The numerous rooms are built around the great central court, which is circular in form. Near this palace is the church of Santa Maria, which occupies the site of the former royal mosque. It was here that the first mass was chanted after the fall of Granada.

Next we visit the summer residence of the Moorish princes, known as the Generalife, situated on the crest of a near-by hill. Comparatively little remains of the palace itself; but we should not overlook it in our general survey, for it has beautiful gardens. We pass along an avenue of clipped cypresses to a picturesque court intersected by the Alhambra

aqueduct and adorned with many orange trees and myrtles. Here is one of the most fantastic survivals of the Moorish period: grottoes, terraces and clipped hedges. There is a pond beside which is a gigantic cypress, said to be six hundred years old; and under this cypress, tradition says, the wife of Boabdil, Queen Morayma, held clandestine meetings with Chief Hamet of the Abencerrage family, and brought down upon that clan the tragic execution which is commemorated in the name of one of the halls of the Alhambra.

The fountains in the garden of the Generalife are generally considered among the prettiest in Spain.

MAKING MANTILLAS

VI CORDOVA AND BARCELONA

BARCELONA IN A SETTING THAT REMINDS ONE OF AFRICA

VI

CORDOVA AND BARCELONA

THE guide-books say that Cordova or Córdoba, as the Spaniards spell it, offers only a suggestion of its former greatness to the visitor who now sees it for the first time. We are told that many of its walls are in ruins, that its streets are too narrow, its plazas too small, the paving uneven; that from the condition of the homes of the once-powerful and rich it is difficult to form an adequate impression of the city in its day of greatness, when it was considered a center of science, culture and art. Much of this may be true, and here we may observe that the automobile is encroaching upon the domain of the horse more slowly than in other busy cities of our acquaintance; the lowly mule and donkey plod along the streets, carrying almost incredible loads and bearing the constant prodding and swearing of their drivers. It is true also that some of the old and important families, whose ancestors went to Mexico with Cortez, still maintain their grand carriages and fine steeds. It must be admitted that the Spaniard here has failed to appreciate at their true worth many of the Moorish monuments that were left to him, and has sacrificed others that would have delighted modern eyes, either permitting them to pass to decay and ruin, or marring and disfiguring them in such a manner that they are barely recognizable to-day. Yet, with all of its defects and discomforts, Cordova remains a delightful place to visit, sometimes appearing to be a much

more distant city than it is, one less in touch with the busy world that is familiar to travelers. It is a city of about sixty thousand inhabitants; and while it may not show the restless activity of some of the other large centers, it is busy in its own leisurely manner, which affords a spectacular and colorful panorama of life in this part of the country.

We see Cordova in the faded and somewhat worn condition of old age; but we cannot fail to recall, as we enter the city gates, that this was the "Gem of the South" of the Carthaginians and the much loved and admired "Patricia" of the ancient Romans. It may not be basking in the sunshine of luxury to-day, but, like a spoiled darling, in its old age it may look back upon a noble past—may recall that it was the refuge for thousands of Roman patricians in the days of Julius Cæsar, and that during the Moorish period, after

MOORISH BRIDGE ACROSS THE GUADALQUIVIR AT CORDOVA

the break with the Caliphate of Damascus, it became the capital of Moorish Spain and was considered the Athens of the West, maintaining its leadership for about five centuries. One who sees the city to-day should recall that it had a million inhabitants at one time, that history records a city with three hundred mosques, nine hundred baths, and six hundred inns for the lodging of visitors.

A GARDEN IN CORDOVA

Cordova was the birthplace of Romans like Seneca and Lucan, of the great Gonsalvo de Córdoba, known as "El Gran Capitán," and of several other illustrious men whose names survive the centuries. Its record ranks with that of Athens, Damascus, Bagdad and Florence; but we appreciate the fact that the city we visit to-day is almost another city built upon the ruins and decayed splendor of the old. Probably other European countries would have made extensive excavations upon such a site, because it is believed that beautiful edifices were built along the banks of the Guadalquivir for over twenty miles, and it is known that the Moors were lavish in their use of fine marbles in palaces, mosques, public structures, and the decoration of gardens; but Spain and Cordova have not attempted to reveal another Pompeii or Thebes, and nobody knows for a certainty what lies beneath the surface.

The visitor who goes to Cordova should look beyond the

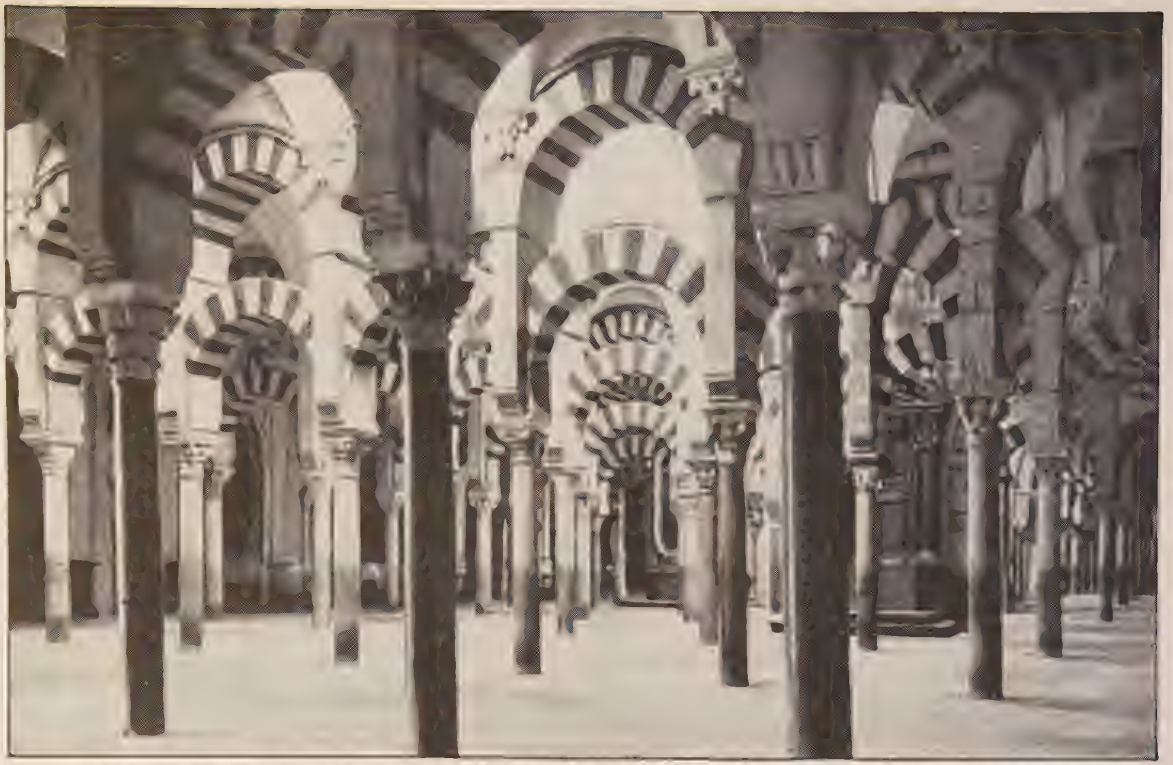
CATHEDRAL-MOSQUE OF CORDOVA VIEWED FROM
THE COURT OF ORANGES

somewhat forbidding scene of to-day, and conjure up a picture of the day when lights gleamed upon the river from arcades and balconies, when the shore line was ornamented by marble columns, and when fountains splashed amid luxuriant gardens. One thinks first of all of the Cathedral, formerly the chief mosque of the Moors and usually conceded to be "the most notable monument of the religious architecture of the Arabs in Spain," and only outranked, as to immensity, by the sacred Kaaba at Mecca, among all temples of the Moslem world. Naturally, as soon as possible after our arrival, we find ourselves facing towards it on the Paseo del Gran Capitán, the city's most imposing promenade —a promenade bordered by palms and orange-trees, making it seem an avenue at a world's fair rather than a thoroughfare in a modern city. With what lively expectations we approach the celebrated edifice! And then the wonder of it—almost more than we could have anticipated! We seem not to have found a church, but a huge grove in which the trees are precious columns of marble, granite, porphyry, jasper and verde antique. It seems incredible that so many of them should have been brought to one place, for more than a thousand still remain of the veritable forest that once numbered twelve hundred. It is possible that many of these columns were hewn from Andalusian quarries, but I believe that most of them were brought from Constantinople, Nimes, Narbonne and Carthage; and there is not one that would have been unworthy to adorn an ancient temple. One feels that the original architect must have had it in his mind to create in stone some beautiful garden of his knowledge or fancy. We seem not only to be wandering among great tree-trunks in an enchanted forest, but to be looking up to where the feather-like leaves of stone are interlaced for a

roof; for even here there are other arches that accentuate the resemblance to trees. Think of the scene when thousands of worshipers spread out their prayer-rugs and knelt here in prayer!

The Christians spared the architecture, with the result that it is now doubtless the most remarkable cathedral in existence. The Moslem, one is certain, would still feel at home in it, because it remains as Moorish in appearance as when the faithful faced the Mihrab and directed their prayers to the Prophet. There is something almost incongruous about the surroundings, and it is difficult to realize that we are in a Christian church. Here we are upon holy ground, selected centuries ago for a sacred fane. It was the site of a Roman temple dedicated to Janus, and here stood the ancient cathedral of the Goths, previous to their defeat by the Moors, who erected the great edifice that remains. There are writers who give the spot an additional significance by declaring that it was here that four hundred Christians barricaded themselves and remained for months after the city had fallen to the Moors, and here suffered martyrdom by burning to death in the church.

The rectangle is five hundred seventy feet in length and four hundred twenty-five feet in width. About one-third of this area belongs to the court and the remainder to the mosque, all within a wall supported by thirty-five towers. We are likely to find greatest interest in the gate known as the Puerta del Perdon, with horseshoe arches and Moorish decorations, altho it was erected by King Henry II in imitation of a gate at Seville. The Campanile is far different from what it was originally, when it had silver and gilded balls and open lilies enclosing a gold pomegranate. Part of it was taken down, and the tower then assumed its present



GREATEST BUILDING LEFT BY THE MOSLEMS IN SPAIN: NOW THE CATHEDRAL OF CORDOVA

form, which was thought to be more appropriate. The visitor who has the energy to climb the two hundred steps in the tower will be rewarded by an excellent view of the city and the mosque.

The Court of Oranges, formerly used for the ablutions, has five fountains amid orange trees and palms, and served as a vestibule leading to the aisles of the mosque. There are nineteen aisles, and Arabic writers, probably with customary exaggeration, speak of the light that was shed over them by seven thousand lamps suspended from the roof. Of the Mihrabs or prayer niches, the third is of exquisite beauty, a small structure with seven sides, resembling a chapel, and usually considered one of the finest existing examples of Moorish art. The ceiling consists of a block of white marble hollowed to resemble a shell. The arch at the entrance rests upon two green and two blue columns. In making our way around the edifice, we observe the alterations, at first quite limited in number, that have taken place in adapting it to Christian worship. Chapels, altars, and even a lofty choir. Concerning the last, Charles V is reported to have said to the workmen: "You have built what you or others might have built anywhere; but you have destroyed something that was unique in the world." Yet, Christian or Mohammedan, this structure remains one of the architectural marvels of the world.

After one has seen the Cathedral-Mosque, everything else at Cordova has a minor importance and interest; still, one may linger here for several days, wandering about the city and into the environs, certain that each excursion will provide something well worth seeing. For example, there is the Episcopal Palace, which contains portraits of all the Bishops of Cordova. The Alcázar, a huge pile of buildings in

ruin, reminds one of the ancient glory of the place. The so-called New Alcázar was built by Alfonso XI in the early part of the fourteenth century and was once the seat of the Inquisition. South of the Cathedral is the Triunfo, erected in honor of the Archangel Raphael; and just below it is a Doric arch, which we pass on our way to the famous Moorish bridge of sixteen arches resting on a Roman foundation and over seven hundred feet in length. Theophile Gautier writes:

"In spite of its Moorish airs, Cordova is none the less a good Christian, under the special protection of the Archangel Raphael. From the balcony of our *parador,* we could see a rather strange monument set up in honor of this celestial patron; we were curious to examine it closer. Standing on his column, sword in hand, with his outspread wings, all gilt and glittering, the Archangel Raphael is like a sentinel

PATIO OF THE MUSEUM AT CORDOVA, WITH PORTRAIT-BUSTS OF ROMAN EMPERORS

FORMER HOME OF THE MARQUEZ DE COMILLAS, BARCELONA, FOUNDER OF A GREAT STEAMSHIP COMPANY

eternally watching over the city placed beneath his guard. The column is of gray granite with a Corinthian capital of gilt bronze, and stands upon a little tower, or lantern, of pink granite, the foundation of which is formed by rock-work on which are grouped a horse, a palm-tree, a lion and some most fantastical marine monsters; four allegorical statues complete the decoration. In the pedestal is sunk the coffin of Bishop Paschal, a personage celebrated for his piety and devotion to the holy archangel. Upon a tablet, one may read the inscription: 'I swear by Jesus Christ crucified that I am the angel Raphael, whom God has appointed guardian of this city.' "

Gautier tells of the document, "a true narrative and curious legend of our lord St. Raphael, archangel, our advocate in time of plague, and guardian of the city of Cordova," adding:

"It is related how the blessed archangel appeared to Don Andres Roelas, a nobleman and priest of Cordova, and addressed a speech to him in his room, the first phrase of which is the very one carved on the column. This address is preserved in the legendaries; it lasted more than an hour and a half, the priest and the archangel being seated face to face, each of them on a chair. This apparition took place on May the 7th in the year of grace 1578 and it was to celebrate the memory of it that this monument was erected."

The city Museum has a good collection of objects dating from the Roman, Visigothic and Moorish periods. Pleasant drives lead to the Convento Ermitaño and the Palacio de Don Jerónimo Paez, the latter dating from the fifteenth century, probably from materials of the palace of Abderrahman

OFFICE OF THE PRESIDENT OF THE CATALONIAN LEGISLATURE AT BARCELONA

PLAZA DE CATALUNA, CENTER OF MUCH OF BARCELONA'S BUSINESS LIFE

III, which was erected as a tribute to his favorite; enthusiastic Arabic writers declare that it was a whole town and not merely a villa. Some of them would have us believe that it was more luxurious than the Alhambra itself, and that it cost over two hundred millions of dollars.

Catalans maintain that the largest and most important city of Spain is Barcelona and not Madrid, just as New York is a larger and more important American city than Washington. Without doubt, it is the commercial metropolis and chief seaport; but while the visitor to Spain should see it, he will find it to be of cosmopolitan character and lacking in those distinctive national features that make so many of the other cities in southern Spain so interesting to strangers. I have heard Barcelona called the Pittsburgh of Spain; perhaps it would be more correct to consider it the Chicago of that country. One might paraphrase Dante's inscription and write over the city gates: "Abandon thought of the comic opera Spain, all ye who enter here." One feels that here he has come into a more practical world, whose life is more stereotyped than it has appeared to be in the fiesta-loving cities that we have visited elsewhere in the same country. Much of the color is gone, the fantastic costumes, the sound of the castanets and mandolin; and people themselves move at the workaday gait and not as if ready at a moment's notice to swing into the measures of a *bolero* or *sequidilla*. Barcelona has its pleasures and its lighter side, because the same sun shines with the same brilliancy here as at Seville or Granada; but somehow the people are serious about it all, and one does not detect the spontaneous gaiety that has been observed elsewhere. The native Spanish shows the tang of a foreign influence; Barcelona is in direct communication with the whole world and takes pride in its cosmopolitan character,

rather than in its self-sufficient and distinctive nationalism.

It has been a place of importance for centuries, having a larger harbor than Marseilles, altho not so large as that of Genoa. It was raised to the rank of a Roman colony in the age of Augustus, the Roman city occupying the hill now crowned by the Cathedral. There are remains of the ancient city wall and gates, altho the modern city has spread far beyond this enclosure; but even in the ancient day, when the walls marked the boundary, Barcelona ranked with Venice and Genoa as one of the great ports of the Mediterranean. Prescott reminds us that "she divided with them the lucrative commerce with Alexandria; and her harbor, thronged with foreigners from every nation, became a principal emporium in the Mediterranean for the spices, drugs, perfumes and other rich commodities of the East, whence

BARCELONA GLIMPSED ACROSS ITS BUSY HARBOR

SMALL CRAFT IN THE HARBOR OF BARCELONA

they were diffused over the interior of Spain and the European Continent."

One should not infer from the foregoing, however, that Barcelona is less hospitable to visitors, or less interesting in its own way than the smaller cities. Even Don Quixote speaks of its courtesy, and calls it "the haven of strangers, the refuge of the distressed, the mother of the valiant, the champion of the wronged, the abode of true friendship, and unique both in beauty and situation." The city lies on an undulating plain, and the old portion seems to be in the center of the great metropolis, which has spread out in all directions, including a number of suburbs, many of which are notable for their industries. The whole place is framed in a subtropical landscape, and the mountains form a pleasant background to the busy picture.

Perhaps the first point of interest to attract us will be the Rambla, a wide street that runs through the old city. Quickly comes to view the monument to Christopher Columbus, which rests upon a stone base surrounded by eight bronze lions; on the base are bronze reliefs depicting scenes from the life of the great discoverer, medallions, and allegorical figures. The lofty column supports a huge gilded ball, upon which stands the colossal figure of Columbus. Perhaps it should be suggested that the newcomer take the lift in this shaft and go up to the ball, whence a fine bird's-eye view of the city and the surroundings may be obtained. From this height we obtain a good impression of the city, the promenades over which we shall wander, the buildings that we shall enter, and the crowds with which we shall mingle later.

BARCELONA'S MAIN BOULEVARD IS SPANNED BY AN IMPOSING VICTORY ARCH

MONUMENT TO DR. ROBERTO, BARCELONA

gun in the early years of the thirteenth century. It has been said frequently that this building is not so large as it seems to be, owing to the arrangement of its parts and of the lighting. The interior, however, is nearly three hundred feet in length and the width is one hundred twenty-two feet. After the first thrill derived from the splendor of it all, we are attracted by the exceedingly fine stained glass of the windows, most of which dates from the fifteenth century. There

Barcelona possesses many ancient churches, each deserving a visit; but instead of making special trips to them, it is better to take them as they come in our wanderings about the city. Of chief interest, no doubt, is the Cathedral, one of the finest of all Spanish Gothic edifices. There was a Christian edifice upon this site as early as the eleventh century, but only parts of that remain, and what we see to-day was be-

IN HONOR OF A CATALAN POET OF BARCELONA

are about thirty chapels in all, several of which contain statues, sarcophagi, paintings and other objects of interest. The Capilla Mayor is over a sarcophagus containing the remains of St. Severus, and a flight of steps descends to the crypt which contains the beautiful alabaster shrine and tomb of St. Eulalia, supported by Corinthian columns and ornamented with reliefs depicting scenes from the life of the saint.

This edifice is not among the chief churches in Spain, considered from the angle of routine "sights"; but it is one of

OPEN-AIR SCHOOL IN A BARCELONA PARK

the most solemn and impressive, and one should spend considerable time within its walls, certainly not failing to visit the fine Gothic cloisters, which may be entered from the church. The large inner court of the cloisters, which date from the fifteenth century, is planted with palms and oranges, and even on a very warm day it is a pleasant retreat from the bustle of the city. Along the walls are frescoes and tombstones, among the latter being that of a court fool of Alfonso V of Aragon and sarcophagi containing the remains of lesser royalty.

EXPOSITION GROUNDS AND BUILDINGS, BARCELONA

WHERE THE KING OF SPAIN LIVES WHEN IN BARCELONA

A good example of the Catalonian Gothic church is Santa María del Pino, which dates from the fifteenth century. The name is derived from an image of the Virgin that was found in a pine tree and a celebration of the event occurs each Palm Sunday, when a consecrated branch of pine is suspended from the detached tower of the church. The old church of San Pedro de las Puellas was founded in the tenth century and formerly was attached to a Benedictine convent. Santa María del Mar was erected in the fourteenth century on the site of a chapel of St. Eulalia. It has an unusually fine rose-window, a large entrance, and an imposing façade. Behind the high altar are four paintings—"The Flight into Egypt," "Christ Among the Scribes," "The Scourging of Christ," and "Bearing the Cross"—and the sarcophagus of the saint is used as a baptismal font. The Church of the

CHURCH OF THE HOLY FAMILY, BARCELONA, BEGUN NEARLY HALF A CENTURY AGO

Holy Family, which is unfinished, is architecturally one of the most unusual church buildings in Spain.

UMBRELLA FOUNTAIN, BARCELONA

The bull-ring of Barcelona, where the sport is exceedingly popular, has places for more than fourteen thousand spectators. There are many theaters and cinema auditoriums, and Italian opera is popular and of a high grade. Some of the houses specialize in performances given in the Catalan tongue, others in Spanish operettas, ballets and comedies. One of the most popular festivals of the city occurs on New Year's. The fête of St. Anthony on January 17 is accompanied by the blessing of domestic animals in front of several of the churches, and on the day before Palm Sunday a large palm fair is held. During the last days of Holy Week, the city is in mourning; the interiors of the churches are draped with black, and many of the people wear crêpe; the bells are not rung, and even the bells in the street traffic are muffled. On the first Sunday in May, a flower festival is held and poems are read, after which a prize is awarded; and an annual fair is held on St. Thomas Day, December 21, when the picturesque peasants of the neighborhood are seen in the streets of the metropolis as at no other time of the year. Montjuich, the beautiful city park, is on a hill overlooking the city and harbor and was the site of the recent exposition. It should not be omitted.

There are many delightful excursions that may be made conveniently from Barcelona, so that the visitor may live at his dependable hotel, after he feels that he has seen the city itself, and still make highly profitable day-long trips. Many of these will suggest themselves to one who becomes at all well acquainted with the territory; but even if there be no leisure for the others, one should not omit the journey to Montserrat, because the route covered abounds in interest and

REPLICA OF THE RUINS OF MONTSERRAT,
CITY PARK, BARCELONA

there are few destinations in all of Europe that are more satisfying than this isolated monastery, which seems to be unusually peaceful and restful after the bustle of a city like Barcelona.

The Benedictine Monastery of Montserrat is difficult to describe, just as, owing to its location, it is difficult to photograph so that one may form an adequate impression of its beauties. It deserves to take rank among the chief shrines of the world, as tradition makes it the abiding-place of the

Holy Grail and a place particularly favored by the Virgin Mary; and to this is added the historical fact that Loyola founded the order of Jesuits within these walls.

The name means serrated mountain, and it is the belief of the faithful that the huge cleft in the rocks was made at the time of the crucifixion of Jesus. The region has a wild appearance, with jagged pinnacles of stone reaching high into the air—"as if a gigantic conflagration had suddenly turned to stone, just as its flames were leaping skyward." Pilgrims acquainted with Richard Wagner's "Parsifal" will recognize the locale of that music-drama, and perhaps they would not be surprized to know that Klingsor's magic castle reposed beyond the vision here, and was guarded by the natural embattlement of rock.

The pious Spaniard of other days liked to give up the affairs of the world when he became old, and to go into a monastery to spend his last years in repentance and reflection. Montserrat was considered "very near to God" and became the refuge of many persons of wealth and distinction in their declining years. After Ignatius Loyola had become weary of the world and lamed by battle, he went to Montserrat to be in this famous retreat and near to the Virgin—who, local tradition has it, was represented by the dark wooden statue which is still to be seen above the high altar, surrounded by candles.

The statue, according to the legend, was made by St. Luke and was brought to Spain by St. Peter himself. It was hidden at Montserrat to keep it out of the grasp of the Moors; but in the ninth century it was discovered by peasants, who endeavored to carry it off to Manresa. But the statue would not be moved, which meant that the Virgin considered the place holy ground and desired it to remain. A convent was

built over the spot, and finally the place passed to the Benedictines; they built a fine church, and it quickly became a favorite place of pilgrimage for the devout. A queen climbed the mountain barefoot, and it is recorded that Charles V visited the shrine on nine different occasions. The place passed through the usual vicissitudes; but the train of pilgrims continued, sometimes thousands of them in a single week.

VII AROUND VALENCIA

THE BEAUTIFUL MIGUELETE, OR BELL-TOWER, OF VALENCIA CATHEDRAL

VII

AROUND VALENCIA

THERE is something musical in the name, Valencia; it is a prompter of pleasant memories to one who has visited the city, and, naturally, it stirs expectations in any one contemplating a Spanish tour. The city itself may not exhibit all the fascination and charm of "a piece of heaven on earth," as an ancient called it; because a great part of Valencia's glory has departed. It has come upon industrial times, like so many of the Spanish cities, and there is not the romance and glamour of the time when it seemed to be chiefly the residence of the famous and the luxury-loving rich, who dwelt in villas and stately mansions only a short distance from the sea.

Yet pleasant romance still lurks beneath the workaday surface of modern Valencia for the visitor who recalls something of the city's days of splendor. For Valencia is very old. There remain a few traces of its antiquity—the gates of the old city wall, and the mighty stones that were laid by the ancient Romans and that still serve as the foundation to piers in the harbor. The city has a Far-Eastern appearance; among all Spanish towns of this vicinity, it probably resembles most closely the typical city of the Orient. When viewed from a distance, we see that the Cathedral serves as a pivot and center of life; the white, blue and golden domes are visible, and one quickly thinks of Persia or the locale of the Arabian Nights.

Valencia was thriving a full century before the beginning of the Christian era; and history records that the then existing city was partially destroyed at that time. It was revived by Augustus and flourished through the centuries, finally being taken by the Christians under the leadership of the Cid. It was here that his widow, Ximena, after vainly trying to rule, placed the Cid's dead body upon his horse and passed safely through the hostile ranks of the Moors—an act that has

VALENCIA'S OLD CITY GATE, PUERTA DE SERRANOS

inspired the ballad-makers and poets of many nations. The first printing-press in Spain was installed here; and the city was the home of famous painters. It is an artistic, social and political center of importance; a city whose mild, dry climate has always made it a favorite place of residence.

Our first visit is to the Cathedral, a fine Gothic edifice, which occupies the site of a former temple of Diana and of the Moorish mosque that succeeded the temple. The present

THE BUSY PLAZA DE EMILIO CASTELAR, VALENCIA

ONE OF VALENCIA'S MANY SMALLER PLAZAS

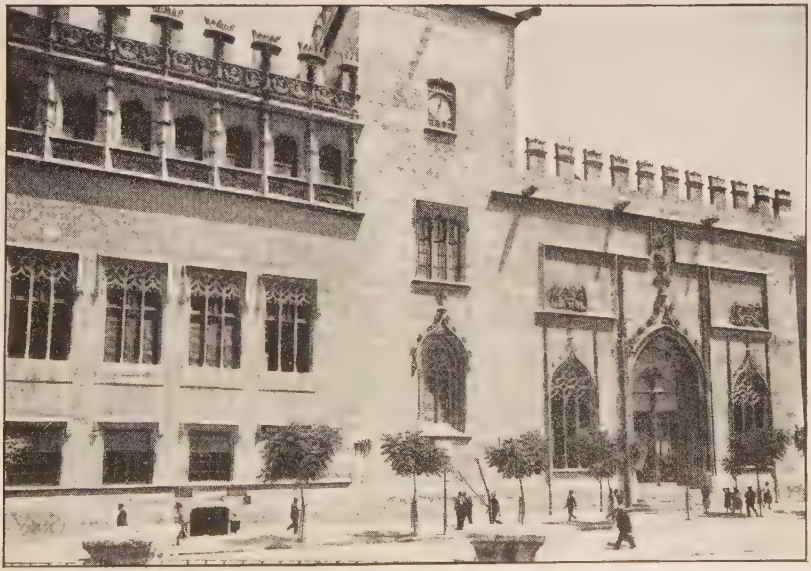
ONCE THE PARLIAMENT HOUSE OF THE KINGDOM OF VALENCIA

structure dates from the thirteenth century, and the famous bell-tower, known as El Miguelete, is only one century younger; it has an imposing entrance in Rococo style, and tho not very well known to hurrying tourists, is one of the interesting churches of this part of the country. It has suffered from the modernization of whitewash, and perhaps one may have a feeling of disappointment when he first enters the edifice; but it repays close acquaintance. There are several worth-while paintings in it, and several relics of much value, such as the chalice from the convent of San Juan de la Pena, which consists of an antique brown sardonyx fully four inches across the top, and is richly ornamented with pearls and rubies. Tourists who have the energy, climb to the platform below the belfry stage of the tower and obtain an excellent view of the city and surroundings. It is related that the day after capturing the city, the Cid brought his wife and daughters to the tower so that they might behold the beauty of the place.

We go next to the Patriarca Church, a pure Corinthian structure with a single nave and recessed chapels. Here one is certain to observe the tiled dado about eight feet high. There are several paintings by Spanish artists, notably "The Last Supper," by Ribalto. A service is held on Friday morn-

ing, and during this ceremony the painting is moved by a mechanical device. Greatly reverenced is a blackened crucifix, of uncertain origin, but doubtless early Italian. Not far away is the famous University of Valencia. It has a good library, in which repose several volumes mentioned in "Don Quixote," manuscripts of considerable value, and old editions of the classics.

One of the great features of Valencia is the Museo Provincial de Pinturas, housed in a former convent, which has in the neighborhood of fifteen hundred paintings. Here one may make a comprehensive survey of the celebrated Valencian school, despite the fact that many of the works of the masters have been moved to other cities. Some of the most characteristic work, for instance, of Ribera, Juan de Juanes, Ribalto, Espinosa and Orrente is found here.



SILK EXCHANGE, VALENCIA, BUILT FOUR CENTURIES AGO

We visit the Plaza del Mercado, not alone for the surrounding architecture, but for the crowd of picturesque peasants and interesting townspeople who congregate here. It was here that the old-time festivals and tournaments took place. On one side of the Plaza stands the Silk Exchange, a Gothic structure dating from the fifteenth century. From an inscription that runs around the upper walls, we learn that the merchant who does not cheat or take usurious interest will inherit eternal life. In the Church of San Nicolas are excellent paintings by Juanes. Over the western entrance is a portrait of Pope Calixtus III, once a clergyman attached to the church and the donor of a silver chalice that is kept in the sacristy. There are interesting collections of subtropical plants in the Botanical Gardens. If leisure permits, go to the Citadel, parts of which remain; and in the afternoon stroll

BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF ELCHE AND ITS PALM GROVES

AMONG THE TALL DATE-PALMS OF ELCHE

to the Alameda, the fashionable drive for the inhabitants. The harbor presents an exotic scene, with Oriental-looking crews and strange ships, busy with their cargoes of wine, oranges, raisins and rice.

Several short excursions to suburban settlements are worth while. The inhabitants of these outlying communities usually are reckoned as residents of Valencia, once the proud capital of a kingdom and still the chief city of a province. Americans will derive much satisfaction from the excursion to the palm groves of Elche, a town that bears unmistakable souvenirs of the Moorish régime. The palm groves reach near to the walls of the town; and one may easily imagine that he is viewing a scene in North Africa instead of Spain, not only because of the lofty trees, but because of the colored domes and whitewashed houses. Here are over one hundred

PREPARING FOR PALM SUNDAY
The leaves on the whole tree are bound together and thus bleached

thousand palms, all flourishing under irrigation and ripening a large crop of dates during the winter. The fruit is not equal to that of Saharan oases, but it yields a good profit and there is another profit from the leaves, which are baled and sent away in large numbers for church services on Palm Sunday. For this purpose, the leaves are bound and bleached, which accounts for the appearance of those that are seen in the city.

Many towns attract us by their natural beauty, their art works, their churches, their museums, their interesting festivals, or, if we are hero-worshipers, by being the birthplaces of celebrated men or women. Seldom, indeed, do we find ourselves interested in a city chiefly because of the infamy of one or more of its citizens; yet that is the case when we go to Játiva, which was the home of the Borgias—here called Borjas. Happily, we can recall the further fact that this little town also produced the famous painter, José de Ribera, sometimes called Lo Spagnoletto, who, as Professor Carl Justi reminds us, "gave the first example of the combination of realism with the Roman Catholic spirit, and thus became the liberating genius that showed to the painters of the seventeenth century the national way to originality and greatness." But for one tourist who thinks of Ribera, when he enters Játiva, a hundred have in mind the infamous family

that became so powerful at Rome and occupied such high places in the world's affairs. Játiva has flourished for many centuries, its praises having been sung by Pliny, and it was the seat of a Visigothic bishop; but it remains a small place and often is not included in the itinerary of the hurried tourist, altho it has a moldy fascination of its own and adds an important page to one's knowledge of the life and people of Spain. Chiefly, however, we recall that the place was long the home of the princely family that produced Pope Calixtus III, Pope Alexander VI, and Cæsar and Lucretia Borgia.

Having wandered thus far south of Valencia, we may as well go a little farther and visit the picturesque Mediterranean port of Alicante, with its wide harbor and its ruined Castle of Santa Barbara perched on a hilltop. Alicante's show street is the Paseo de los Mártires, with its double avenue of date

VIEW OF JATIVA, WITH THE COLEGIATA IN THE FOREGROUND

ALICANTE'S TERRACED HILL, CROWNED BY SANTA BARBARA CASTLE

THE RUINED CASTLE OF SANTA BARBARA AT ALICANTE

palms, and its attractive hotels and restaurants along the harbor shore.

It is quite a climb up to what is left of the Castillo de Santa Bárbara, but the effort is worth while, for the road winds up past ancient bastions and through thickets of cactus, and from the top the view of mountains and sea and city is impressive. It is the best way to see Alicante.

In the other direction from Valencia is the pleasing city of Tarragona, one of the chief attractions of which is the gigantic bull-ring, with seats for seventeen thousand spectators. This may make no particular appeal to the majority of American visitors, but some will wish to attend one bull-fight in order to see what the national sport of Spain is like; one entertainment of this kind usually is enough, and I would not advise the reader to make the experiment at Tarragona unless he arrives at a time when there are unusual festivities owing to the presence of celebrated participants—one or more of those matadors, for instance, who enjoy a popular favor in Spain equal to that of a popular operatic, dramatic or film star in America. The city itself, however, deserves at least a brief visit from all who travel in this direction, because it is one of the best surviving specimens of medieval construction in the country; and there are many relics of a far more ancient past—positive proof that Phenicians as well as Romans once lived here. We are told that a time may have existed when the city had a million inhabitants; but Tarragona permitted itself to decline into an uninteresting, dull town that rarely was visited by tourists. Now, however, there is a difference; for it not only prides itself upon its splendid past, but takes measure of the expanding present and is preparing for a notable future. The new town is more conspicuous than the old, and visitors are

ALICANTE AS IT LOOKS FROM SANTA BARBARA HILL

arriving in increasing numbers—discriminating tourists, who fancy the bracing air and the quiet of the place.

Even the modern structures of Tarragona bear evidences of the past, for in the walls are blocks of stone bearing ancient carvings and inscriptions; so we know that the "quarries" whence came the building materials were very largely the blocks that were hewn and fashioned by ancient hands. The city was founded by an Iberian tribe; in the days of Julius Cæsar, it was already considered a place of great importance. Augustus spent a whole winter here and adorned the city with many splendid buildings; the people responded by establishing the cult of deified emperors and erecting a temple, which in a later time was restored by Hadrian. From ruined fragments we know that Tarragona had a circus, theaters, thermæ, and other buildings that belong to an era of prosperity; we also know that much of this ancient prosperity was due to wines of the district, which were held in high esteem.

A promenade has now been constructed upon the remains of the Roman walls. An old prison, called Torreon de Pilatus, rests upon remains of the Augustan period, and is so named because there is a groundless legend that Pontius Pilate was a native of the place. The provincial museum has a large collection of interesting and valuable Roman coins, capitals, columns and sarcophagi. The highest parts of the town are enclosed by the Cyclopean Walls, which are of prehistoric origin and extend about two miles—enormous blocks of stone, gates and towers. A popular excursion is to the Roman Aqueduct, one of the best preserved relics of the Roman period in Spain. Probably it was built to convey water to the city from a distant river; its thirty-six arches are in two tiers. The harbor is sheltered by a mole, and from

CATHEDRAL OF TARRAGONA, A BRILLIANT EXAMPLE OF LATE ROMANESQUE STYLE

the water one obtains the best view of the town, which rests upon limestone rock.

Despite the great age of the walls and aqueduct, the chief sight of Tarragona is the Cathedral, which, like so many of the Spanish churches, stands upon the site of a mosque. It dates from the latter part of the twelfth and the first part of the thirteenth century. The total length of the edifice is three hundred twenty feet, and the steeple is over two hundred feet high. Beautiful sculptures and tracery adorn the chief portal. The artistic hinges, knockers and nails of the doors date from the early sixteenth century. Soon after we enter, we come upon the tomb of King James I of Aragon, which was erected from the ruins of the tomb at Poblet. We visit various chapels, some of which contain artistic treasures; and, finally, the Chapel of St. Tecla, patron of the city, upon whose day, September 23, a special service is held. During this service the cathedral walls are hung with fifty-two pieces of Flemish tapestry of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Finally, we emerge into the Cloisters, which date from the thirteenth century and are considered as beautiful as any in the country. The large inner square is filled with oleanders and evergreens; the walks are roofed, and some of the columns and arches are of great beauty and fine artistry. Hereabouts are many Roman relics that have not been removed to the museum.

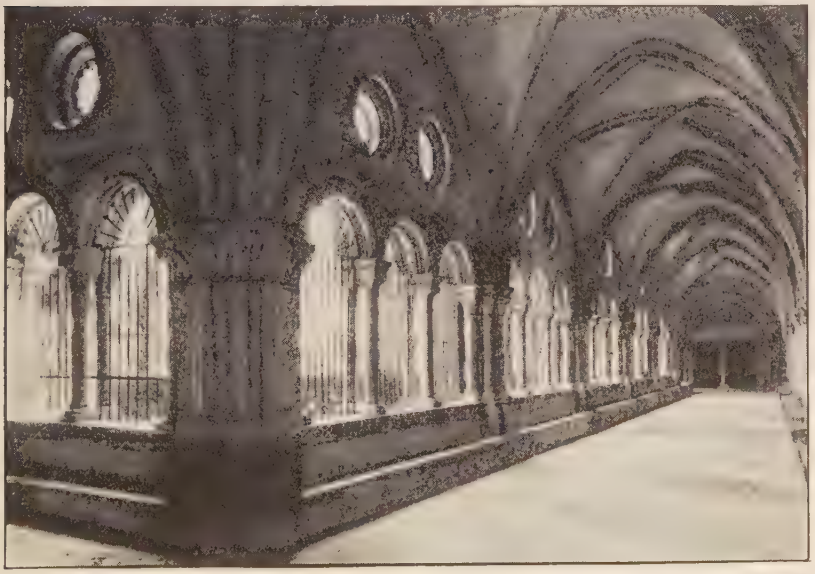
There are several pleasant excursions to be made from Tarragona; but the one to Poblet is of superlative importance and should not be overlooked. Every visitor should go out to Poblet, not entirely for what may be seen, altho there are beautiful ruins, but for the memories of the place, one of the most surprizing institutions that ever flourished in the Christian world.

COLUMNS, TARRAGONA CATHEDRAL
The carved scene shows mice carrying a dead cat on a bier

The famous Cistercian abbey of Poblet derives its name from a hermit of that name, who was called "a very holy man" and seems to have impressed his sanctity even upon the Moors. For that matter, however, one realizes in Spain, as perhaps nowhere else, that tolerance was one of the virtues of the men from North Africa, and that they not only fought side by side with Christians, but permitted many Christian institutions to flourish when it was in their power to put an end to them. The body of Poblet, the hermit, was miraculously found, and the beginnings of the mighty convent were made. In time, this monastic institution became one of the most splendid in Europe and perhaps in all the world. Its splendors were like those of the finest palaces; even kings and conquering heroes counted it an honor to be entertained here; and in many instances the privileged guests requested that, after they had run the course of life, they might find a final resting-place within Poblet's walls. It was a prosperous, even luxurious monastery until less than a century ago. Some of the brethren who resided here could boast the noblest blood in Spain. Each request for admission to the brotherhood brought the monks into solemn conclave, and the ancestry of applicants was scrutinized, so that it was counted

a distinctive honor and privilege to receive the affirmative vote.

Monastic in name only, the palatial abode was divided into sumptuous apartments, which were furnished gorgeously and looked upon cloisters fashioned by nature and artists into visions of delight. Each monk was entitled to two servants and two white mules of pure breed; and the food and wine of the place became celebrated throughout the country. The monks did not even have to venture into the market-place for the purchase of necessities or luxuries. Tradesmen who desired to sell, came to the courtyard of the monastery and spread out their wares, where they were purchased for extravagant sums of money. It was only natural that the grandees became arrogant in their seclusion and splendor. In time, they levied taxes and tolls upon the countryside, to



CLOISTER OF TARRAGONA CATHEDRAL, THE MOST BEAUTIFUL IN SPAIN

ON THE "BALCONY OF THE MEDITERRANEAN" AT TARRAGONA

make still more abundant their great wealth. They became practically lords of the territory.

Even this was tolerated by the people, probably with misgivings and grumblings; but when the report reached them that innocent people were being tortured, and that there was debauchery inside the walls, honest Catalans arose in their wrath to put an end to this long reign of luxury and idle wealth.

They marched to Poblet, forced the gates, and apparently —for no reason that one can now fully understand, even in this country of contradictions—permitted the monks to escape with their lives by making a hasty retreat; but the people vented their wrath on the buildings, furnishings and treasures, perhaps reasoning that this would make it impossible for the monks to return, and also leave themselves innocent of murder. They destroyed the palatial apartments, burned the priceless books, hacked the beautifully carved marbles, defaced the airy colonnades, and left only a battered remnant of what had been a veritable fairyland. No

longer did a fountain of ice-cold water, piped from a distance, splash in a fountain basin that it might add to the comfort of the monks in the warm weather. No longer were there any monks in Poblet to take "obligatory chocolate" in the morning before mass, for fear that the energy exerted in attendance upon the holy rites might cause them to faint from exhaustion!

At Poblet we find merely the shell of departed power, beauty and greatness; but the shell is worth seeing. The partitions are gone from some of the mighty halls, but many of the rooms are beautiful in their ruin. In the dining-room, a part of the vaulted ceiling remains in place; in the chapter room and library, we can at least think of the literary treasures that once reposed here in wall-cases. We see the marks of the mob's violence everywhere; but the outer walls

WATER FRONT OF TARRAGONA: ROMAN RUINS AT THE LEFT

still slope down into the valley and we hear trickling water around the despoiled church and the palaces; also see the great vats in which priceless wine was stored, awaiting the call of the voluptuaries in the upper chambers.

Thus vanished, almost in our own day, an abbey which was known throughout Spain in the Middle Ages as the magnificent burial-place of the Kings of Aragon and afterwards of the Counts of Segorbe and Cardona. The angry mobs of 1822-35, not content with destroying the Romanesque church, with its domed tower and beautiful cloisters, wreaked their vengeance also on the royal monuments, particularly that of King James I of Aragon, known as Jaime el Conquistador. The remnants of this tomb were later taken to Tarragona and built into the new monument to James I which we have already seen in the marble choir of that city's ancient Cathedral.

VIII SARAGOSSA AND TOLEDO

WHERE A MODERN DAM IN THE RUSHING TAGUS FURNISHES ELECTRIC LIGHT FOR OLD TOLEDO

VIII

SARAGOSSA AND TOLEDO

SARAGOSSA is an important religious shrine, a city of two Cathedrals, a thriving modern mart, yet one that seems to belong to Byzantium rather than to Spain. The architecture, particularly when viewed from a distance, gives the impression that the place is very old. From a hill we observe the brilliantly tiled domes and the large white buildings, and feel that we are approaching the Orient. The architects of the place seem to have built for the future as well as the present; the secular as well as the religious structures, having been planned on a huge scale, are of great strength and durability, each large residence seeming to have been a fortified castle equal to almost any emergency. The city's natural location made it a place of great importance centuries ago; and altho it is in the midst of a desert, the waters from the distant hills have been brought hither since ancient times, and the surrounding plain has the appearance of an exceedingly fertile and fruitful *huerta*. Numerous smokestacks proclaim the fact that Saragossa is not merely a romantic old town steeped in legend, but also an enterprising center of industry. The Roman Emperor Augustus recognized its advantageous position for trade and named it the Colonia Cæsar-Augusta, whence its present name is derived. Traces remain of the ancient Roman wall, but we are interested chiefly in the city and the buildings of a much later date.

Before arrival, we have in mind the celebrated miraculous

shrine of the Virgen del Pilar, and unlike many destinations of the devout pilgrim, this one is not hidden away in the maze of streets and city buildings, but we see it from a distance and know that beneath the garish domes of its huge Oriental-looking edifice the Virgin stands upon a pillar, as she has stood for ages, and that to her come tens of thousands of devout worshipers to implore aid and intercession. This continuous pilgrimage—for we are told that the Virgin never has been alone for centuries, save when the doors of the church are locked—makes the street crowds unusually fascinating to the visitor. They include the prosperous city folk and the pious from towns in all parts of Spain; but most interesting of all are the picturesque peasants, whom we might not otherwise see in our tour, because they come from remote country hamlets and farms far from the railroads or the chief highways.

MUSEO PROVINCIAL, PLAZA DE LA LIBERTAD, SARAGOSSA

THE AUDIENCIA, SARAGOSSA
Where once dwelt the "Trovatore" of Verdi's opera

Long before this we must have had proof of the profound influence of the Church in the daily lives, actions and thoughts of the people of Spain. Scarcely anything that is of importance in the day of the average Spaniard is undertaken or approached without an appeal to the saints for intercession and aid. Doubtless we also will have noticed the unusual devotion to the Virgin, usually addressed as *La Virgen* and less frequently as *Santa María.* The foreigner is also likely to be impressed, perhaps shocked, by the constant use of the words *Dios* and *Jesus* in the ordinary conversation of the people. To visitors from other countries they seem to be taking the name of God in vain; but as one learns to know better the people and customs of Spain, one realizes that there is no thought of irreverence in this daily and hourly use of sacred names. It is not unusual to find oneself in a street called *Calle Jesus.* In an Andalusian song, there is the boast of the possessor of "whiskers, the finest that ever have been seen since Jesus Christ," and nobody considers that irreverence was meant. Most of the people appeal to a favorite saint in addition to the major saints, procure small statues, burn candles in their devotions, and speak to their particular saint most confidentially about affairs of the daily routine. This is not so remarkable to the foreigner as the reported fact that they often become angry with these special saints when

A HOLIDAY IN SARAGOSSA: PROCESSION OF THE GIANTS AND GIANT-HEADS

supplications are of no avail, and that there are many instances in which they have not only turned to other saints, but have sought to punish their former favorites by destroying shrines and statues—even by breaking the windows of chapels or churches.

I heard the story of an exceedingly devout young lady who made daily or perhaps hourly supplication to St. Isidoro to send her a sweetheart who would be faithful to her. Finally, when none came in response to her prayers, she procured a small statue of the saint, tied a string around its neck and hung it under water in a well, saying: "Stay there until my prayers are answered!"

The Cathedral of the Virgen del Pilar is said to occupy the exact spot upon which the Madonna appeared to St. James when he was making a missionary tour through Spain. She was standing upon the pillar then, as she stands to-day, and the first structure built around her was a small chapel, which in time was surrounded by a series of cloisters and chapels.

The present edifice was begun in the seventeenth century, and while one is likely to consider the exterior more imposing than the interior, it is a vast pile that forms a fitting frame for the celebrated treasure that it shelters.

We join the crowds that stream through the portals and arrive within what seems a vast precinct instead of a church, because it is four hundred thirty-six feet long and two hundred twenty feet wide. The choir is singing, the organ playing, and perhaps several services are in progress simultaneously; but the majority of the congregation go to the Chapel of Our Lady of the Pillar, irrespective of what is transpiring elsewhere. It may be entered from three sides, which are roofed by an oval dome that rests upon four marble columns with gilded capitals. Under the first canopy is a second also borne by four columns and adorned with frescoes by Antonio Velasquez. In the walls are three recesses with altars and marble groups of the Virgin and St. James with his disciples. Above one of the altars is the "Pilar," and upon it the dark wooden image of the Virgin. It is partly hidden from view by a fine silver screen, and at the back of the wall is a hole, through which the devout are permitted to kiss the pillar.

The Virgin possesses an enormous wardrobe and costly jewels, which are frequently changed by the officiating clergy. Once, when I stood near by, observing the ceremony, a native guide called my attention to the fact that as the priests were engaged in the investiture they turned their eyes away from the face of the statue, so that they might not become blinded by the splendor of the countenance. He also told me of miraculous cures said to have taken place in this chapel, some of them vouched for by ecclesiastical officials, whose investigations were thorough and whose words have

been accepted by many as convincing. The Very Eminent Cardinal Retz said he once saw a man with a wooden leg brush it with oil from the Virgin's lamp, whereupon the wood turned to flesh and the man leaped into the air to show his gratitude. My attention was called to the historical fact that, while other buildings in the neighborhood show the effect of lightning, siege and warfare, this church has been protected from disaster of all kinds—presumably by the miracle-working statue.

The second Cathedral of Saragossa is called La Seo and is dedicated to the Saviour. It occupies the site of the chief mosque of the city and is much older than the better-known edifice, having been begun in the twelfth century. While it is richly decorated, it has a gloomy interior, whose pillars faintly remind one of the Mosque-Cathedral of Cordova. Besides much ornamentation, the Cathedral contains many

MILITARY HEADQUARTERS IN SARAGOSSA

statues and historical objects of note, particularly the *sillería* of sixty-eight stalls, the archbishop's throne, and the octagonal *cimborio* or dome presented by Pope Benedict XIII, who was deposed as a schismatic. The Puente de Piedra, a bridge of seven arches, which connects the old town with a suburb, is familiar to tourists from its frequent representation in pictures of Saragossa. A stroll about the town brings to view many interesting buildings notable for their architecture altho not usually listed among the routine sights.

Probably not many of us were aware of the association of Saragossa with Verdi's popular opera, "Il Trovatore"; but we find that the Audiencia was the palace of the Counts of Luna, one of whom is an important figure in the story from which the popular libretto was written, and we also recall that the Anti-Pope Benedict XIII was a member of the same noble family. The building is known locally as the House of the Giants, from the two huge figures at the entrance. A relief over the doorway represents Benedict entering Saragossa, and the arms of the Luna family are recognized in the tympanum. The Casa del Conde de Argollo repays a visit for a glimpse of its patio. The Aljafería Palace, now used as barracks, has had a notable history, and one may visit it by obtaining permission from the commandant. Some of the older portions remain in their original condition; for example, the salon in which Santa Isabel was born; the grand apartment, which has a remarkable ceiling; and the mosque, with its Maksura; and we are taken by a guide to the dungeon which is said to have been the original of that shown in the Trovatore opera. The former convent of Santa Engracia was almost destroyed during a siege; but we may still see the marble portal adorned by statues of Ferdinand and Isabella adoring the Virgin, and thirty-three angels' heads. The

"ISLAND GARDEN" OF ARANJUEZ, RICH IN MEMORIES OF VANISHED ROYALTY

Church of San Pablo dates from the thirteenth century and should be seen for its octagonal brick tower covered with colored tiles. An architectural expert has said that "it might pass for a church in the Crimea or the steppes of Tartary." In our wanderings we visit the Canal Imperial, which was begun by Charles V; since the advent of railways it is used chiefly for irrigation, and in a large measure accounts for the fertility of the region around the city.

Several most interesting excursions within a radius of about fifty miles of Saragossa await the visitor who has time for them. They include points that are not usually reached on the itinerary, but that offer much to one who desires to become as well acquainted as possible with all parts of the country.

Pompeluna is one of the oldest towns in the northern part of the kingdom, having received its name from Pompey the Great. The chief sight is the Cathedral, built in the fourteenth century. Here are the tombs of Charles III and Leonora of Castile, and a statue of the Virgin that is held in veneration. The cloisters are beautiful. This excursion may be extended to Roncesvalles, where the Colegiata contains the tomb of Sancho the Strong and interesting relics of Roland.

At Huesca, once the Roman Osca, there is a splendid Gothic Cathedral, which, like so many others in Spain, occupies the site of a Moorish mosque.

One who travels toward Madrid should stop at Aranjuez at least a few hours. Aranjuez still has something of the fascination of an oasis flourishing in the midst of a desert, altho, as is the case with so many cities of Spain, its day of glory has departed and the knights and ladies who once made of it a miniature Versailles have long been in their tombs.

There are evidences that even the ancient Romans appreciated the beauty of this city beside the rushing Tagus. In the Middle Ages it belonged to the Order of Santiago, and Isabella the Catholic made it a summer residence despite the fact that the place is uncomfortable for visitors in midsummer and is said to be unhealthful during the heated term. Charles V had a hunting-lodge here; but it was Philip II who made it a royal residence, and it was in his day that the

PASSING THROUGH TOLEDO'S PUERTA DEL SOL, OR SUN GATE

English elm was here introduced for the first time into the country. To-day there are splendid avenues of elms and groves of plane trees, as well as a magnificent garden where the nightingales sing. It was at Aranjuez in 1808 that King Charles IV abdicated the throne in favor of his son Ferdinand VII after the people had stormed the palace of his favorite minister. It is generally conceded that with this historic event the ancient glory of Aranjuez passed forever. Since that time, the place has seemed to be a relic rather than a

living reality; but it is still fascinating to wander through its avenues of trees, with their interlaced boughs, to see the marbles benches and the statues and fountains, as well as to visit the castle-like palace, the interior of which is elaborately decorated.

All the Spanish monarchs following Philip II, down to Alfonso XIII, have added to the beautification of the Palacio Real at Aranjuez, and presumably have held it in high esteem as a royal residence. There are magnificent apartments, many of which still display the precious baubles and ornaments of royalty: clocks, chandeliers, malachite tables, embroidered cushions, elegant furniture, gorgeous hangings, wall and ceiling paintings and antique sculptures. Here one may still breathe, so to speak, the inmost life of the kings of Spain. Here are the small secret chambers whose

SPANISH NURSES AND THEIR BRIGHT LITTLE CHARGES

ALCANTARA BRIDGE AND SUN GATE, TOLEDO, WITH THE ALCAZAR ON THE SKY-LINE

ceilings one may touch with the hand, the billiard room of Charles IV, his cue, the cushions embroidered by the hands of his queens, the musical clocks which enlivened the playtime of his children, the narrow staircases, the little windows about which cluster a hundred traditions of princely caprices, and, finally, the richest retiring room in Europe, created at a whim of Charles V, containing in itself sufficient riches to adorn a palace.

Beyond this palace and all around the groves extend vineyards and olive-groves and orchards of fruit-bearing trees and smiling meadows. It is a veritable oasis in the midst of the desert—an oasis which Philip II chose to create on a day when he was in good humor, as if to enliven with one cheerful image the black melancholy of the Escorial. The extensive garden, indeed, holds greater interest for us than the royal buildings. The nightingale seems to warble here as tho more at home and happier than elsewhere. It is of this garden that Edmond de Amicis has written:

"But as I looked at those marble seats, half hidden in the shrubbery, and fixed my eyes on the shadow of certain distant paths, and thought of those queens, those lovers, and those mad pranks, I could not refrain from a sigh, which was not one of pity, and a secret sense of bitterness stung me to the heart . . . and I left for Toledo, imagining the love of a queen like a young adventurer of the Arabian Nights."

Like the Italian traveler just quoted, let us go from here to Toledo. Americans usually hasten on to Madrid, because of its good hotels and other comforts that seem doubly welcome after a sojourn in southern and central Spain. Then they remain in the capital city as long as possible and go out from there for visits to the near-by cities. It is the customary

ANCIENT MOORISH GATE IN THE WALLS OF TOLEDO

thing to do, and doubtless would be advised by the tourist agencies and the guides. We might follow their example but for the fact that one who becomes thoroughly comfortable in Madrid may also do like so many other tourists and merely go to Toledo for a part of a day, hurriedly glancing at what he may see between trains. That would be a bad—I had almost said a wicked—thing to do, for it would deprive us almost utterly of experiencing the strange spell of this fascinating city. Toledo is an experience of rare delight for one who is not in a hurry; it is only another Spanish city to one who glances here and there and seems anxious to be on his way.

It is my suggestion, therefore, that we postpone the pleasures of Madrid, and not only visit Toledo but reside under its hospitable roof for a time and form an adequate impres-

sion of it from leisurely observation. During Holy Week and festival times, the hotels are crowded, and they are not strictly first-class at any time; but they are typical, and it is encouraging to know that here as elsewhere in Spain they are improving. A diligent effort is being made to provide what is desired as well as what is required by visitors and tourists.

Toledo, like so many of the other cities that we have visited, has suffered a remarkable decline since it was the residence of the Kings of Castile, when it was said to have fully two hundred thousand inhabitants; but it is still the residence of the Metropolitan Archbishop of Spain, and altho the inhabitants may have gone elsewhere in large numbers, making it now seem a small city, it is still proud, not to say haughty in its grandeur. For Toledo cannot forget its great past, and, as the bearer of ancient royal or noble titles, it still thinks in terms of heredity and is not entirely concerned with the affairs or prosperity of the present.

Toledo begins to make its impression when it is viewed from a distance, as the city is situated upon a rocky elevation, around which the Tagus River makes a curve that seems to surround the tall walls. Beyond these the city's spires and towers swiftly arouse one's curiosity, and we are eager to be wandering about the streets. As we alight at the station and approach the walls, they seem to recede until we cross the Alcántara Bridge, reach the gate, and pass into the exceedingly narrow thoroughfares. These curve with such irregularity that one has almost the impression of moving about in the crooked aisles of a vast enclosure over which there is a roof. We detect an Oriental character in the architecture. The tall houses of this "Spanish Rome" seem to be almost windowless on the street side; colored walls enclose

or shield beautiful courtyards that are visible from inside balconies and colonnades, and we may recall that Gautier likened the place to "a convent, a prison, or a fortress, to some extent also a seraglio." There are so many remnants of the old that the whole story of Toledo's history seems to reveal itself in the nature of the buildings; plainest of all being the Christian influence which produced the ecclesiastical veneer that pervades everything. The author of "Gothic Architecture in Spain" says:

"Few cities that I have ever seen can compete in artistic interest with it; and none perhaps can come up to it in the singular magnificence of its situation, the endless novelty and picturesqueness of its every corner. It epitomizes the whole strange history of Spain in a manner so vivid, that he who visits its old nooks and corners carefully and thoughtfully,

AN ARISTOCRATIC STREET IN TOLEDO

can work out, almost unassisted, the strange variety which that history affords."

De Amicis, approaching Toledo, says in a similar vein:

"Here it really seems that you are under a fortified city of the Middle Ages, and you can imagine yourself in the guise of a Moor or a Goth or a soldier of Alfonso VI. From every side precipitous rocks hang over your head, crumbling walls, towers, and the ruins of ancient bastions; and higher up the last wall which encircles the city, black, crowned with enormous battlements, opened here and there by great breaches, behind which the imprisoned houses rear their heads; and as you climb higher and higher, the city seems to draw back and hide itself."

First of all we visit the Cathedral, one of the chief sights of Toledo, because we know before we see it that it is one of the most imposing edifices of Spain, one of the great churches of the world. Unfortunately, we gain no adequate impression of it from the exterior, because it is so hemmed in by the buildings of the streets that surround it; but as soon as we enter the portal and gaze around, we feel that we have entered a plaza instead of a building. We are thrilled by the majesty of it all, and by the knowledge that we are upon ground that has been occupied by a sacred fane for many centuries. There is a tradition that the apostle Saint James selected the site and that he was the first bishop of Toledo; and if we care for a later date, here is an inscription stating that there was a Christian temple here, dedicated to the Virgin, as early as 587 A.D. It is recorded that several saints have been bishops of this see.

In the eighth century, the early Cathedral became the chief Moorish mosque of the city, and even after the capture of the place by Alfonso VI, it remained Moslem; but soon

ST. MARTIN'S BRIDGE, TOLEDO, MORE THAN FIVE CENTURIES OLD

afterwards the Christians took possession, caused the old building to be torn down, and in 1227 laid the cornerstone of the present edifice. Building was carried on for nearly three centuries, and some parts were erected at a still later date. The Cathedral of Toledo has known many vicissitudes, the worst of which, perhaps, was that of 1808, when over two thousand pounds of silver treasure was carried away from it by the French. It is built mostly of granite. The total length is four hundred feet and the width one hundred ninety-five feet, so that the total area is similar to that of Cologne Cathedral. It has eight principal entrances.

Upon entering, we are impressed by the fine lighting from many old stained-glass windows, which have scenes from the New Testament. There are blue, golden and rosy shafts of light that have been compared to the bands of a rainbow,

producing an effect that is gloriously different from the gloom of many of the Spanish churches. There are five huge naves, divided by eighty-eight large pilasters, each of which contains sixteen columns.

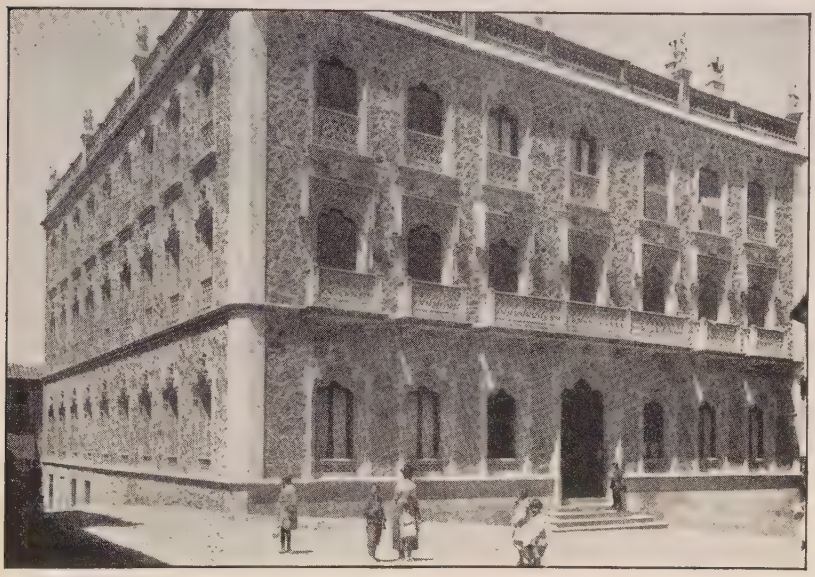
We go first to the high altar, which seems to be a whole church in itself, a veritable miracle of ornaments and decoration, which would fill a book if described at length. Here have happened many important events in Spanish history. The royal sepulchers near by are in richly decorated niches; the tombs of Sancho III and Sancho IV are on one side, and those of Alfonso VII and the son of Alfonso XI on the other. Behind the high altar is the *Trasparente,* so called from the opening through which light falls upon marble angels and the Archangel Raphael. In the choir are three reading-desks, one of which is a huge brazen eagle with outstretched wings. The stalls, which are splendidly carved, are of walnut wood and adorned with medallions. Overhead is a canopy supported by jasper columns. The archbishop's throne has bronze columns also supporting a canopy which has an alabaster group of the Transfiguration. The side walls have a Gothic arcade supported by over fifty columns of jasper, ornamented with relief scenes from the Old Testament.

The first of the side-chapels to be visited in the Mozárabe, where service is conducted at nine o'clock in the morning according to the Mozárabic ritual, which differs from the Latin in thirteen points. It is supposed to perpetuate the tradition of the ancient Christian rite. The fresco upon one of the walls shows ancient Toledo, the costumes and arms of the time. The half-Arabs were permitted here to practise their peculiar liturgy during the Moorish occupation and then for a long time after the coming of the kings of Castile. Alfonso VI endeavored to discontinue the practise as "bar-

barous and against the will of God," but the Mozárabes continued to plead for their "rights." So they resorted to a strange duel, not unlike that between Elijah and the priests of Baal. Rival breviaries were placed upon a common pyre for the purpose of ascertaining which would longest defy the flames. When the flames were started, the Mozárabic book did not burn, and the wind blew the Latin breviary so far away that it was saved; this was taken to indicate that Providence desired both to remain, which was permitted even by the intolerant monarch. Over the altar is a mosaic of the Virgin and Child sent from Rome. The Capilla de la Epifanie has an altar-piece of the fifteenth century.

The chapel of San Ildefonso is a Gothic octagon and is highly esteemed for its treasures, including a piece of marble

A FORMER SYNAGOG IN TOLEDO, NOW A CHURCH
(Note the Moorish architecture)



THE HANDSOMELY ORNAMENTED HOTEL DE CASTILLA, TOLEDO

from the column upon which the Virgin stands at Saragossa. The honor bestowed upon St. Ildefonso recalls that he was a bishop of Toledo, who was highly esteemed for his devotion and his zeal. He wrote, says the story, a treatise on the eternal virginity of the Virgin, which was so pleasing to the Queen of Heaven that she came to Toledo and called upon the author and watched while he celebrated the mass, after which she presented to him a fine new chasuble made from "cloth of heaven." The chair in which she sat during the service was never used again, and the stone upon which her feet rested became a priceless relic, which has been kissed by countless worshipers. This visit is said to have been of great influence in prompting the canonization of the good bishop. We are told that the chasuble was of invisible cloth, so, to quote John Hay, if they open the chest for the visitor to look

OLIVE ORCHARD ON A HILLSIDE IN CENTRAL SPAIN

inside, and he sees nothing, "that only proves the miracle." The guides also tell us that during this visit to the Cathedral the Virgin looked at another now-blackened statue on the high altar and pronounced it an "excellent likeness of herself." Like the one at Saragossa, it is attributed to St. Luke and is said to be a miracle-worker. A gorgeous wardrobe and a collection of jewels belong to this statue.

The Chapel of the New Kings is elaborately decorated and contains the sarcophagi of royalties and their effigies. Here lie Henry II and his wife, Henry III and his wife, John I and his wife, and a kneeling figure of John II. The Sacristy, which we enter next, contains paintings that deserve special attention. An altar-piece, which shows the soldiers casting lots for the raiment of Jesus, is by El Greco; "The Betrayal" is by Goya, and, on the ceiling, "The Miracle of San Ilde-

fonso" is by Luca Giordano. Other paintings of great value are in the Vestuario, where we see "The Baptism," by Luca Giordano; "The Circumcision," by Bassano; "Deposition in the Tomb," by Giovanni Bellini; "Pope Paul III," by Titian; "The Madonna," by Rubens; "St. Francis," by El Greco, and, just beyond this apartment, paintings by Van Dyck and others. From the Sacristy we go to the Octagon, an elaborate room containing "enormous silver candlesticks, pyxes flashing with rubies, golden stands for the elevation of the Host, studded with diamonds; the damask vestments, embroidered in gold; the robes of the Virgin, covered with arabesques, garlands of flowers and stars of pearl, which at every motion of the cloth flash forth in a thousand rays and colors and quite dazzle one's eyes." An hour is scarcely sufficient to see hurriedly all this display of treasures, which, we are told, "would certainly satisfy the ambition of ten queens and enrich the altars of ten cathedrals."

The Cloisters enclose a fine garden, where we find interesting frescoes and a marble cylinder referring to the first Christian church erected on the site. From here we enter the Chapel of San Blas, which contains the tomb of the saint. The library includes valuable manuscripts and early books, the *monumento* used during Holy Week, the grotesque and huge figures that are carried in processions, and most of the bells. There are several of the last-mentioned; the most celebrated is so large that "fifteen cobblers could sit at once within it and draw out their threads." But this one is cracked and does not ring, as the clapper lies at its side. The story is told that St. Peter himself caused the damage, for when he heard it ring he thought it was the bell from his own Cathedral at Rome, and when he realized his mistake he threw down his keys and they cracked it. Another bell

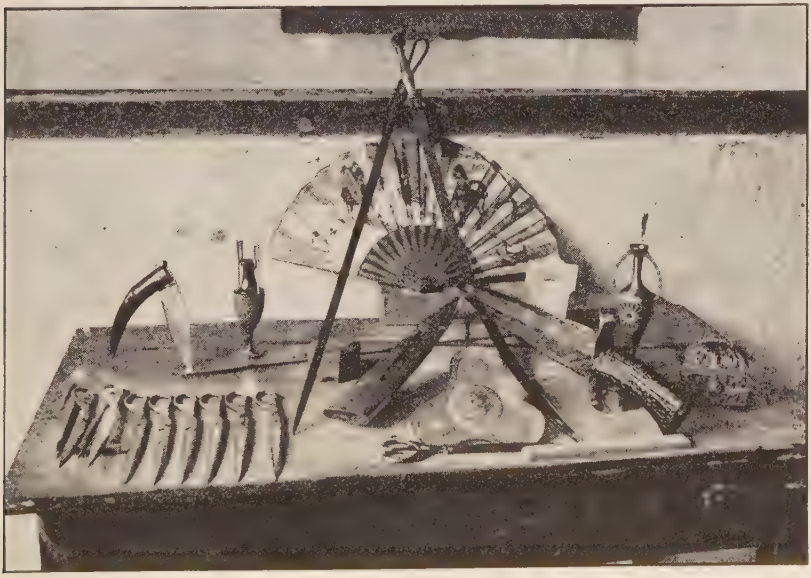
is tolled continuously for forty-eight hours before Easter.

The leisurely traveler will find much in Toledo to hold his interest, after he feels satisfied that he has seen at least the chief treasures of the Cathedral. The Archbishop's Palace contains a library of rare manuscripts, and from the balcony of the Ayuntamiento, or City Hall, one can get a fine view of the great church.

"The houses of Toledo," writes Théophile Gautier, "are of an austere and imposing appearance; they have but few windows in their façades, and these windows are as a rule grated. The doors, ornamented with bluish granite pillars with balls on top of them—a decoration which frequently is met with—have a thick, solid appearance which is still further increased by the huge nails with which they are starred. They have at once something of the convent, the prison, the fortress, and even the harem, for the Moors have passed this way. By a rather odd contrast, some of these houses are adorned outside with paintings, either in fresco or in distemper, of imitation bas-reliefs, scenes in monochrome, flowers, shells and wreaths, with vases, medallions, cupids and all the mythological lumber of the last century. These houses, which recall those panels painted over doors in the Pompadour style, produce the strangest and most comical effect among their forbidding-looking sisters of feudal or Moorish origin."

Visitors are admitted to the Hospital de Santa Cruz, which, built in the form of a huge Maltese cross, is considered an almost perfect example of Spanish Renaissance architecture. The fine Alcántara Bridge that spans the Tagus dates from the Moors, but the structure, as it is seen to-day, dates chiefly from the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. On the heights of the left bank of the river are the ruins of a castle that was

built by Alfonso VI to protect a large convent and the city. From the bridge we go to the Moorish walls, and later to the Puerta del Sol, which has horseshoe arches and towers, probably dating from the early twelfth century. The gate known as the Visagra Antigua dates from the ninth century. El Cristo de la Luz dates from the year 922 and has several columns that date from an ancient Visigothic church. The horseshoe arches and other features resemble the mosque at Cordova. The legend, from which the church receives its name, is that the horse of the Cid, on the entry of Alfonso VI, knelt down opposite the mosque and refused to move. The wall was then opened and found to contain in a niche a lighted lamp from the original church; so the king crossed to the mosque and celebrated the first mass in the conquered city in 1085. From the Cristo de la Luz we climb to the



SOME OF THE DAMASKEENED STEEL PRODUCTS FOR WHICH TOLEDO IS FAMOUS

MAKING TOLEDO WARE: INLAYING STEEL WITH GOLD OR SILVER PATTERNS

Church of San Vicente Anejo, which contains paintings by El Greco, and to the Church of Santo Domingo el Real, which contains works by the same master, now more highly valued than they were a few years ago.

The Church of Santo Tomé, formerly a mosque, now bears the Gothic style of the fourteenth century, altho the tower has been left largely in the original style. Here again is a painting by El Greco, this time one representing the burial of Count Orgaz, who caused the church to be remodeled. The vestments represented in the painting, which shows the clergy present at the miraculous appearance of Saints Stephen and Augustine, are still preserved in the church. Not far away is the Church of San Juan de los Reyes and its convent, founded in the fifteenth century. This church was damaged by the French in 1808, but restorations have been made and

it contains many features of interest. The convent is now the Museo Provincial, which has many sculptures, wood-carvings and pictures worth seeing.

El Cristo de la Vega is upon a site occupied by a Christian church in the fourth century, dedicated to St. Leocadia, as it marked the spot of her martyrdom; but the present edifice is later than the twelfth century. Approaching it, we pass through two courts, one of which has cyprus trees and the other is notable for the array of tombs of the priesthood. A large marble statue of the saint is over the main entrance; the tomb is in the center of the edifice.

Anyone who visits Toledo naturally thinks of the famous Toledo blades, some of which, in the days of chivalry, were so elastic that they could be rolled up like a watch-spring. Visitors are admitted to the modern weapon factory; but they should not expect to see blades in the making such as the celebrated products of the Armeros de Toledo of the sixteenth century. Master-workmen, however, carve and trace the most delicate designs on vases and other art-works made of steel. This ware is a result of many years of experience. Engraved scissors of every size and design, the products of this old Spanish city, may now be found in every country. If it is a Toledo blade, that is sufficient recommendation to insure its quality.

The famous bridge of San Martin, which spans the Tagus, dates from the thirteenth century and consists of five arches, each one being guarded by a tower-gate. From the bridge we obtain an excellent view of the valley, also recalling the legend that the builder of the first bridge here told his wife, in great agony of mind, that the arches would fall as soon as their centers were removed. To prove her wifely devotion, she set fire to the central framework, which caused the

arches to collapse, all of which was attributed to the fire until—long afterward—she admitted what she had done. Instead of being fined for the faulty work, the husband was congratulated upon having such a treasure for a wife.

The Alcázar stands upon the highest ground in the city, which was once occupied by the Roman castellum. It was converted into a palace, enlarged and decorated by several kings. It is worth while to go into the patio, which has double arcades of Corinthian columns, and to view the staircase and some of the apartments; but the place was badly damaged by fire in the last century and retains none of the highly treasured souvenirs of dead royalty that are to be seen elsewhere in the same city.

An interesting structure in the city is the old synagog, which dates back to the fourteenth century. Built by Samuel Levy, the rich treasurer of Peter the Cruel, it was, after the expulsion of the Jews, converted into a Catholic Church. It has no aisles, and its walls are elaborately decorated with arabesques and Hebrew inscriptions. Another reminder of the Jew is a small synagog built in the Moorish style, an architectural gem. This, like the other, became a church after the expulsion of the Jews by Ferdinand and Isabella.

None should omit a visit to the house of El Greco, now a museum containing many mementoes of the master. The garden, enclosed by a wall, is like a bit of Greece transplanted into Spain.

Roman, Saracen, Christian, Moor and Jew have crossed the Alcántara Bridge and made the walled city of Toledo their home. All have left their imprint on the romantic old city.

IX THE PARIS OF SPAIN

CHIEF RESIDENCE OF THE KING AND QUEEN OF SPAIN: THE PALACE AT MADRID

IX

THE PARIS OF SPAIN

WHEN we arrive in Old Madrid we are likely to experience surprize in finding New Madrid, a fine, modern, cosmopolitan city, with fewer of the ancient and typical characteristics of Spain than we have found in several of the other cities. It is not the ancient capital, where most of the great political events of Spanish history have taken place; it is not the self-contained metropolis, whose inhabitants are immune to foreign influence and who maintain that the native customs, costumes and society are superior to all others; on the contrary, it is the big fusing-point of Spanish with other cultures, the residence of the reigning monarch, the political center and the rendezvous of foreign diplomats, foreign representatives of industry and finance—the London or Paris of the country.

Madrid has undergone a remarkable change in the last few years, yet the transformation that would have been necessary in older cities was not imperative here. Madrid merely expanded and grew in all directions. Compared with several of the cities in the South, which were important centers before the Christian era began, it has had a mushroom growth; for it is first mentioned in history as a fortified Moorish outpost in the tenth century, and as late as the time of Columbus it had only three thousand inhabitants. The city became the royal residence in the sixteenth century, but during the eighteenth, under Charles III, the great enterprise

of city-building began in earnest. Even then it continued to be one of the most backward capitals in Europe, and made slight progress along modern lines. Many of us to-day can remember Madrid as that kind of city; but it is now enjoying a period of wonderful prosperity, following the Great War, in which Spain remained neutral. It takes rank with the other capitals of the Continent; and it is likely that its example will extend to all other cities in the land. Perhaps these will not be so picturesque and quaint as they are to-day; but living conditions will be improved and the foreign visitor may be assured of comforts that have not hitherto been offered. I refer particularly to the hotels in the smaller cities, and to transportation facilities. Luxurious hostelries are now sufficiently abundant in the capital city, which lends much to the enjoyment of travelers in Spain,

MADRID'S WIDEST BUSINESS STREET, THE CALLE DE ALCALA

most of whom naturally plan to give it an extended visit.

That the hotels at Madrid are sufficiently particular about their guests is illustrated by an amusing incident that happened to a friend of mine—a well-known New Englander of the highest type. While traveling in Spain, he slipped and hurt his ankle—a painful but by no means serious accident. Having been brought up to believe in old-fashioned remedies, he at once applied a certain familiar liniment that is not averse to advertising itself on the circumambient air. Arriving in Madrid, he went to one of the most fashionable hotels and was about to register when the clerk, sniffing suspiciously, astonished the dignified New Englander by informing him that he could not be accepted there as a guest. Why? Because it was against the rules to admit anyone with an infectious or contagious disease. Explanations and protests were in vain. Out he must go until he had found a reputable Spanish physician who would pronounce him fit for polite society. The story may seem funny to us, but the victim could see nothing humorous in it for a long time. He was "mad" all the way through. Boiling with rage over the insult, he swept out of the hotel vowing all kinds of vengeance. Later, however, he forgot his anger and laughed over the incident.

YANKEE ENTERPRISE IN MADRID
Recently-erected building of the National City Bank, New York

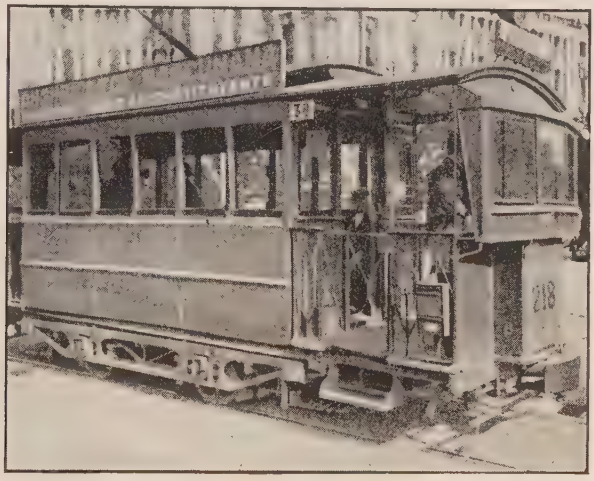
If you have any leisure at your command, do not, I beg of you, plunge at once into sight-seeing after reaching Madrid, but devote a day or a few days to rambles about the city, merely strolling or driving about, stopping now and then in a convenient plaza to sit at a café and observe the passers-by; for, altho I have said that the city is a cosmopolis, there is also an individuality, a native character and atmosphere, that should not be missed. One observes visitors or residents from every country; but the dominant note is Spanish, that is, Spanish of the new day that is to spread to the other cities of the country.

It is also true that while the youngest of Spain's great cities is not particularly fortunate in its location, it has beautiful modern architecture; its avenues are attractive, and some of its plazas are excellent promenades from which to view

WHERE THE NURSES HAVE ALMOST AS MUCH FUN AS THE BABIES

the throng and form an opinion of the life of the people.

It must be admitted that the climate of Madrid is decidedly variable—that it is extremely cold at times, just as it sometimes becomes unbearably hot in summer. The stranger is cautioned to beware of coughs and colds, and there is an old couplet, much repeated, that warns people not to go without their outer wraps before the "fortieth" of May. There is a story that this keen climate is what made Madrid the capi-



STREET-CAR WITH LETTER-BOX ON THE OUTSIDE

tal of Spain; it was favorable to the king's gouty toe, which did not give him as much pain as usual when he was in this region. What more natural, then, than his decision to move his court hither when a change of site was under consideration?

While it is true that Madrid appears to be behind us in certain things, it is ahead of us in its moving letter-boxes, a feature which we might well emulate. On the outside of every street-car there is a letter-box in which correspondence

THE HEART OF MADRID: THE EVER-BUSY PUERTA DEL SOL

may be posted. As the car passes the post-office, a postal employee collects and removes the mail. It is a direct and quick method.

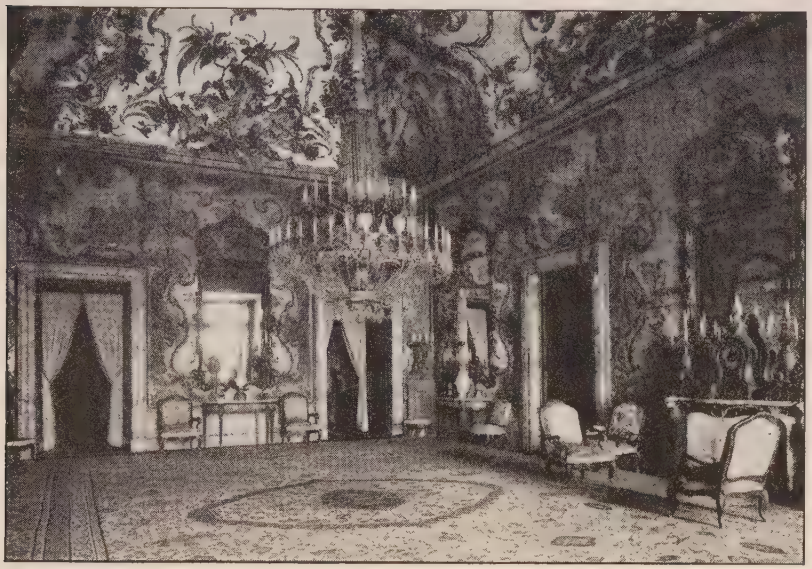
A good starting-point for our tour around Madrid is the famous Puerta del Sol, usually considered the most popular plaza in the city. The real "gateway of the sun" was removed in the sixteenth century, when the public square had to be enlarged, because even then it served as the rendezvous for all classes. Political debates are held in this square. It is a place for demonstrations of every nature. If an assassination is planned, the Puerta del Sol is usually the stage on which it is enacted.

From here we make our way to the fashionable shopping districts and the most frequented promenades. The Prado is still of importance, altho some of the more modern thoroughfares and paseos now share its popularity. The attractive Salon del Prado has rows of trees, a fountain and monuments, the most notable of the latter being that to the Martyrs of Liberty—the heroes of May, 1808, who fell in their engagement with the French. There are many public buildings hereabouts, which we shall visit at a later time, particularly the Museo del Prado, which is one of the great delights of this city. On the south side of the Museum is the Plaza Murillo, and beyond it the Botanical Garden, which is a pretty place containing fine trees and shrubs.

Buen Retiro Park is an attractive place of nearly three hundred acres, with the usual driveways, riding-paths, walks, ponds, statues and fountains. In this park is a magnificent statue of the father of Alfonso XIII. We come upon the Museo y Biblioteca Ultramar, which contains a collection from the Philippines and other former Spanish colonies. The Crystal Palace is used for exhibitions, and there is a zoological

collection in the park. This park dates from Philip II, who built a palace here for his English queen in the style of a Norman castle. Several monarchs lived here, and the park was the scene of elaborate festivals, which cost so much money that the people murmured as the French people did when they knew of the extravagances at Versailles. Beyond the park we arrive at the Plaza de la Independencia, around which there are many attractive buildings. In the center stands the Alcalá gateway, and four important streets diverge from it. We pass the National Library and Museums, but defer our visits to these, and in the western quarters of the city we visit the Plaza de Oriente, the largest public square in Madrid. This plaza owes its origin to Joseph Bonaparte, who removed many buildings to make room for it. Here we obtain a view of the façade of the Royal Palace. The Teatro Real is also here, as is the equestrian statue of Philip IV, modeled after a painting by Rubens and cast in bronze in 1640. The monument is surrounded by statues of forty-four kings, originally designed to decorate the palace.

The splendid Royal Palace is a rectangular edifice, which occupies the site of earlier buildings occupied by royalty. It covers nearly twenty-seven thousand square yards and is five hundred feet long. The first occupant was Charles III in the seventeenth century and the original cost is reported to have been fifteen millions of dollars. It is seldom open for inspection by visitors; but the fortunate see many magnificent, elaborately decorated halls that compare favorably with those of any other palace in Europe. The celebrated Throne Room dates from the eighteenth century, the throne itself being approached by four steps, at the sides of which are gilt-bronze lions. The room is otherwise notable for its rock crystal chandeliers and its mirrors, the ceiling painting,



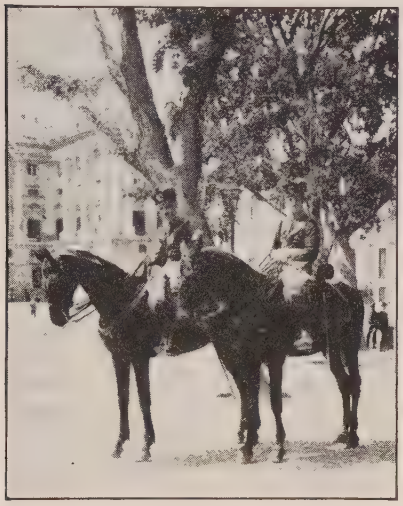
THE BEAUTIFUL GIRARDINI ROOM IN THE ROYAL PALACE

"The Majesty of Spain," by Tiepolo, and several ancient marble busts. The famous Hall of Girardini dates from Charles III and has a ceiling of porcelain and walls covered with embroidered satin. The State Dining-Room is ornamented with marbles and bronzes. The central room has a fresco representing Columbus returning to Barcelona and presenting treasure to Ferdinand and Isabella. Other notable features of the palace are the grand staircase and a large number of porcelain clocks. The Chapel of the Palace has sixteen large columns of marble and frescoes representing the Trinity and the saints. Raphael Mengs's "Annunciation" is above the high altar. The chief items of interest are: a reliquary that belonged to Charles IV; a malachite crucifix before which Spanish kings say prayers on their birthdays; a reliquary containing a fragment from the

Crown of Thorns; a reliquary said to contain the right arm of John the Baptist; a reliquary containing a nail from the Cross, said to have been taken from the French crown-treasury; a chest containing the remains of Ferdinand III, and a cross of rock crystal that belonged to Philip II.

The tapestry of the Palace is ordinarily shown to the public only during Easter week. There are eight hundred pieces, chiefly of Flemish workmanship, most of them having Biblical subjects or those relating to great historical events. The Library of the Palace contains one hundred thousand printed volumes and a large number of rare manuscripts. The fine gardens of the Palace date from the middle of the sixteenth century and contain two marble fountains; but visitors are seldom admitted. It is interesting to be in the neighborhood of the Palace at the hour of the

CHANGING THE GUARD BEFORE THE PALACE AT MADRID



MOUNTED GUARDS AT THE PALACE

daily changing of guard—the soldiers who have protected the royal person during the past twenty-four hours and those who come to relieve them during the next watch. As at Whitehall in London, this ceremony is somewhat extensive; but it never fails to attract large numbers of visitors to the city. The relief guard arrives, accompanied by a band playing the national hymn. They circle about the Plaza de Armas; the retiring troops arrive, and the captains ride majestically to the empty balcony and salute. Etiquette requires a brief concert program, which sometimes is said to be a complimentary gesture for the queen. The captains salute one another, the national hymn is played again, and the retiring troops march slowly away, after which their successors scatter to the various stations.

READY TO DEFEND THE ROYAL PALACE AGAINST MOBS

Starting again from the Puerta del Sol, we go to the Plaza Mayor, in the center of which stands the equestrian statue of Philip III. This monument, which dates from

ENTERING THE PLAZA MAYOR

the seventeenth century, is regarded by many as the best in the city. The Plaza Mayor has seen many notable events, tournaments, executions, races and bull-fights, the balconies on the surrounding buildings serving as boxes for spectators. Among some of these exhibitions the guide-books note the following: a tournament in honor of the Prince of Wales, who became Charles I of England; a court festival held in 1629 that lasted forty days; the *auto da fé* of 1680, when twenty-one victims were burned alive, the spectacle being viewed for several hours by Charles II and his queen; also various executions and many political demonstrations of importance in connection with historical events. While we are in the Calle Mayor, we should remember that Calderon died at No. 75 and that Lope de Vega was born at No. 82. We cross a long viaduct and come to the imposing dome-covered San Francisco de Grande, the national pantheon of Spain, formerly the site of a hermitage and convent, but since 1869 the great temple of homage to Spain's heroes. The chapels have room for hundreds of graves, many of which are occupied; but the government commission was unable to locate the remains of many persons whom it desired to honor, altho an official decree of the Cortes directed that they should be interred here.

The Puerta de Toledo, erected in honor of Ferdinand VII, is a large gateway, but not particularly attractive. It is ornamented with allegorical figures and trophies, but has been somewhat mutilated. By this route we reach the famous Ermita de San Isidro del Campo, where the festival known as the "Romería" is celebrated for two weeks in May—a huge pilgrimage that attracts city residents and the peasants from the surrounding territory. In the vicinity are several notable cemeteries. The Calle de Toledo brings us to the Rastro, said to be one of the largest rag-fairs in Europe; it deserves a visit, preferably on Sunday morning.

San Isidro el Real is a fine granite edifice, dedicated to the patron saint of the city and containing the remains of the saint—also those of Francisco Goya, the artist. Raphael Mengs's "Trinity" is above the high altar. The American,

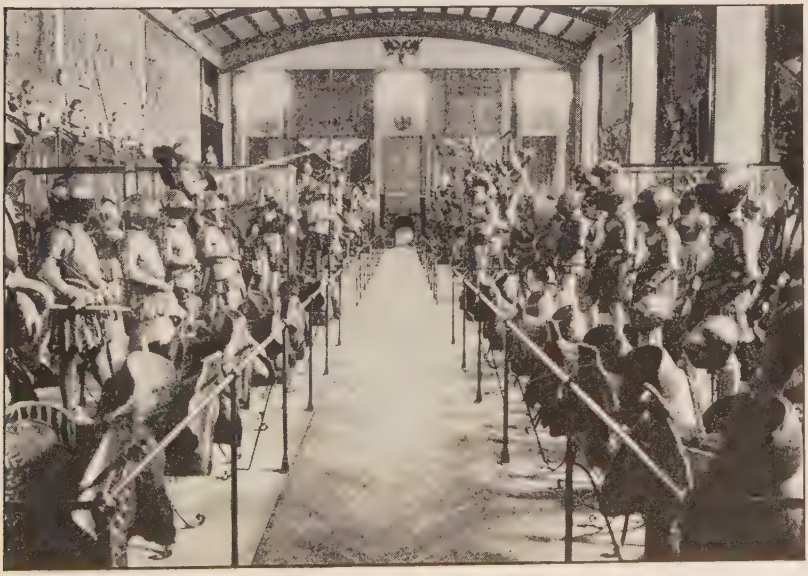
THE PLAZA MAYOR, LONG USED FOR EXECUTIONS, AUTOS DA FE, AND OTHER SPECTACLES

THE ROYAL CINEMA, A FASHIONABLE MOTION-PICTURE THEATER IN MADRID

John Hay, has written lightly of this patron saint of Madrid, and, perhaps with something akin to sarcasm, refers to him as "a true Madrileño in tastes," one who loved to lie in the summer shade or bask in the winter sunshine while permitting the angels to come down from heaven and do his farm chores for him. "You never hear of his curing anyone of less than princely rank," John Hay remarks, adding: "I read in an old chronicle of Madrid, that once when Queen Isabella the Catholic was hunting in the hills that overlook the Manzanares, near what is now the oldest and quaintest quarter of the capital, she killed a bear of great size and ferocity; and doubtless thinking it might not be considered lady-like to have done it unassisted, she gave San Isidro the credit of the lucky blow and built him a nice new chapel for it near the church of San Andres. If there are any

doubters, let them go and see the chapel as I did." Hay calls the San Isidro Fête the Derby Day of Madrid and says there is but one duty of the day to flavor all of its pleasures —that of kissing the relic of the saint at the chapel.

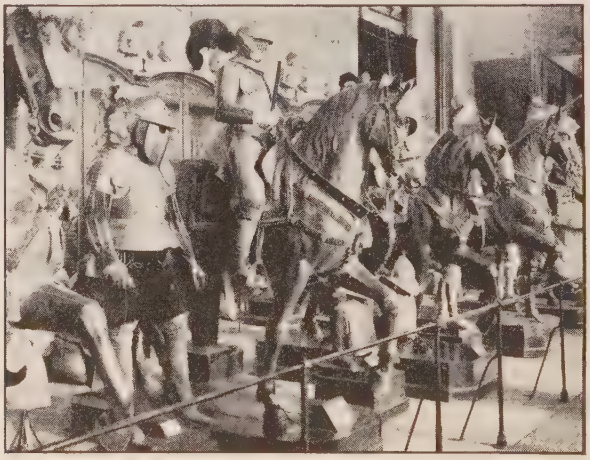
The principal street in the southeastern part of the city is the Calle de Atocha, from which we go to the Calle de Leon and the Royal Historical Academy, the museum and library of which contain many things of interest: bronzes, rare manuscripts, a disk of the Emperor Theodosius, sarcophagi, and a collection of coins. Passing several hospitals, museums of lesser importance, and government buildings, we come to the Basílica de Nuestra Señora de Atocha, a famous church, situated upon the site of a hermitage that was a place of Christian pilgrimages in early days. For a long time the court attended service here each Saturday



ROYAL ARMORY, MADRID: A WORLD-RENOWNED COLLECTION OF ARMS AND ARMOR

afternoon, as the church contained the much revered statue of the Virgen de Atocha and the tombs of many celebrated men.

One of the finest collections of arms and armor in the world is to be found in the Armería on the southwest corner of the Plaza de Armas, behind the Royal Palace. The founder of the collection was Charles V, who added foreign items to those already in the royal armory at Valladolid.



MOUNTED KNIGHTS FROM THE DAYS OF CHIVALRY

Philip II brought them to Madrid, and each successive monarch added to the display, which now reposes in the structure that was opened in 1893. Time spent here will depend upon the taste of the visitor, yet everyone should obtain at least a glance at these exhibits. They are exceptionally well arranged. Charles V is mounted in effigy upon his powerful horse, exactly as he appears in the famous painting by Titian, wearing his armor and the horse wearing the "clothing" that is shown in the picture. We see here the

richly decorated tent used by Francis I, the field suits worn by several kings, the shields, boots and other relics associated with famous men in great battles; Turkish weapons, Japanese armor, consecrated swords sent to monarchs by various Popes, the state sword of the "Catholic Kings," a sword of the Duke of Wellington, uniforms of kings, Visigothic jewelry, votive crowns and crosses, banners captured on famous battlefields, parade-armor, crests of royalties, ship lanterns, and tapestries representing scenes from campaigns in the Netherlands—a bewildering array to one who attempts to view each article.

We may like to glance inside the royal stables and coach-houses, which contain elegant harnesses, saddles and liveries, in addition to the state carriages and others associated with the lives of famous royalties. For example: a coach given

THE SENATE, MADRID, ORIGINALLY AN AUGUSTINE COLLEGE

by Napoleon Bonaparte to Charles IV, the ebony carriage in which Johanna the Mad is said to have driven about with the body of her husband, and coaches used at royal weddings.

Before we enter the Naval Museum in this neighborhood, we may turn to a page by De Amicis, and let him arouse our curiosity concerning what we are about to see. He writes:

"If a great Italian poet shall one day wish to sing the discovery of the New World, nowhere will he be able to find so powerful an inspiration as in the Naval Museum at Madrid, because in no other place will he feel so profoundly the original air of the American wilderness and the subtle presence of Columbus. There is a room called 'The Cabinet of Discoveries': the poet on entering this room, if he really has the soul of a poet, will reverently uncover his head.

CHAMBER OF DEPUTIES, WHERE THE CORTES MEETS

OLD CITY HALL, RELIC OF MADRID'S HUMBLER DAYS

Wherever one's glance falls in the room one sees an image which stirs his blood. One is no longer in Europe, nor in the century; one is in the America of the fifteenth century; one breathes that air, one sees those places and lives that life.

"In the middle is a high trophy of the arms taken from the Indians of the newly-discovered land—shields covered with the skins of wild beasts, arrows of cane with feathered notches, wooden swords with sheaths woven of twigs, with hilts ornamented with horsehair, and scalp-locks falling in long streamers; clubs, spears, enormous axes, great swords with teeth like those of a saw; shapeless scepters, gigantic quivers, garments of monkey-skin, dirks of kings and executioners, arms of the savages from Cuba, Mexico, New Caledonia, the Carolinas, and the most distant islands of the Pacific—black, uncouth and horrible, suggesting to the

TYPICAL LADY OF MADRID

imagination confused visions of terrible struggles in the mysterious shadows of the virgin forests, in an endless labyrinth of unknown trees.

"Among the spoils of the savage world are pictures and memorials of the Conquerors: here the portrait of Columbus, there that of Pizarro, farther on that of Hernando Cortez; on one of the walls the map of America by Juan de la Cosa, drawn during the second voyage of the Genoese upon an ample canvas dotted with figures, colors and signs which were intended to direct expeditions into the interior of the country. Near the map is a bit of a tree under which the conqueror of Mexico lay on that famous 'night of sorrow' after he had opened a passage through the immense army that awaited his coming in the valley of the Otumba; also a vase turned from the trunk of the tree near which the celebrated Captain Cook died; models of the canoes, boats and rafts used by the natives; a circle of portraits of illustrious navigators, in the middle of which is a large painting of the three ships of Columbus, the *Niña,* the *Pinta* and the *Santa Maria*, at the moment when America was discovered, with all the sailors standing on the decks waving their arms and cheering lustily, greeting the new land and giving thanks to God."

After reading these lines, the American visitor quickens

his steps toward the building, which, in addition to the exhibits relating to America, contains models and plans of ships, portraits of Spanish explorers and naval heroes, and representations of important naval battles.

The Artillery Museum likewise contains rare patriotic relics, many of which are of historic value and of general interest to the visitor. Here we find bronze field pieces that belonged to Charles V, a collection of cannon, a portrait of Alfonso XIII as a child with his parents, a banner, mantle and swords of Boabdil, a collection of small arms and swords, Aztec manuscripts, a banner carried in the conquest of Mexico, and models of bridges and fortifications.

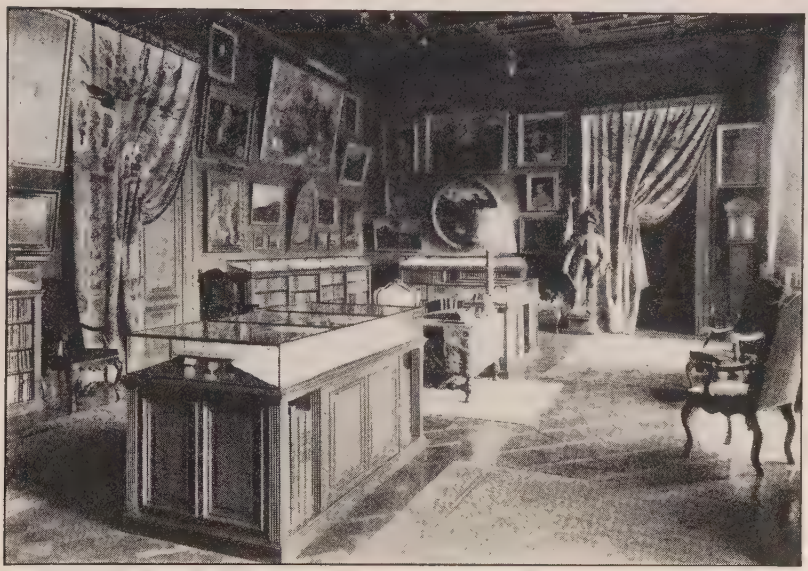
The Real Academia de Bellas Artes should be visited for its picture gallery, which contains some fine canvases, altho many of its former treasures have been transferred elsewhere.

SPANISH CLUB, CALLE DE ALCALA, MADRID

Here we find representative work from many Spanish artists, as well as those of other nationalities, such as "St. Augustine between Christ and the Virgin," by Rubens; a Giordano "Madonna," Tiepolo's "Head of an Old Man," and Pereira's statue of "St. Bruno" in white limestone. What will interest us more than these, however, are such native works as "St. Domingo," by Coello; "Principe de la Paz" and other portraits and sketches, by Goya; "Scourging of Christ" and a "Pietà" by Alonso Cano; Murillo's "The Resurrection"; "Ecce Homo," by Ribera; "Ecce Homo," by Morales; "Ecstasy of St. Benedict," by Zurbaran, and several others well deserving close study; for, while they are not the masterpieces of these artists, in several instances they represent important periods of their work.

A large modern building known as the National Library

COLUMN MARKING THE SPOT WHERE A BOMB WAS THROWN AT KING ALFONSO XIII



COLUMBUS ROOM IN THE PALACE OF THE DUKE OF ALVA

and National Museums contains vast and important collections. The Library, founded in 1711, is one of the most famous in Europe, having over six hundred thousand books, thirty thousand manuscripts, twenty thousand documents, thirty thousand drawings, and over one hundred thousand engravings and woodcuts. As casual visitors, we are chiefly interested in the autographs of Lope de Vega, Calderon, Molina, and the contemporaries of the "Catholic Kings." Among the manuscripts is a Bible presented to the Church at Seville in the year 988, a Mozárabic Bible, the Bible of Avila with miniatures and dating from the fourteenth century, and Dürer's drawings for the "Triumph of Emperor Maximilian." The historical archives contain two hundred thousand documents from suppressed monasteries, many manuscripts, and the Codex of Justinian in a translation

THE ESCORIAL PALACE AND CHURCH, TYPICAL PRODUCT OF THE SOMBER SPIRIT OF PHILIP II

that dates from the thirteenth century. The Museum of Modern Art is devoted to the painting and sculpture of modern times. The Archeological Museum contains items dating from prehistoric times to the present day. The antiquities are grouped on the first floor, where we find innumerable treasures, from early objects in flint and bronze and ancient Mayan manuscripts to seventeenth-century tapestries and old Spanish costumes.

In the Palacio de la Industria is the Natural History Museum, which contains a fine collection. And when here it will repay us to go to the church of San Andres de los Flamencos, where, over the high altar, is a large painting by Rubens representing the Crucifixion of St. Andrew in the presence of Mary of Magdala and St. George.

One of the sights of the country, from the visitor's viewpoint, is the Escorial, which lies about thirty miles beyond the capital and may be visited in a day. W. D. Howells ranks this "great gridiron of St. Lawrence" among the "two or three hundred things worth seeing in Spain." The place owes its distinction to the foundation of the monastery of St. Lawrence, which Philip II vowed to build as compensation for a church necessarily destroyed during the battle of St. Quentin. He was likewise directed by his father's will to build a burial church, and there was also the desire to combine a country residence for himself with the more pious projects. It is said that for two years he considered several sites; but after he had once decided upon the spot, the work upon the Escorial progressed rapidly and the great combination of church and palace was completed in 1584. The general plan is that of a Greek cross, similar to St. Peter's at Rome. It is usually considered remarkable for its grandeur, but is undeniably gloomy and lacks most of the

IN ONE OF MADRID'S SMALLER PARKS

beauties admired in other edifices of the kind. Mrs. Pitt Byrne, in "Cosas de España," has described it as "too melancholy to be proud, too dignified to be defiant, but calmly conscious of its iron strength, and impressing beholders with its conviction of indestructibility. . . . It seems to stand with sullen determination there where it was placed in the very heart of the sierra—stone of its stone, and strong of its strength, a giant among giants."

John Hay has written:

"So powerful is the influence of a great personality that in the Escorial you can think of no one but Philip II. He lived here for only fourteen years, but every corridor and cloister seems to preserve the souvenir of his somber and imperious genius. For two and a half centuries his feeble successors have trod these granite halls; but they flit through

your mind pale and unsubstantial as dreams. The only tradition they preserved of their great descent was their magnificence and their bigotry. There has never been one utterance of liberty or free thought inspired by this haunted ground. The king has always been absolute here, and the monk has been the conscience-keeper of the king. The whole life of the Escorial has been unwholesomely pervaded by a flavor of holy water and burial vaults. There was enough of the repressive influence of that savage Spanish piety to spoil the freshness and vigor of a natural life, but not enough to lead the court and the courtiers to a moral walk and conversation. It was as profligate a court in reality, with its masses and monks, as the gay and atheist circle of the Regent of Orleans. Even Philip, the Inquisitor King, did not confine his royal favor to his series of wives. A more reckless and profligate young prodigal than Don Carlos, the hope of Spain and Rome, it would be hard to find to-day at Mobile or Cremorne. But he was a deeply religious lad for all that, and asked absolution from his confessors before attempting to put in practise his intention of killing his father. Philip, forewarned, shut him up until he died, in an edifying frame of mind, and then calmly superintended the funeral arrangements from a window of the palace. The same mingling of vice and superstition is seen in the lessening line down to our day. The last true king of the old school was Philip IV. Amid the ruins of his tumbling kingdom he lived royally here among his priests and his painters and his ladies."

The huge building forms a rectangle six hundred seventy-five feet long and five hundred thirty feet wide, with four towers, and in the center the church rises above all surroundings. There are sixteen patios, over fifteen hundred windows opening upon these courts, and eighty-nine foun-

CLOISTER OF THE UNIVERSITY OF MADRID

tains, while the total length of the corridors is said to be close to one hundred miles. This magnificent monument is dedicated to St. Lawrence. The church honors this saint on August 10 of each year, yet it is surprizing how little authentic information concerning him is obtainable. He is often said to be regarded at Rome as next to St. Peter and St. Paul, yet even his origin and most of the events of his life are uncertain and the ancient fathers of the church were silent in regard to his nationality or education. It is usually conceded that he was of Spanish birth, but he first appears as a deacon at Rome under Pope Sixtus II. He was noted for his meekness and blameless life; but it was his exhibition of firmness at the time of martyrdom that has endeared him to many.

The Pope selected him as his archdeacon and placed in his care what were known at that early date as the treasures of the Church, a small amount of money, a few silver vessels and copes with fine embroidery, which had come from pious donors. When Sixtus was condemned to death by the authorities of Rome, the young deacon pleaded with his pastor to permit him to precede him in death; but the Pope prophesied: "In three days thou shalt follow after me and thy battle shall be harder than mine." After Sixtus was killed, Lawrence walked in the streets, seeking the poor and the sick, ministering to them and distributing the church treasures that had been entrusted to him. Several days elapsed before the authorities learned that the former Pope had given him the treasures; then he was arrested and taken before the prefect and it was demanded that he show where he had hidden them. The deacon gathered some of the poor and sick and said to the prefect: "Behold the treasures of the church." The authorities thought they were being mocked and de-

UPPER VILLAGE OF ESCORIAL, A FAVORITE SUMMER RESORT

manded that he be tortured; but they learned nothing, so they contrived a new kind of torture—the deacon's body was to be stretched upon a sort of bed of iron like a gridiron, and a fire was to be lighted beneath him, roasting his body slowly until the truth was forced from his lips. It was after this torture had proceeded for some time that St. Lawrence delivered his celebrated question: "Seest thou not, oh foolish man, that I am already toasted on one side and that, if thou wouldst have me well cooked, it is time to turn me on the other?" Since his martyrdom, the symbol of the saint has been the gridiron, often with the palm of victory.

Over the main entrance of the Escorial is a large statue of St. Lawrence, and we pass through the vestibule to the Court of the Kings, which brings us to the church, flanked by two high towers. Doric columns bear a cornice, above which are

statues of the Kings of Judea, each carved from a single block of granite. The church has a dome, a lantern, a pyramid, and a hollow ball, one above another, the pile surmounted by a cross over three hundred feet above the floor of the church. The dome rests upon four colossal piers, against which are some of the forty-eight altars, and eight of the compartments of the vaulting have frescoes by Giordano, representing New Testament scenes. The high altar, which is of marble, has columns with gilt bronze capitals, and the figures are of the same material. Four low chambers of black marble at the sides of the altar have the figures of various royalties. From here we descend to the Pantheon, the burial vault of the Spanish monarchs, so constructed that mass can be said daily over the royal remains. The chamber has rich decorations of marble and gold, and the sarcophagi are of black marble

QUADRANGLE OF THE UNIVERSITY OF MADRID

with gilded inscriptions. Because of the dim lighting in the royal vault, it took so long to obtain a photograph that I feared I would have to join the sleeping monarchs before the plate was fully exposed.

The Sacristy has paintings by Ribera, El Greco, Zurbaran, and Coella. We go to the Chapter Rooms by way of the Lower Cloisters and find here a splendid collection of rare paintings, some of which are almost priceless. In the collection are: "Ecce Homo," "Mary Magdalen at the House of Simon," "Jesus Washing the Feet of the Disciples," "Adoration of the Shepherds" and "Esther before Ahasuerus," all by Tintoretto; "Noah and His Family," by Giordano; "Holy Trinity," by Ribera; "Christ on the Mount of Olives," "The Last Supper," "St. Jerome," by Titian; "Annunciation," by Paolo Veronese; "Joseph's Coat of Many Colors," by Velasquez; El Greco's "St. Maurice Refusing to Sacrifice to the Gods," and several others. In the Old Church at the southwest corner of the Cloisters, which was in use during the erection of the New Church, there is an "Adoration of the Magi," by Titian, with copies of other works by him. The Library is frescoed and contains many treasures on exhibition in cases; the manuscripts are shown only to visitors who hold special permission issued at Madrid.

The palace is entered by a granite staircase, the walls of which are ornamented by Spanish tapestry. The reception room contains a tapestry after Goya. We descend a narrow staircase to the so-called "Cells of Philip II," in which the monarch lived and gave audiences. Among the decorations are the "Seven Deadly Sins," by Bosch, and drawings by Dürer; here also are several pieces of old furniture, including the sedan chair which Philip used upon his last journey to the Escorial.

"BURIAL OF THE COUNT OF ORGAZ," BY EL GRECO

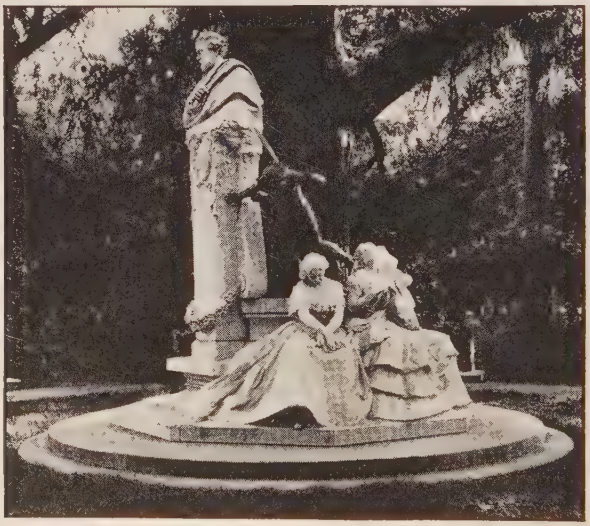
X

SPANISH ARTISTS

BEFORE we visit the Prado, one of the finest collections of paintings in the world, and almost unique, because it can be compared only to the celebrated Hermitage at Moscow, it will be well for us to have at least a synopsis of Spanish art and artists; for these artists have not only expressed the soul of a people, but have also played an important part in the development of the culture of the nation. As we know, not all of the great pictures of Spain are in Madrid or in the Prado collection; but the latter is a vast repository of masterpieces, and we can have a better understanding of these "acres of canvas" by knowing at least a few features in the lives of the outstanding artists of the various periods. It is true that these artists did not win battles, and they did not contribute their services to great national events that became history; but, like the naval and military heroes, they left monuments that endure, and one gains a closer insight into the country and its people by forming the closest possible connection with the superb works of art that hang above church altars and that adorn the walls of museums, chiefly the vast national collection beneath the roof of the Prado.

Religion was the chief inspiration of the Spanish painters; and next to that, perhaps, came the vanity of monarchs, who were not only intelligent and cultured enough to appreciate the works of the artists, but who demanded that the latter

spend many of their years in immortalizing the faces of various members of the royal families. Thus, in a measure, we find that the artists labored under a handicap. We wish, for example, that Murillo had painted a larger number of secular subjects, even at the expense of fewer Madonnas, Saints and Apostles, and that Velasquez had been at greater liberty to select his subjects from the common people when



SPAIN'S TRIBUTE TO A POET WHO SANG OF LOVE

he was filling commissions. But we find that the artists did much to overcome these handicaps—that many of them victoriously put the sunshine as well as the soul of Spain upon their canvases; and we are grateful that there were enlightened rulers who encouraged them, and who preserved and protected their works, so that we find many of these to-day as glowing and beautiful as upon the day they were finished and delivered.

For our purpose it will be going back far enough if we

begin our brief survey with Luis Morales, often called the "Divine," who was born in 1509 and about fifty years later was commanded by Philip II to repair to court and paint pictures for the monastery of the Escorial. During this period he painted the "Christ Going to Calvary," which was delivered by the king to the Church of the Jeronymites and not sent to the Escorial, perhaps because there arose a controversy as to its worthiness to

"VIRGIN WITH THE CHILD JESUS," BY LUIS DE MORALES

Courtesy of the Hispanic Society of America

"THE HOLY FAMILY," BY LUIS DE MORALES

hang upon the walls for which it was designed. And after this experience the artist seems to have passed from royal favor, but he later petitioned the king in his necessity, and received a pension, showing that his monarch still held him in high favor. Morales is usually counted "the first great artist who was born and bred in Spain" and who gave the religious thought and feeling of the country the beauties of Ital-

Courtesy of the Hispanic Society of America
"RUDOLPH II," BY SANCHEZ COELLO

ian expression. Many of his critics have considered his masterpiece to be "Christ with the Crown of Thorns," now in the Museo del Prado.

The first of the great Spanish portrait painters, Alonso Sanchez Coello, was born six years after Morales. There is little or nothing that may be counted as authentic concerning his early history. It is definitely known, however, that he entered the service of Philip II and soon became exceedingly popular with the king and a great favorite at court. His contemporaries noted in his work a similarity to the paintings by Titian, and as he had been in the service of a Portuguese prince, Philip called him his "Portuguese Titian." The artist was installed in apartments close to the monarch, and on many occasions it pleased the latter to enter the studio and observe his friend at work, when he would command the artist not to rise, but to remain on his stool at the easel. Coello was honored by the esteem of "seventeen royal personages," became rich, conducted his household upon a lavish scale, and became famous as a host; he entertained most of the great dignitaries and celebrities of the land, as well as the king's guests, who came from other countries. In 1592 he painted ten pieces for the Hall of Portraits at the Prado —an emperor, a queen, five archdukes, infantas and royal

princes. He painted the king many times; but, unfortunately, many of these canvases were destroyed in conflagrations at the Prado and the Alcázar of Madrid; thus we note that the Prado has not a single portrait by him of Philip II, but there are several other works in the collection to prove his greatness. He painted a St. Sebastian for the Church of St. Jerome at Madrid; and for the Escorial he painted five altar-pieces, each with two saints, and several other works, each of which stamps him as a leading artist of his period.

Juan Fernandez Navarrete, popularly known as El Mudo, a deaf and dumb painter, followed in 1526. Tradition has

PORTRAITS OF SPANISH PRINCESSES, BY SANCHEZ COELLO

Courtesy of the Hispanic Society of America
"ST. JAMES THE GREAT," BY EL GRECO

it that he was a student of Titian in Venice, which may or may not be true; the story doubtless had its origin in the fact that he is known as the "Spanish Titian" on account of his splendid colorings. He became a painter to the king in 1568 and was given a substantial annual allowance for his work. His famous "Our Lord's Baptism" at the Prado was formerly upon the walls of the Prior's Cell at the Escorial, where he is still represented by other works. In 1576 he painted his celebrated "Abraham Receiving the Three Angels." Lope de Vega, the illustrious dramatist and poet, wrote a Lament after Navarrete's death, in which occurs the line: "No countenance he painted that was dumb."

In our chronological survey we arrive at the time of Domenico Theotocopuli, known throughout the world as El Greco (the Greek), as he doubtless was of Greek parentage, altho nothing is known of that, nor of his birthplace, for a certainty. It is likely that he attended the school of Titian at Venice, and it is possible that he was born there in 1548; it is reasonably certain, too, that in 1577 he was residing at Toledo and already at work upon his celebrated "The

Parting of the Lord's Raiment," which we have seen adorning the sacristy of the Cathedral. He worked upon this painting for ten years, and it was while he was thus employed that he received the commission to paint a picture for an altar at the Escorial. This latter, however, appears not to have been to the liking of the king and was hung in the Chapel of the College. In 1584 he painted for Cardinal Quiroga the large "Burial of the Count of Orgaz," which the prelate presented to the Church of Santo Tomé at Toledo, where we have seen it in its original place. This is usually considered his masterpiece, altho various critics have various choices for this distinction. He painted many good portraits, eight of which are to be seen in the Prado, and he was a sculptor and architect of considerable distinction. Perhaps the most remarkable thing about him, however, was that his works appear to have attracted only moderate recognition for a long period, and it is only in recent years that El Greco has enjoyed what may be called popularity—a change that has raised and multiplied the values placed upon his paintings. He is to be seen at his best in the Spanish churches and galleries, altho the great galleries of other countries have many representative works of his, thus finding themselves in possession of treasures whose value was undreamed of forty or fifty years ago.

Calvert and Hartley, in their description of the works in the Prado, write of El Greco:

"This man painted as if he had learned nothing at all from those who had painted before him. His pictures are a series of experiments, challenges of personal egotism almost; they miss the measured restraint of perfect attainment, and at times there is something so fundamental as to be almost startling in their art. For El Greco's work has, of course,

the defects of its qualities; and here the Spanish intensity, so often absent from the Spanish pictures, burns with Spanish extravagance. His genius was a rejection rather than a creative force; a restless refusal of limitations, not an acceptance and a triumph. But El Greco's place in the world's art, as well as that of Spain, is an assured one; disowned for many centuries, still often misjudged—for it is as easy to dislike as it is to overestimate his art—he assuredly will appeal more and more as a great, even if unbalanced painter. Hating the commonplace, avoiding the obvious, he spent the years in an overemphatic search to find for himself an expression of form and color. And herein we touch the secret of the strong appeal of his art. El Greco is modern; his spirit is of to-day."

Francisco de Herrera the Elder was born around 1576, and through him we feel that we are approaching Velasquez, the great glory of Spanish art, for the great master was a pupil of this artist of Seville. Herrera the Elder is usually considered the first painter of Andalusia who "wholly shook off the timid manner of his countrymen and adopted the free, bold style, which was afterwards carried to so high a perfection at Seville." Herrera soon became famous, and his pictures were in great demand as decorations for churches. He was a fiery and impetuous man, who seems to have had a temperament that drove his pupils from him; many of them, we are told, declined to endure what they considered his abuse. It was for this reason that Velasquez left him; and it is said that when he was left alone he employed a maid-servant to smear his canvases with paint, which he then worked into figures and draperies before the colors dried. He was so successful with his engravings upon bronze that he became a counterfeiter; after his offense was discovered, he took refuge in the Jesuits' College, and while there he

painted for the Church the well-known picture of the "Legend of St. Hermengild," which we have seen in the Museum at Seville. When Philip IV visited the College in 1624, he saw the picture and asked that the artist be presented to him. Herrera fell at the feet of the monarch and begged for mercy, and it is said that Philip granted a full pardon and commented: "What need of silver and gold has a man gifted with abilities like yours? Go—you are free!—and take care that you do not get into this scrape again." He returned to Seville and painted many pictures, one of the most important of which was "St. Basilio," for the altar of the church of that name. He removed to Madrid in later life, and when he arrived, was surprized to find that his former pupil, Velasquez, had achieved a great reputation and was a favorite at court.

"JACOB'S LADDER," BY RIBERA, IN THE PRADO GALLERY

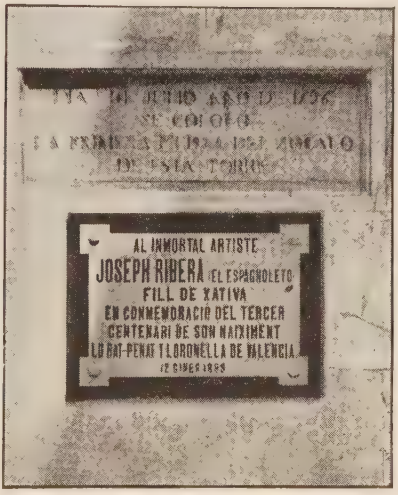
JOSE DE RIBERA
Bronze statue of the artist in his native town, Játiva

We approach a step nearer to the latter when we consider Francisco Pacheco, who was not only a painter and an author of distinction during his life, which spanned the years from 1571 to 1654, but was the second teacher of Velasquez and the great artist's father-in-law; for it was while Velasquez was a pupil in Pacheco's school that he met the daughter of the house and married her. There are three paintings by Pacheco in the Prado, but he is much represented at Seville. It is possible that he is as well known for his "Treatise of Painting" as for his pictures; altho his book is written in a pompous and tedious style, later artists seem to have derived much help from it. He was wholly appreciative of his own painting and wrote about forty quarto pages concerning his "Last Judgment"; but one forgives him much because of his whole-souled appreciation of the works of his son-in-law and the affectionate pride that he felt in the latter's success.

José de Ribera, born at Játiva in 1588, was sent to Valencia University, but we know little of this period of his life. It is certain that while still a youth he was in Rome, and that he was in distressful circumstances, altho intent upon pursuing a career as an artist. The story has it that, clad in rags, he was observed by a cardinal who passed in his carriage as the boy was sketching the façade of a palace; and

that the cardinal, struck with the high quality of the sketch, provided suitable clothing for the young artist and gave orders for him to be comfortably lodged in his own palace. Ribera left this retreat, however, and seemed to prefer his poverty, being referred to as "that ungrateful little Spaniard" as a result. Then he went to Naples, a move which proved to be his good fortune and at the same time his misfortune, for most of the evil tales that have come down to us concerning him are of Neapolitan origin, and how far jealousy may have gone in prompting them we can only surmise.

At Naples, Ribera's financial condition seems to have been no better than at Rome, until he attracted the attention of an art-dealer, who not only gave him commissions but offered his well-dowered daughter as the wife of the impecunious painter—an offer that was at first declined and later accepted. One of his pictures attracted the attention of the Viceroy, who not only made Ribera his court-painter at a substantial salary, but also made him superintendent of all the decorations of the palace. He was indefatigable, and soon his pictures were being scattered over Europe, naturally attracting much attention in his native Spain. The Prado has such a notable array of them that they are grouped in a special salon; but there are many works in other countries that prove him to have been a


AL INMORTAL ARTISTE
JOSEPH RIBERA EL ESPAGNOLETO
FILL DE XATIVA
EN COMMEMORACIO DEL TERCER
CENTENARI DE SON NAIXIMENT
LO RAT-PENAT I LA CORONELLA DE VALENCIA

A TABLET AT JATIVA
Honoring the third centenary of Ribera's birth

'SANTA MARGARITA," BY ZURBARAN

great master. Altho always held in high esteem, he seems never to have come into his own as a popular favorite, perhaps because he is considered an artist of gloom or brutality.

Even the greatest admirers of Ribera must admit that he was often lacking in taste, altho there are many canvases that amply contradict this opinion of him. His portraits rarely have been excelled, and there is tremendous power in many of his other canvases; for example, the "Martyrdom of St. Bartholomew," which hangs in the Prado and is considered one of his masterpieces.

While it is conceded that Ribera knew the "inspiration of a fine tradition," we fail to note this in his famous contemporary, Francisco Zurbaran, who has been accused of a lack of "elaborate artistic breeding." One may also feel that a man who lacks something of the artistic feeling may have a keener feeling for life. Zurbaran's father intended that the boy should become a farmer; but, realizing that this was not to his liking, he sent the youth to Seville to become a pupil in the studio of an expensive painter. In 1625, young Zurbaran painted the series on the life of St. Peter, which we

have seen in the Cathedral at Seville. The "St. Thomas Aquinas," which attracted our attention in the Seville Museum, was made originally as an altar-piece for the college named for that saint. Before he was thirty-five, he was appointed a painter to the king, and previous to that he had filled many commissions for convents and monasteries. The visitor obtains a better and more correct idea of Zurbaran at Seville than in the capital city of the nation.

"THE BUFFOON," BY VELASQUEZ

Diego Rodriguez de Silva y Velasquez was born at Seville in 1599, the son of Juan Rodriguez de Silva and Gerónima Velasquez; thus it will be noted that the celebrated master is known to the world by his mother's name—not an uncommon custom in Andalusia. Unlike many other artists, he was an excellent student and was devoted to books in his boyhood and youth; but it is interesting to note that in these same books he drew pictures that attracted his father's attention, and that when the latter noted their high quality and ascer-

"A BOY OF VALLECAS," BY VELASQUEZ

tained that it was his son's desire to pursue the life of a painter, he gave his full consent to the choice of such a career. As we have noted, young Velasquez entered the studio of De Herrera, but left it to pursue his studies with Pacheco; characteristically, however, he soon arrived at the

"CHRIST CRUCIFIED," BY VELASQUEZ

conclusion that neither of these could give him so much as nature itself—nature and great industry.

We learn from Pacheco's treatise on painting, already mentioned, that the youth "kept a peasant lad as an apprentice, who served him as a study in different actions and

postures—sometimes crying, sometimes laughing—until the artist had grappled with every difficulty of expression; and from this lad he executed an infinite variety of heads in charcoal and chalk on blue paper, by which he arrived at certainty in speaking likenesses." To develop his coloring and facility, he made many studies of animals and of still life—plates, jugs, birds, fish and fruit—these pictures being now exceedingly rare and valuable and highly prized by their possessors. An excellent fruit piece of this period, Americans will recall, hangs in the galleries of the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York. Velasquez passed along to studies of lowly life, as he observed it in the streets, and there are several examples of this period in the galleries of Europe.

At the age of twenty-three, he went to Madrid, carrying letters of introduction from his father-in-law to important personages in the capital. He studied the art works there and at the Escorial, and an effort was made to induce the king, Philip IV, to pose for a portrait; but this project did not succeed, and he returned to Seville. He had not been home long, however, when the king issued the famous order that was to result in a veritable avalanche of paintings—paintings that have won the admiration of the world.

"I have informed Diego Velasquez," wrote the monarch to the officer who had charge of artistic appointments, "that you will receive him into my service, to occupy himself in his profession as I shall hereafter command; and I have appointed him a monthly salary of twenty ducats payable at the office of works for the royal palaces, the Casa del Campo and the Prado; you will prepare the necessary commission according to the form observed with other persons of his profession."

Almost immediately came commissions to paint portraits

of Philip IV and of the Infante Don Fernando. At the moment, however, the court was much occupied with the entertainment of the Prince of Wales, who was a guest; and as sittings were postponed, the artist made a portrait of the English visitor, who gave him a present of one hundred crowns. When the portrait of the king was completed, it created such an impression that Velasquez was at once considered the most accomplished artist of the day. We shall see this portrait at the Prado. The king was so pleased with the picture—and with the applause which greeted it—that he spoke of collecting and destroying all previous portraits; this was embarrassing to other artists, and naturally gave rise to some of the jealousies that were to annoy Velasquez throughout his career. The monarch declared that in future Velasquez should have the monopoly of placing the royal face on canvas. He was made painter-in-ordinary to the king, ordered to bring his family to Madrid, and permitted the attendance of the royal physician; his salary was increased, several additional presents of money were given, and apartments in the Treasury were assigned to him. He was upon the very crest of popularity and prosperity, and his chief duty was to paint portraits of various members of the royal family in various poses and costumes.

After a time, Velasquez received permission from the king to travel for two years in Italy, where his tour was similar to a royal progress; and when he returned to Spain his apartments were moved closer to the royal quarters, so that Philip could visit him every day and observe the progress of his work. The artist painted with great industry, producing in quick succession the portraits of his patrons, of their distinguished guests and favorites, and also of the dwarfs that abounded in Philip's collection of rarities. We shall see some

of the last-named at the Prado, most of them ugly in appearance and badly deformed. Velasquez was sent to Italy a second time to purchase works of art for his master, and while there, great honors were heaped upon him and he painted portraits of the Pope and his circle. When he re-

"CHRIST," BY ALONSO CANO

turned to Spain, he was made Apossentador—mayor of the royal household—a position of great dignity and of many duties, among which was the arrangement of public fêtes and celebrations. In fact, his official duties became so numerous that he had comparatively little time for painting.

In 1656 he produced his great picture, "Las Meninas" ("The Maids of Honor"), which came close to the end of his career. This again gained the unqualified praise of all his admirers, as well as of the critics. Many portraits followed, but the artist had become so much of a personage that he enjoyed only slight intervals of peace in his studio. He received the cross and uniform of the Order of Santiago and practically all distinctions that an appreciative court could bestow upon him. He died at Madrid on August 6, 1660, at the age of sixty-one.

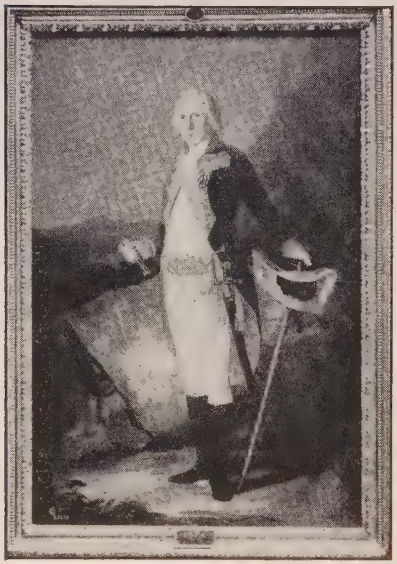
We have seen the works of masters who, because of their color and lines, were compared to Titian; and now we come to Alonso Cano, born in 1601, who, because of his skill, was called the Michelangelo of Spain. He had a turbulent, even spectacular life, but there are many pictures and other works of his that testify to the influence that he exerted upon his contemporaries and followers. Alonso Cano was the son of a carver, who, noting ability in his son, expected him to follow the same profession and undertook his early training. Recognizing the boy's unusual skill, however, the father moved his family to Seville; there the youth entered the studio of Pacheco, where young Velasquez was also a pupil. The elder Cano was engaged to construct a church; but after the plans had been approved and the contracts drawn, he died, and his son carried the work to a successful completion. This gave him considerable recognition. The Carthusians engaged him to paint eight pictures for their monastery, and these as well as other works soon caused him to be considered the leading artist of the city.

Then young Cano quarreled with another artist and fought a duel, in which he wounded his antagonist so severely that he had to flee to Madrid. There he renewed his acquaintance

with Velasquez, who was already powerful enough to assist him in obtaining commissions for paintings for convents and churches. But a greater tragedy than the first was to come upon him. His wife was found dead, the murderer having stabbed her many times. Report at the time had it that the artist was exceedingly jealous of a male Italian model who was a member of his household. As his wife's jewels were

"INFANT JESUS AND ST. JOHN," BY MURILLO

also missing, the painter was accused of robbery and murder; and this time, while he pretended that he had gone to Portugal, he took refuge in a monastery, where he continued his painting. After a time, however, he returned to the capital, was seized, and only an order from the king, who protected all artists, saved him from the tortures. He was pronounced legally not guilty, however; his patrons of the Church and Court continued to employ him, and he filled several important commissions. But he went to Granada with the



"GENERAL URRUTIA," BY GOYA
The man who planned the defense of Moscow against Napoleon

determination to take priest's orders, and through influence obtained the stall of a minor canon of the Cathedral. He continued to produce fine pieces of art, and he continued to quarrel with his associates. He carved and he painted, his portrait was painted by Velasquez, his honors were many, and when we go to the Prado we shall observe the beauty of his paintings—there are eight of them there—if we have failed to note his works in other cities.

A Spanish artist who has aroused worldwide approval and vast critical discussion, favorable and unfavorable, is Bartolomé Esteban Murillo, who was born at Seville in 1617. His father's name was Esteban, but he assumed the name of his maternal grandmother, Elvira Murillo. Like Velasquez, he gave evidence of his artistic leanings by drawing pictures in his books and upon the walls of the school building, and his elders, observing his bent, placed him in the studio of a painter—a relative named Castillo. After a few years it was evident that the pupil painted as well as the master, and as the latter moved to Cadiz, Murillo earned his living by filling orders for all who would commission pictures. It is said that he stood in the market among the merchants and offered his work for sale. He went to Madrid and, almost penniless, presented himself to Velasquez, who heard his story, gained

for him permission to visit the royal galleries, gave him lodging, and was so pleased with the work of the newcomer that he introduced him to powerful personages and made it possible for him to continue his studies.

Murillo returned to Seville in 1645 and accepted a commission from a Franciscan convent to paint eleven pictures. He was poorly paid, but necessity compelled him to do the work, which made the edifice famous throughout the country. These pictures became the turning-point in his life, and he entered upon that industrious career which was to make more beautiful the walls of churches, convents and the museums of the world, as well as the palaces of private in-

"FAMILY OF CHARLES IV," BY GOYA

dividuals. Picture after picture came from the artist's brush like the flowing water of a great cataract. Honors soon followed, and Murillo was a leading figure in the great capital, obtaining what were considered extremely high prices for his work. Many of his pictures have wandered far afield and are considered the gems in foreign collections. We shall find a magnificent array of his canvases at the Prado. Full of honors, the artist passed out of this life, April 3, 1682, and his body was buried in his parish church of Santa Cruz beneath Campaña's picture of "The Descent from the Cross," which he greatly admired, and before which he had often knelt in prayer.

Goya, whose full name was Francisco Goya y Lucientes, was born in 1746 and at the age of thirteen is said to have begun his studies in art. He went to Rome for study, and when he returned to Spain he was already a person of consequence. He was painter-in-ordinary to Charles IV, whom he had known when Prince of the Asturias, and, received by the consort of the king and the Duchess of Alva, he soon enjoyed a social success. This combined with his profession so well that he maintained a fashionable villa-studio, which was much patronized by personages of wealth and distinction. He painted for churches and for residences of the nobility; perhaps more successfully in the latter capacity, as some of his portraits were particularly fine and as a satirist he has been called the Spanish Hogarth. The Prado contains many of his pictures, in which we shall see him in all the various phases of his genius. Goya is not so well known in foreign countries as many of his countrymen; but his influence has been great among later artists of distinction, including Whistler, Manet and Delacroix.

XI THE MUSEO DEL PRADO

THE PRADO GALLERY, MADRID, ON THE PASEO DEL PRADO

XI

THE MUSEO DEL PRADO

ONE of the memories of the Spanish capital that we never can lose, after once acquiring it, is that of a visit to the Museo del Prado, an art gallery whose treasures can stand comparison with any collection in Europe. It is not to be seen in a hurry, even by the tourist who is pressed for time. He may feel that he must not linger in any particular spot—that he must pass along speedily, content to obtain only a glimpse of as many sights as possible; but he should make an exception of the Prado. Even at the expense of failing to see minor items in the itinerary, sufficient time for a close inspection of the pictures should be arranged, because it is not only a rare privilege to see them, but an opportunity that is almost unique in world sightseeing.

Whether or not the Prado's founders intended it to be different from all other museums of art, it has succeeded in imitating no others; it has been said, perhaps with truth, that the Prado never can be reproduced elsewhere on earth, as conditions that made its development possible never can be repeated in the world's history. A fact of outstanding interest is that one finds here many of the finest examples of the work of Spain's greatest artists. Many of their paintings are scattered through the prized collections of other nations; yet anyone who has seen none of these, and who makes a careful study of the pictures at the Prado, will obtain a good knowledge of Spanish painting.

The building itself was begun in the late eighteenth century by Charles III and was completed by Ferdinand VII. It is said that the structure was intended originally to hold a natural history collection; and the lighting for its present purpose is not ideal. There have been many alterations, however, and one easily overlooks this shortcoming, in view of the treasures that reward the visitor's eye on every hand.

The first collection may have been that of Charles V, but additions were soon made by succeeding kings of similar taste, and finally Ferdinand VII, with one fine gesture, added all the pictures in the collections from all his palaces excepting the Escorial. At later dates the gems from other museums were moved here; and at the present time it is said that over twenty-five hundred pictures are hung upon the walls, which in itself would make the Prado one of the notable galleries of Europe; but particularly interesting are the salons devoted to individual artists.

For example, one feels much as the explorers who discovered Niagara Falls must have felt when they first beheld the cataract, to come upon about sixty authentic works of Velasquez, some of them his greatest creations and representing the various periods of his life, from the age of twenty to his death. We also find him in all phases—as portraitist, historical painter, and painter of landscapes, Biblical and mythological subjects. It is said that only about one-half of the celebrated man's works are here, because practically all of the well-known galleries of the world boast at least one of his paintings; but the assembled work at the Prado seems to take on a significance that it does not elsewhere, and one appreciates that he must have been considered one of the world's greatest masters if he had painted nothing beyond what hangs upon these walls.

"VULCAN'S FORGE," ONE OF THE SIXTY PAINTINGS BY VELASQUEZ IN THE PRADO

As we enter the Velasquez salon, we recognize several of his portraits at both sides of the entrance, almost as tho they had been crowded out of the superb room of honor by lack of space. First of all, we come upon the "Adoration of the Magi," the artist's earliest known work. Then several portraits, and we pause before "Los Borrachos" ("The Topers"), a group of peasants holding a Bacchic festival. Before he produced this work, Velasquez had much experience with princes for his models; but it proves his desire not to forget the common people, and also his natural liking for clowns and clowning. Here are nine life-size figures, a Bacchus crowned with vines, enthroned upon a barrel, and placing

"THE SURRENDER OF BREDA," BY VELASQUEZ, ONE OF THE PRADO'S CHIEF TREASURES

a similar crown upon a companion. This picture has all the spirit of genuine revelry, and one notes the mock gravity of the ceremony. The expressions upon the faces of the various rustics are remarkable, and in the whole we find a vein of humor rarely communicated to canvas and color. The work was etched by Goya. "Vulcan's Forge" was painted during the visit to Rome in 1630. It is a large picture, ten by eight feet, has six figures, and shows Vulcan in his cavern hearing from Apollo the tale concerning the infidelity of Venus. The painting has been admired chiefly for the other figures, but somewhat severely criticized for what it must be admitted is an inferior Apollo. Yet the god who is talking, altho ignoble in appearance, arrests the attention of the others, and the amazement upon their faces, the rage and grief of Vulcan, and the play of lights from the forge are all great achievements. We note the equestrian portrait of the Duke of Olivares; views in the Villa Medici at Rome, where Velasquez spent a considerable time during his Italian journey; "Don Carlos," and a portrait of the artist's wife, who, as we know, was a daughter of his teacher, Pacheco. Portraits of Philip IV and several of the courtiers and favorites of the king are abundant; but it is possible that we derive less satisfaction from them than from the celebrated "Jesters," some of whom are repulsive creatures, ugly of face and figure, but quickly recognized as masterpieces of painting. One of the most famous pictures in the room is "The Surrender of Breda," and it is assuredly one of the artist's masterpieces, as it is usually considered one of the world's finest historical paintings. The work was created for the palace of Buenretiro and represents Spinola at the proud moment of receiving the keys of Breda from Prince Justin of Nassau.

"The visitor, clad in dark mail, and remarkable for easy dignity of mien, meets his vanquished foe hat in hand, and prepares to embrace him with generous cordiality. Behind the leaders stand their horses and attendants, and beyond the staff of Spinola there is a line of pikemen, whose pikes, strip-

"LAS MENINAS—THE FAMILY OF PHILIP IV,"
BY VELASQUEZ

ing the blue sky, have caused the picture to be known as 'The Lances.' Prince Justin lacks the high-bred air of the Genoese noble; and, indeed, the contrast between the soldiers of Spain and Holland is marked throughout with a somewhat malicious pencil, the former being all gentlemen and Castilians and the latter all Dutch boors, with immeasurable

breeches, looking on with stupid wonder, like the Swiss guards in Raphael's 'Mass of Bolsena' at the Vatican. The dark, handsome head with a plumed hat, at the extreme left of the picture, is said to be the portrait of the artist."

There are other portraits, and we pause again before the canvas known as "Las Meninas" or "La Familia," which represents the master painting Philip IV and Queen Marianne —whose reflection is seen in a mirror—and Princess Margaret, attended by her master of ceremonies, maids of honor and dwarfs. This splendid painting has been much admired for its picturesque grouping, brilliant coloring, and excellent treatment of indoor light. Here we are afforded a glance at the court life of the period; we feel that we see what the king and queen saw when they were posing for their portraits. Stirling-Maxwell writes:

"The room in this picture is hung with paintings, which Palomino assures us are works of Rubens; and it is lighted by three windows in the left wall and by the open door at the end, an arrangement of which an artist will at once comprehend the difficulties. The perfection of art which conceals art was never better attained than in this picture. Velasquez seems to have anticipated the discovery of Daguerre, and taking a real room and real chance-grouped people, to have fixed them, as it were, by magic for all time on his canvas. The little fair-haired Infanta is a pleasing study of childhood; with the hanging lip and full cheek of the Austrian family, she has a fresh complexion and lovely blue eyes, and gives a promise of beauty which, as Empress, she never fulfilled. . . . The gentle and majestic hound, stretching itself and winking drowsily, is admirably painted, and seems a descendant of the royal breed immortalized by Titian in portraits of the Emperor Charles and his son. The

painter wears at his girdle the omnipotent key of his office, and on his breast the red cross of Santiago. It is said that Philip IV, who came every day with his queen to see the picture, remarked when it was finished, that one thing was yet wanting; and taking up a brush, painted the knightly

"THE DIVINE SHEPHERD," BY MURILLO

insignia with his own royal fingers, thus conferring the accolade with a weapon not recognized in chivalry. The pleasing tradition is not altogether overthrown by the fact that Velasquez was not invested with the order until three years afterwards; for the production of a pedigree and other formalities were necessary to the creation of a knight, obstacles which might be overlooked by the king, enraptured

with his new picture, and yet stagger a College of Arms for several years."

"ST. ELIZABETH OF HUNGARY," BY MURILLO

Another splendid room is devoted entirely to the works of Murillo, the Sevillan artist, who may be observed and studied here as in no other gallery, altho many critics are partial to the masterpieces that are displayed in his native city. Paintings that are familiar in reproductions throughout the world here suddenly meet the eye, and the visitor, according to his desire, will move about the room, pausing before the originals of favorites, or begin at the entrance and make a careful observation of all of them.

Justly celebrated are the "Dream of the Roman Knight" and the "Interpretation of the Dream," painted for the Church of Santa María la Blanca at Seville. To find the true story of these pictures we must go back to the days of Pope Liberius, when, we are told, there dwelt in Rome a very wealthy senator, whose wife bore him no children. They accepted this as the will of heaven and piously decided to adopt the Virgin as their heir, and every day appealed to her to tell them how to dispose of their wealth. The Queen of Heaven was moved by their prayers and appeared to them in a dream, informing them that she would accept the inheritance, on condition that they went to the Esquiline hill and there, upon a site which she would indicate

"LA CONCEPCION," BY MURILLO

to them, erect a church in her honor. The pair went to inform the Pope of what they had dreamed; but found that he was already informed in the matter, as the Virgin also had visited him. The pair received the papal benediction, gathered several ecclesiastics and others, and proceeded in solemn procession to the Esquiline, where under the August sun they found snow marking the site of the church, upon which they lavished their entire fortune and to which they gave the name of their legatee. Both pictures were carried off by the French and placed in the Louvre, but later they were returned to Spain.

Another masterpiece here quickly catches our attention—"St. Elizabeth of Hungary Healing the Sick," which has traveled far, but is now back again in Spain, where it belongs. Murillo was commissioned to paint eleven pictures for La Caridad, most of them treating of strictly scriptural subjects. Some remain in their original position in Seville, but the one before which we stand was first sent to Paris, then returned to its native land, and for some reason stopped at Madrid. Elizabeth, the saintly daughter of King Andrew and Queen Gertrude of Hungary, is seen in one of the ministrations that made her famous before her marriage. As princess, her entire life was consecrated to religion and char-

ity; she walked barefoot in processions, arose at midnight to pray, and maintained a hospital for the sick and a table with plenty to eat for nine hundred poor. She is credited with the performance of most unpleasant duties as nurse, and we

RIBERA'S "REPENTANT MAGDALEN," IN THE PRADO GALLERY

find her in that rôle in this painting—all before she became poor and was obliged to seek the charity that she had given to others. Miracles were wrought at her tomb, and she was canonized by Gregory IX. Murillo shows her clad in a dark robe as she washes the leprous head of a beggar boy. The various figures are sickening to see, made so by the fidelity

of the artist's brush; but the royal saint has a pale, pensive and beautiful countenance that shines as a star in the midst of so much that is unlovely.

In this room we also find such splendid works as "The Adoration of the Shepherds," "Youthful Saviour and John the Baptist at the Spring," "Rebecca at the Well," "St. Anne Teaching the Virgin," "The Holy Family in the Carpenter's Workshop" and "St. Ildefonso Receiving the Chasuble from the Hands of the Virgin." Perhaps Murillo is best known and most remarkable for his many pictures of the Virgin; but it is highly desirable to see the outstanding works of another character from his magic brush.

The Salon of Ribera contains only the works of that master. First of all, we observe his "Martyrdom of St. Bartholomew," which many critics have considered his masterpiece; but it has been described as "a masterpiece of horror, too frightful to be remembered without a shudder." Yet one remembers it and seems to see in it the work of a painter who admired ugliness for its own sake. Ribera could express hideous suffering, and he was a great master in the delineation of anatomy. Also, his figures are always moving, as we note in the strained sinews as they reach to move the body of the saint. A critic writes: "Gaze long enough upon the canvas and the figures will appear to move; the effort represented is so united and so real that involuntarily one pictures the result. The black shadows and warm browns—contrasted with the ivory of whites and the pale quality of blues—give this work a high place among Ribera's compositions." Here are also "The Angel Delivering Peter from Prison," "The Repentant Magdalen," "Mary Magdalen in the Desert" and the "Youthful St. John."

The Long Gallery is devoted to works by Rubens and

"A MAJA, OR GIRL OF THE PEOPLE," BY GOYA

Van Dyck. The traveler, who has visited most of the other galleries of Europe and seen the seeming acres of canvas painted by Rubens, will be thrilled by still another important exhibit of the products of this industrious master. We are first attracted by his "Garden of Love" and "Graces," both of which abound in color and movement, and command prompt admiration by the shimmering flesh which stands out from beautiful backgrounds. The former represents a patrician family of Antwerp and dates from the master's last period. Among his other pictures we note particularly his "Judgment of Paris," "Rape of Proserpine," "Apostles," and "Battle of the Centaurs." As we stand before this brilliant array, we recall the words of Delacroix: "What a magician! I am sometimes angry with him and quarrel with his coarse forms, his lack of refinement and elegance. But how he rises above the small qualities that are the whole baggage of the others! Rubens does not correct himself and he does well. I notice that his chief quality, if it is

necessary to put one before another, is his extraordinary vividness, that is to say, his extraordinary life. There is no great artist without this gift."

Among the works of Van Dyck in this gallery, we admire most "The Betrayal of Christ," "The Crown of Thorns" and "The Brazen Serpent," pictures that are likely to be more interesting for their subjects than for their portraiture.

From these galleries specially devoted to single artists, let us go to cabinets devoted to the Spanish and Italian schools, where we shall find many masterpieces with which we are familiar. First of all, we note Mantegna's celebrated "Death of the Virgin," with a view of Mantua in the background. Then Andrea del Sarto's "Virgin" and "Christ and St. John," and Guido Reni's "Assumption" and "St. Peter and St. Paul." One of the great prizes of this section and a picture very popular throughout the world is Murillo's "Immaculate Conception," which represents the Virgin as almost a child. We pass on to Ribalta's "St. Francis," Zurbaran's "St. Peter," El Greco's "Holy Family," Goya's "Crucifixion," Velasquez's "Coronation of the Virgin," Ribera's "Holy Trinity," Correggio's "Virgin and Child with St. John" and "Christ Appearing to Mary Magdalen," Bellini's "Madonna Between St. Ursula and Mary Magdalen," Giordano's "Allegory of Peace," and several others. We are likely to give some of these works little more than a glance, however, being eager to stand before the treasures in Cabinet V, all works by Raphael. First the "Madonna della Rosa," in which it is believed he was assisted by another artist, and then "The Bearing of the Cross," a fine work, in which his pupils also may have participated. His "Holy Family" is often called "La Perla," from the fact that Philip IV bought it from Charles I of England, paid about ten thousand dollars for it, and

A ROOM IN THE PRADO PAINTED WHOLLY BY GOYA

spoke of it as the pearl among his Raphaels. The "Madonna of Peace," "Holy Family with the Lizard," "Holy Family with the Lamb" and "Visitation" are also here.

In the Long Gallery of the First Section are works by Titian, most notable perhaps being the "Apotheosis of Charles V," which shows the emperor and his wife—also Philip and his wife—among the saved souls, a work highly prized by Charles, who died with it in his room. Here also are "La Fecundidad," an equestrian figure of Charles V, "Venus Listening to a Young Musician," a Bacchanalian scene, "Prometheus," "Philip II," "St. Jerome," "The Virgin," "Daughter of Herodias," "Mater Dolorosa," a portrait of himself and several other subjects. Here also are Tintoretto's "Moses," "Judith and Holofernes," "Last Judgment"; El Greco's "Body of Christ in the Arms of God";

Tiepolo's "Immaculate Conception" and "Last Supper"; Giorgione's "Madonna with St. Anthony and St. Rochus"; Veronese's "Venus and Adonis," "Susanna," "Finding of Moses," "Abraham's Sacrifice," and "The Family of Cain."

The Goya rooms do not contain representative masterpieces by that artist, but along with a large collection of drawings and designs for tapestries are his "Holy Family," "Dead Birds," and mural paintings. If one has the leisure and inclination, the Gallery of Sculpture and the Gallery of Portraits should be visited.

BARCELONA'S BULL-RING HAS SEATS FOR FOURTEEN THOUSAND
"AFICIONADOS" OR FANS

XII

RECREATIONS OF SPAIN

WHAT golf and baseball are to other countries, bull-fighting is to Spain—the great national game and recreation. The spectacle takes on the appearance of a fête, because its participants are from all classes, and one class seems to find as much pleasure in it as another. It is true that the sport has many critics, at home as well as abroad; but the typical Spaniard has little respect for their arguments and is likely to look upon them as busybodies and reformers who might well save their breath for a worthier cause. The native does not expect the foreigner to become enthusiastic when viewing the spectacle—at least, when viewing it for the first time; but he is likely to look upon this foreign attitude contemptuously, and he is not favorably inclined toward the visitor who turns his head away at the supreme moment, when the bull is about to die, or who indicates that he is not enjoying the preliminaries during which the animal is being goaded to violence and tortured into fury before making the last stand.

It is not our mission as visitors to express unfavorable opinions concerning something so dear to the heart of our hosts as the bull-ring; but whether one sees the spectacle or refrains from seeing it while in Spain must be determined by one's personal tastes and principles. The huge arenas devoted to this sport in the larger cities remind one of the vast structures of the ancient Romans, and there is much in the show

itself to bring to mind the bloody contests of two thousand years ago. This may not interest us; but we shall find a particular delight in witnessing the crowds—the fashionable world represented by royalty itself and all the lesser official satellites, and the working people, who are enjoying a holiday in the way that pleases them most. Dressed in their finery, they make a brilliant throng everywhere; but the colors and adornments are most fantastic and ornamental in the southern cities, while in the North and in the capital city, the gay costumes give way to European modes and one might expect that this more solemn note would be evident in a lesser enthusiasm of the people. But Madrid enjoys the national spectacle as much as Barcelona or Seville, and expresses its approval in exactly the same vociferous manner, which may be compared to the hilarity and noises at an American football contest between rival university teams.

Bull-fights always are staged by experts, and there are traditions and practises that are adhered to as rigidly as in operatic representations elsewhere, or, for instance, in the performance of the Japanese "No" dance or tea ceremony. There must be a tournament at the beginning, like that in the large ring of the circus; and it is greeted by the enthusiastic audience as tho it were the first time that such a spectacle had been seen on earth. The men shout and wave their hats; there is a flutter of fans in the hands of the ladies, resembling the flight of thousands of butterflies. Because of this enthusiasm for the events of the bull-fight, many spectators and writers have considered it proof that the Spaniard loves to witness bloodshed and suffering. After the visitor has tramped along miles of galleries and church corridors in which the work of Spanish artists is exhibited, he may seem to recognize a particular devotion of the artists

to scenes of martyrdom and to the supreme moments of torture in the lives of the saints; one famous writer goes so far as to suggest that this devotion to the blood sacrifice is chiefly responsible for the fact that Spanish people seem to be more ardent Christians than other peoples. I have formed no such conclusions from my own fairly extensive observations. I see in this trait only another of the many contradictions in the Spanish character; and, as I have hinted before, the Spaniards are the most contradictory people on earth, just as their land itself is not at all what it may seem to be at a glance—not, I believe, what it is usually represented as being.

One witnesses these spectacles of the bull-ring, hears the hysterical shouting, and carelessly concludes that they are simply a proof of the blood-lust of the people. Yet this is

ALL READY FOR THE BULL-FIGHT: VIEW NEAR THE ROYAL BOX, MADRID

Courtesy of the Hispanic Society of America

PROCESSION OF TOREADORS ENTERING THE ARENA AND SALUTING THE AUDIENCE

From a Mural Painting by Sorolla

manifestly unfair, as anyone can see who knows all sides of the Spanish nature: the gentle, tender and humane side as well as that which finds delight in the death of a maddened animal. "What is the difference," the Spaniard asks, "between killing a bull in the ring and killing a bull in the slaughter-house?" And it is futile to argue the question with him. Count Vasili tells of witnessing a scene that will serve, perhaps, to convey what I mean. In the arena at Madrid, one of the fighters carelessly hit a sparrow that fluttered across his path, and killed it. "In my life," he says, "I have never seen such a spectacle. Ten thousand spectators, standing up, wildly gesticulating, shouting for the death of the cruel *torero;* nay, some even threw themselves into the arena, ready to lynch the heartless creature."

After we have taken our seats and are attempting, as good tourists, to feel something of the excitement of the expectant throng, a signal is given by a dignitary. The gates swing open, and the procession files into the arena. A band of gaily clad musicians enters, playing a lively march, and the musicians are followed by the *toreros*—known technically as *matadores, picadores,* and *banderilleros*—and at the end of the procession comes a three-mule team or *troika* to be used in removing dead bulls and horses from the arena. The actors in the coming scenes are likely to make two circles, giving us an opportunity to see the gorgeous costumes of the matadors, which, with their dangling tassels of gold and silver, sometimes cost as much as five thousand dollars. It was thus, we imagine, that the gladiators circled similar fields two thousand years ago and acknowledged the greetings of the spectators. We reflect that the Latin nature must have changed very little with the passage of time—that we are witnessing a scene very like that which took place in the

days of ancient Rome, when an emperor sat in his loge and was saluted by those who were about to die.

The procession usually is followed by the playing of a musical selection by the band, which keeps the excitement at fever heat. Then the president of the *corrida,* usually some person of rank, throws the keys of the bull-cells into the ring. Immediately the *picadores*—pikemen mounted on wretched old horses—take their places against the barrier that separates the arena from the spectators, and the exciting part of the show begins.

A gate that leads to a darkened enclosure is opened, and a bull, blinded by the light and with a bellow of rage, dashes into the enclosure, maddened by a dart that has been speared into his neck as he emerged from the darkness. The animal usually attacks the *picadores* at once, goring their horses. But if he hesitates, the *espada* or *matador* advances and trails his brilliant red cape as a taunt to the infuriated creature, and it charges him with lowered horns. The *espada* waits until it seems that the bull almost reaches him and then steps aside, permitting the animal to dash into the cape and then go galloping on for a distance, before it is able to stop. This operation is repeated three or four times, and the crowd cheers wildly at the skill and daring of the man, who has escaped a horrible death. At times, when the assistants are busy annoying the bull, the *espada* retires to the barrier and bows to the audience for its enthusiastic applause.

Meanwhile the bull has turned its wrath upon the mounted *picadores,* who are armed with lances with which to goad the animal to further fury. These pikes are made with guards on them, so that they will not sink deep enough to kill. The stranger usually feels more sympathy for the horses than for the bull, because they are often old creatures

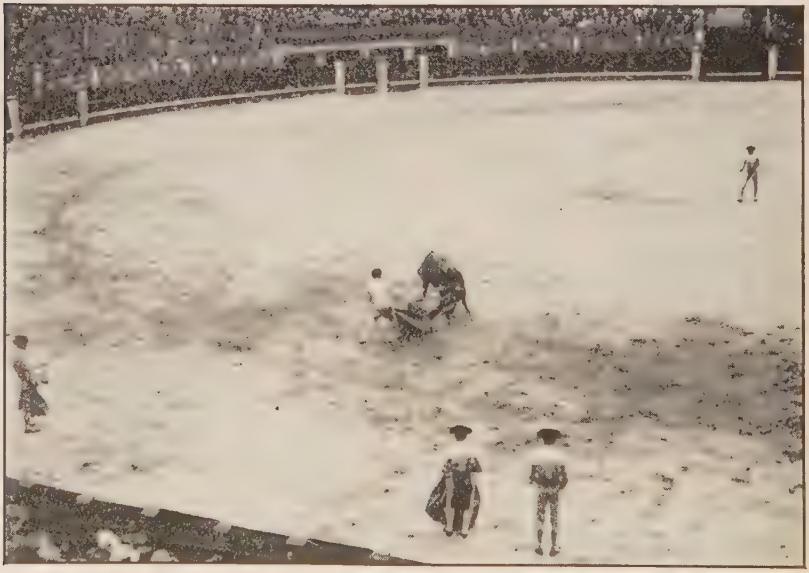
that cannot move with great rapidity, thus making them a prey to the infuriated creature that attacks them. They are bandaged over one eye, too, so that they are unable to see when the bull is rushing toward them. Usually they are fatally gored, and sometimes tossed into the air on the bull's horns. When a horse is killed, the assistants merely throw a blanket over the body and the game goes on.

When the bull is nearly exhausted, the *banderilleros* step forward and attract its attention. The animal rushes to attack these new enemies; but when it is about to strike one of them, the man plunges two goads or *banderillas* into its neck and deftly steps aside in the nick of time. These gaily decked goads are very painful and the animal usually attempts to rid itself of them by bucking about the arena in a manner that leaves no doubt concerning its agony; but

THE BANDERILLERO HAS TO STICK TWO GOADS INTO THE BULL'S NECK AND YET ESCAPE ITS HORNS

the pain is increased by other *banderillas* similarly acquired.

The bull-fighters have accomplished the first part of their task; the animal has become beside itself with rage and pain, and goes galloping about in a last frantic effort to get at its tormentors. This increases the applause and the shouting, whereupon the *banderilleros* retire from the arena and the first matador returns, carrying a long sword or *espada,* which is covered by a red cape. He walks defiantly towards the bull, which stands panting and bleeding. In a last burst of rage, the animal leaps at the insulting red thing, and plunges into the cape again and again, an operation playfully repeated for the delight of the throng. Finally the matador walks forward and drives his sword to the bull's heart by a quick and expert thrust between the shoulders as it charges at him. The animal falls on the ground, and if the *coup de*



INFURIATING THE BULL FOR THE FINAL SCENE WITH THE MATADOR

grace has been skilful, it is followed by scenes barely imaginable and thrilling for an American, who rarely expresses such emotion. We see men arise from their seats, wave their arms and shout as they toss their hats into the arena, followed by fans, flowers and programs thrown by the ladies. We see the *espada,* at the moment of his glorious achievement, enjoying homage that is rarely bestowed upon a pugilistic or baseball champion in America.

AMID WILD APPLAUSE
Matador holding up the bull's ear, given him for unusual bravery

Let it not be assumed that Spain rewards its bull-fighting heroes only with applause and adulation. Some of them receive huge salaries, comparable to those enjoyed by favorite stars of the films in other countries; and several, who were fortunate in their careers, have retired and lived to be old men, enjoying the wealth and the prestige that they won by daring. Many others, like the hero of Blasco Ibáñez's "Blood and Sand," go to an early death. Certain successful matadors have admitted that they achieved their greatest triumphs when terribly frightened; that they were gamblers against death and won in the battle.

If we remain at the bull-fight after the slaughter of the first animal, we shall see the same scene repeated; sometimes seven or eight bulls are killed in a single afternoon. And instead of losing interest, the excitement seems to be cumula-

tive, and the half-demented crowd seems to roar louder as the hours pass. And the next Sunday it will be the same thing over again. The interest is always the same; from his youth to the end of his life, the Spaniard never participates in any recreation or amusement that gives him the pleasure of the bull-fight.

We are told that bull-fighting was a prerogative of the aristocracy as late as the sixteenth century and that it was not until the eighteenth century that the game became a great public spectacle at Madrid. The majority of the celebrated fighters come from Andalusia and belong to the rural population. Many books, pamphlets and magazine articles bitterly assailing this passion of the Spanish people for the arena, have been circulated throughout the world; the highest officials have made appeals for the discontinuance of the sport,

AFTER THE BULLS ARE ALL KILLED, THE CROWD OVERFLOWS INTO THE ARENA

but all to no avail. Bull-fights are as popular in Spanish cities as ever at any period of history; there is a great foreign and modern influence noticeable in other directions, but any one who attempts to criticize this game, or the national delight in it, is speedily silenced. His arguments are considered a proof of his ignorance of the country, its people, and the game itself.

The high esteem in which successful bull-fighters are held by the people is difficult for a foreigner to understand. As an example, there was Lagartijo, who was a great favorite for several years, after which he retired a rich man and lived quietly for several years before his death. But the public had not forgotten him. His desire for quiet had been respected, but when he was gone, the newspapers came forward with tributes that might have been paid to a monarch. One of them remarked: "He who has heard the magic oratory of Castelar, has listened to the singing of Gayarre, the declamation of Cabro, has read Zorilla and witnessed the *torear* of Lagartijo, may say, without any kind of reservation, that there is nothing left for him to admire!" Then there were technical accounts of his play, which was recalled as "distinguished by its classic grace, its dignity and consummate art, the absence of affectation or struggle for effect." And at the close of an obituary we read that the good bull-fighter "died with his eyes fixed on the image of the Virgen de los Dolores, to whom he had always confidently committed his life of peril, and with the dignity and resignation of a good man."

The guide-books usually give cock-fighting a bad reputation, not so much on account of the sport itself, perhaps, as because of those who conduct and attend it. The spectators at a cock-fight are usually made up of what are called the

"lower classes," and unless one has at least a workable knowledge of the language of the country, he is advised to keep away from these places of popular amusement. There are always crowds of excited and excitable people, and they often engage in scenes that are likely to make the stranger uncomfortable if not nervous concerning his safety. The fact remains that cock-fighting is a common sport in Spain, and one who cares to witness a spectacle of this kind will have only to make inquiry at the hotel concerning the dates.

A form of ball game known as *pelota* is played in all parts of the country, altho it is said to have had its origin with the Basques. One unacquainted with it may consider it almost a form of hand-ball. It is usually played indoors—in an enclosure that is frequently roofless—and the hard rubber balls are driven with a *cesta* against the wall in such a way that

PLAYING THE SPANISH GAME OF "THE BLIND HEN"
From a painting by Goya

they rebound and are then caught in the opponent's *cesta* and driven back in the manner of the first hit; each failure to return the ball counts a point for the other side, and the side first making an agreed number of hits is the winner.

COLISEUM, BARCELONA

Theater-going is popular in the cities, and it appears to an American that all performances are exceedingly long. Theoretically, at least, there is usually a beginning shortly after eight; but the last curtain does not fall until about twelve, and often the performance runs on until one o'clock. As a rule, the Spanish audience is late arriving, and it may be well on toward ten o'clock before all seats are taken. Plays of literary value are not so numerous as vaudeville sketches, short operettas and variety acts, while many of these are now added to programs in which films are the feature. One who visits the variety theaters will often be rewarded by witnessing unexpectedly good dancing, for Spain is the land of the dance, and the ordinary audience quickly recognizes the fine and traditional movements of the various dances and rewards the artists with applause; and the same audience will be just as quick to detect errors or slovenly adherence to traditional requirements and make an unfavorable demonstration. Such demonstration, moreover, is likely to be sufficiently pronounced to discourage the dancer

from further appearance until the faults have been corrected. Just as a typical German or Italian audience would swiftly approve or disapprove of the rendering of a familiar operatic aria, so a typical Spanish audience is capable of passing instant judgment on a dancer. All the world dances in Spain, according to a popular notion; but we find this a gross exaggeration. It would be more correct to say that the Spaniard knows good dancing when he sees it, and knows how to differentiate between what is genuine and what is an imitation.

Once a Japanese, in whose country I was traveling at the time, asked me not to convey the impression in my lectures and writings that Japan was primarily a land of chrysanthemums, cherry blossoms and geishas; he implored me to think of Japan as a country of great industries, one in which commerce as well as estheticism flourished. In much the same way the Spaniard resents the common view of his country as the land of the castanet, the guitar and the dancing girl. The book, "The Land of the Castanet," altho abounding in appreciation for Spain, was severely criticized on account of its title; one critic remarked that it would have been as logical and correct to call a book about the United States, "The Land of Bacon."

Havelock Ellis declares that Spanish dances are similar to those of ancient Greece and Egypt; other writers have given them an African origin; but, whatever influences contributed to their making, they have the tang of the Oriental and have developed strong national characteristics which exist nowhere else. Carl Van Vechten has written that "the smart world to-day dances much as the smart world does anywhere else," but he adds that it does not hold a brief for our *tango*, which has been called a corruption of the African

ROYAL YACHT CLUB AT BARCELONA

A BATHING BEACH IN SOUTHERN SPAIN: AT ALICANTE

BOATRIDING IN THE GREAT PARK AT MADRID

habañera. One who desires descriptive and historical information concerning Spanish dancing may find it in many books, but briefly and succinctly in Van Vechten's volume called "Music and Bad Manners."

The people of Spain enjoy and admire music, but it cannot be said that they are very appreciative of the native product; at least, not in its highly developed forms. One hears more German and Italian opera at Madrid than works by Spanish composers; and more numbers by native writers in the concert halls of the United States than in Spain itself; for even the artists of high rank devote the major parts of their vocal and instrumental programs to foreign composers. Musical compositions with Spanish atmosphere, which have met with world-wide popularity, seem oftener to be written by French than by Spanish composers. "Carmen," you know, is the work of a Frenchman, Bizet; in like manner Chabrier, Debussy, Massanet and Ravel make liberal use of castanets, tambourines and xylophones. "Carmen," tho thoroughly French, has given the world its idea of the sunshine of Spain, the rhythm and temper of its people; and, erroneous as it may be in representing the realities, it is commonly accepted as the true word, so far as text and musical embroidery are concerned, and is much more popular than any composition by Granados, Albeniz, or the other genuinely Spanish composers.

That much of our modern music is derived through Spain from ancient Arabic melodies is a declaration of Dr. Julian Ribera, of the University of Madrid, in "Music in Ancient Arabia and Spain." The study leading to this declaration, which fills in a blank chapter in musical history, was based on the *Cantigas* of Alfonso the Wise. These medieval manuscripts, supposed to be church music, had never been

GIPSIES OF GRANADA DANCING TO GUITAR MUSIC

deciphered until Dr. Ribera identified them as secular melodies, Moorish in origin. These, he says, are the originals of practically all the types now considered indigenous to the different regions of Spain. From Spain this music spread over all medieval Europe without its origin being known. "There it still lives because the people have loved it and adopted it," Dr. Ribera declares. "Europe still, therefore, owes a debt of gratitude to the Andalusian Moors, who maintained and passed on a rich fund of music, a perennial spring to which all European composers have come to renew their inspiration, but without seeking its unknown sources."

This Moslem music was surprizingly rich and highly developed, Dr. Ribera found. "In spite of its age and simplicity, it may be heard with real pleasure and emotion if performed as it must have been in its own day. The *Cantigas*

show that harmony, the major and minor modes, modulation, and other elements supposed to belong only to modern European music, appeared in the thirteenth century in Spain with indications that they come from still older civilizations."

The distinct art form that has been developed in Spanish music and that remains most popular of all—the *zarzuela*—is said to be the parent of French opera-bouffe; certainly many of the tunes that served long in the Spanish *zarzuela* have been appropriated by French composers and even now appear as new compositions in popular Parisian revues. The *zarzuela* is usually a one-act piece in which music is interrupted frequently by dialog, and it often happens that there is as much dancing as singing. Usually the subject is comic, and the actors are permitted great freedom in the interpreta-

STROLLING BAGPIPERS FROM THE HILLS, IN TOWN FOR THE FESTA

IN THE HEIGHT OF FASHION

tion of their own lines. This form of entertainment has existed since the early seventeenth century and has attracted most of the famous writers of Spain.

Spain has a splendid literature, both past and present, ranging from the classic "Don Quixote" and the plays of Calderón and Lope de Vega to the novels of our own time by such masters as Juan Valera, Pérez Galdós, Blasco Ibáñez, and Emilia Pardo Bazán, the best woman author that Spain produced in the nineteenth century. It would require a whole book to do justice to this phase of Spanish art, even briefly. I will content myself, therefore, with the remark that an admirable book to read before going to Spain is James Fitzmaurice-Kelly's "A History of Spanish Literature."

DRESSED JUST RIGHT

The tourist should inquire concerning the dates of the various religious festivals in all the cities visited, and while

PROCESSIONAL OF THE MASS ON SANTA ANA'S DAY IN NORTHERN SPAIN

they are not to be classed among the amusements and recreations of the people, it is true that during many of these celebrations the entire population seems to think of nothing else; and the holidays are as delightful for visitors as for natives, because most of the cities are thronged at these times with the peasants from the surrounding districts, and one has a better opportunity for observing them and their picturesque costumes and customs than at other times. The carnival before Holy Week at Madrid is not comparable to that in other cities and other countries; but there are several celebrations that are of considerable interest to strangers. Among these are the Feast of St. Anthony, on January 17, when horses, mules and donkeys are gaily bedecked for their march to the front of the church and there receive the blessing of the priest; the midnight mass in the churches on Christmas

Eve, when congregations join in the singing and later make noisy demonstrations in the street; on Saturday before Advent, usually at the end of November, when an ecclesiastical official rides through the streets and reads the proclamation of the Bull of the Holy Crusade in front of the royal palace, the residence of the papal nuncio, and other official buildings; the procession on Corpus Christi; and the various ceremonies connected with the commemoration of Holy Week. The festivals are celebrated at different times in different parts of the country, and some of them are not witnessed at their best in the capital at all, but in cities like Seville and Barcelona.

XIII SEGOVIA AND SALAMANCA

SEGOVIA'S STATELY ALCAZAR STANDS ON A PROMONTORY
OVERLOOKING THE PLAIN

XIII

SEGOVIA AND SALAMANCA

THE ancient city of Segovia, to which we go next, resembles Toledo in being a veritable archeological museum and presenting some of the country's most interesting sights. Like Toledo, it is perched upon a hill and presents a maze of picturesque, crooked and narrow streets. The town is enclosed within ancient walls with gates that are of Roman origin and seem to defy the passage of time; altho it is true they were extensively restored in the eleventh and twelfth centuries, which doubtless accounts for their excellent state of preservation at the present time. Just as the Cathedral of Seville and the walls of Tarragona were the objects of our highest anticipations when we were on our way to those cities, so at Segovia it is the great Aqueduct, known locally at El Puente, for which we look most eagerly. It dates from the Age of Augustus and is about nine hundred yards long. It crosses a part of the city itself—also the suburbs and a deep valley—in one hundred nineteen arches; and for something like three hundred yards it consists of two stages, which, altho built of large blocks of granite, give it a light and airy appearance. Not all of these arches are the originals, as over thirty of them were destroyed by the Moors and were rebuilt during the reign of Isabella the Catholic. This splendid structure is the largest Roman work in Spain that remains as it was in the ancient days.

The Aqueduct spans the busiest part of the city, the

SEGOVIA'S STREETS ARE NARROW BUT PICTURESQUE

Plaza del Azoquejo, always a lively scene of traffic. Passing along several streets and through other plazas, we arrive at the Cathedral, which was begun in the early part of the sixteenth century and replaces an earlier edifice that adjoined the Alcázar. Even in this country of beautiful churches, it stands out, unusually attractive in its exterior and particularly light and cheerful inside, owing to its remarkable stained-glass windows. The form of the edifice is Gothic, and its length is three hundred forty-four feet. At the side of a somewhat bare façade, a square tower rises to the height of three hundred forty-five feet, and is crowned by a cupola. The most interesting feature of the church is the Cloisters, which were built during the present century from materials contained in the older Cloisters erected over four hundred years ago. The guides call our attention here to the monument of Maria del Salto, a beautiful Jewess. Being accused of adultery, so the tradition runs, Maria was punished by being thrown over the precipice; but as she was innocent and called upon the Virgin to come to her aid, she landed in the valley unhurt. Above the monument is a fresco depicting the miracle. In the chapels several other items are pointed out for our special attention, such as the tomb of the Infante Pedro, son of Henry II, and a collection of paintings on brass.

VIEW FROM THE ALCAZAR OF SEGOVIA

AQUEDUCT THAT BRINGS WATER TO SEGOVIA

Built by the Romans without mortar or clamps, and still in daily use

CATHEDRAL OF SEGOVIA, WITH ITS IMPOSING TOWER

SEGOVIA IS ALMOST OVERSHADOWED BY ITS AQUEDUCT

The Alcázar is a fine example of an ancient Castilian castle.

It was built in the eleventh century by Alfonso VI, and while it was almost wholly renewed at a later time, it is still a noble structure of the early period, as seen from the outside. The interior, it must be confessed, bears slight

THE ALCAZAR SEEN FROM BELOW THE BRIDGE OVER THE RIO ERESMA

resemblance to its former grandeur. The building is now used as a repository for military archives.

After we have seen three or four of the outstanding features of Segovia, the better plan is to wander about somewhat aimlessly; for here the visitor may be assured that he will come upon many buildings, gates, squares and corners that will delight his eyes—probably excite sufficient curiosity to prompt an inquiry concerning the identity of many things. A walk to be recommended is through the gate known as the

A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF SEGOVIA

ENTRANCE TO A FINE OLD HOUSE IN SEGOVIA

Puerta de Santiago and then to the Plaza de San Esteban; here we see the Church of San Esteban, which dates from the thirteenth century but is notable only for its age and a few early Spanish pictures; on to the Plaza and Church of Santa Trinidad and the old Church of San Juan, in which is a ceramic workroom established by Zuloaga, the painter; then to the Church of San Millán, which has barrel-vaulting, and the Romanesque Church of San Clemente.

About seven miles from Segovia lie San Ildefonso, a small but popular summer resort, and La Granja. Henry IV built a hunting-lodge at the latter place, and as a grange or farm house (La Granja) it was presented by the "Catholic Kings" to the monastery of Parral. Later it was purchased by Philip V, who began the construction of the château and gardens in the French style, the latter possessing some of the most beautiful fountains in Spain. He attempted to create here a miniature Versailles and was devoted to the place; several of his successors, too, spent much of their time here, giving La Granja importance and making it the scene of many historic events. The Royal Palace encloses a court that was the original grange. The royal apartments should be visited, as much of their eighteenth-century magnificence remains, altho the antiques have been removed to Madrid and only casts of the originals are exhibited. The Pantheon contains the tombs of Philip V and his wife. The gardens, which are faced by the palace façade, are even more interesting than the buildings, as they cover over three hundred acres; and we may be fortunate enough to have arrived on one of the days when the fountains are playing the waters from an artificial lake which lies four thousand feet above the sea. One of the most notable is the Fuente de Andromeda, which sends a jet of water to the height of one hundred feet. Others are: the Fama, which

throws water even higher than the others; the Apollo, the numerous cascades, and the Bath of Diana, which has many statues and sprays of water.

John Hay, American diplomat and author, was entertained here. He was assigned to the apartments usually reserved for the papal nuncio, and records that he slept here "with an episcopal peace of mind." Of the surroundings, he writes:

"The peculiarity of the site, while offering great difficulties, at the same time enhances the triumph of success. This is a garden taught to bloom upon a bare mountain-side. The earth in which these trees are planted was brought from those dim plains in the distance on the backs of men and mules. The pipes that supply these innumerable fountains were laid on the bare rocks and the soil was thrown over

ROYAL PALACE AND GARDENS AT LA GRANJA

them. Every tree was guarded and watched like a baby. There was probably never a garden that grew under such circumstances—but the result is superb. The fountains are fed by a vast reservoir in the mountain, and the water that they throw into the bright air is as clear as morning dew. Every alley and avenue is a vista that ends in a vast picture of shaggy hills or far-off plains—while behind the royal gardens towers the lordly peak of the Penalara, thrust eight thousand feet or more into the thin blue ether."

BELL-TOWER OF SANTA MARIA LA ANTIGUA, VALLADOLID

It was a good afternoon's work to visit all the fountains of La Granja in John Hay's time, as it still is in ours. There are twenty-six of them strewn over the undulating grounds. People who visit Paris usually consider a day of Grandes Eaux at Versailles the last word of this species of costly trifling. But the waters at Versailles bear no comparison with those of La Granja. To quote Hay again:

"The sense is bewildered and fatigued here with the magnificence and infinite variety. . . . The Fountain of the Winds is one, where a vast mass of water springs into the air from the foot of a great cavernous rock; there is a succession of exquisite cascades called the Race-Course, filled with graceful statuary; a colossal group of Apollo slaying the Python, who in his death agony bleeds a torrent of water; the Basket of Flowers, which throws up a system of forty jets; the great

COLUMBUS MONUMENT,
VALLADOLID
Erected to the Discoverer by the city in which he died in poverty

single jet called Fame, which leaps one hundred and thirty feet into the air, a Niagara reversed; and the crowning glory of the garden, the Baths of Diana, an immense stage scene in marble and bronze, crowded with nymphs and hunting parties, wild beasts and birds, and everywhere the wildest luxuriance of spouting waters. We are told that it was one of the royal caprices of a recent tenant of the palace to emulate her chaste prototype of the silver bow by choosing this artistic basin for her ablutions, a sufficient number of civil guards being posted to prevent the approach of Castilian Actæons."

We may enjoy an unusually beautiful excursion from La Granja to the suppressed monastery of El Paular, a part of which has been converted into glass works. The trip takes us through a mountain pass from which we obtain excellent views of the surrounding country. The monastery church was built in the fifteenth century by a Moor of Segovia. On our way we pass through the fine valley of the Lozoya, where we visit the source of the water supply of Madrid, conveyed to the city by a canal over forty miles long. In the bracing evergreen forests and rocky ledges of this territory, we seem to have plunged suddenly from the more familiar and arid landscapes of Spain to the umbrageous scenes of the North.

Valladolid, our next point of interest, was formerly much more important than it is to-day, because it was the favorite residence of the sovereigns of Castile and saw the marriage of Ferdinand and Isabella. Of even greater interest to American visitors is the fact that Christopher Columbus spent the last two years of his eventful life in this city, awaiting the outcome of the royal promises. It is essentially modern as we now see it, with its electric tramcars, several theaters, and important industrial and commercial life. One observes that it has a much patronized bull-ring accommodating thirteen thousand spectators. One of the sights of Valladolid is the allegorical monument to Columbus, which shows the discoverer in a kneeling position, with Spain standing behind him holding a cross and a chalice.

Something else that usually evokes an inquiry from new-

ALCALA DE HENARES, THE BIRTHPLACE OF CERVANTES

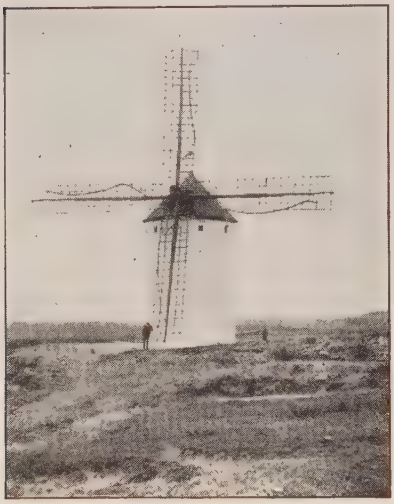
comers is the house which the novelist Cervantes occupied for three years. It is situated in the Calle de Miguel Iscar and is now the property of the state. We pause here to pay our respects to Spain's greatest writer, and one of the greatest novelists the world has produced. Miguel de Cervantes dwelt in many places and lived a romantic life; some of his so-called residences are not authentic, but it is certain that he dwelt in this house when he was at work upon his immortal "Don Quixote." He is the outstanding figure of Spanish literature—what Shakespeare is to England, Goethe to Germany, and Molière and Racine to France. He was born to a family in much reduced circumstances, and he seems not to have had the advantage of higher education; which reminds one of Ben Jonson's patronizing "small Latin and less Greek" when referring to Shakespeare; but there are evi-

THE IVY-CLAD HOUSE IN VALLADOLID WHERE CERVANTES WORKED ON HIS "DON QUIXOTE"

dences in his writings that Cervantes may have been a pupil of the Jesuits. It is known that he read much and that he was familiar with the best Italian and Spanish writers.

TRAVELING DE LUXE TO SEE DON QUIXOTE'S WINDMILL

In one of the episodes of "Don Quixote," an impoverished gentleman calls his sons to him, bids them select the professions that they desire to adopt, and then dismisses them with his blessing and very slight financial aid. It seems likely that Cervantes experienced something of the same kind and afterwards set out for Italy. He served in the household of a cardinal and then gave up the occupation for that of a soldier, distinguishing himself at Lepanto, after which he embarked for Madrid. The galley upon which he sailed was captured by pirates, and he was sold into slavery at Algiers, where he became a recognized leader among Christian slaves. He was ransomed, and when he returned to his family he found them in impoverished circumstances, partly due to the raising of his ransom money. He wrote "Galatea," which was a success, but it brought little money. When he was at Valladolid, however, the completed manuscript of "Don Quixote" quickly brought him fame and gold. He had been an omnivorous reader of the romances of chivalry and knew most of the great works, whereupon he wrote his superb travesty upon them, or more exactly, a happy blending of the real and the ideal.



WINDMILL IN LA MANCHA, WHERE DON QUIXOTE ROAMED

Many critics have declared "Don Quixote" to be the greatest novel ever written. The book gave the world a new adjective. When we call an action *quixotic,* a writer has said, "we do not exactly mean disapproval, but neither, certainly, do we intend admiration; unless it be that of other-worldliness, which it is well to affect, however far we may be from practising it ourselves. It is, at best, something quite unnecessary, if acknowledged to be admirable in the abstract. The quixotic are rarely successful, and success is the measure by which everything is judged to-day." Be that as it may, the more intimately one knows Spain, the more one becomes aware that what is with us an amiable quality of somewhat dubious value, is one of those which go to make up the Spaniard in every rank of life. "His chivalry, his fine sense of honor, are nothing if not quixotic, as we understand the word; and just as in Scotland alone does one appreciate the characters in Sir Walter Scott's novels, so in Spain does one feel that, with due allowance for a spirit of kindly caricature, Don Quixote de la Mancha is not only possible, but is a type of character as living to-day as it was when the genius of Cervantes distilled and preserved for all time that most quaint, lovable inconsequent and chivalrous combination of qualities which constitutes a Spanish gentleman."

W. D. Howells says of the "dear son of memory, great heir

of fame" that enough can never be said in his praise, and after visiting the Valladolid house, he wrote:

"It is a very little house, as small as Ariosto's in Ferrara, which he said was so apt for him, but it is not in a long, clean street like that; it is in a bad neighborhood which has not yet outlived the evil repute it bore in the days of Cervantes. It was then the scene of nightly brawls, and in one of these a gentleman was stabbed near the author's house. The alarm brought Cervantes to the door, and, being the first to reach the dying man, he was promptly arrested, together with his wife, his two sisters and his niece, who were living with him and who were taken up as accessories before the fact. . . . The man whose renown has since filled the civilized world fuller even than the name of his contemporary, Shakespeare (they died on the same day), was then so unknown to the

COLEGIO DE SANTA CRUZ, VALLADOLID, NOW AN INTERESTING MUSEUM

authorities of Valladolid that he had great ado to establish the innocence of himself and his household. In his declaration before the magistrates he says that his literary reputation procured him the acquaintance of courtiers and scholars, who visited him in that pitiable abode where the ladies of his family cared for themselves and him with the help of one servant maid. They had an upper floor of the house, which stands at the base of a stone terrace dropping from the wide, dusty, fly-blown street. . . . I was not satisfied with the outside of the house, but when I entered the open doorway, meaning to mount to the upper floor, it was as if I were immediately blown into the street again by the thick and noisome stench which filled the place from some unmentionable if not imaginable source. It was like a filthy insult to the great presence whose sacred shrine the house should have been religiously kept. But Cervantes dead was as forgotten in Valladolid as Cervantes living had been. . . . I thought foul shame of Valladolid for her neglect."

Perhaps, in spite of Mr. Howells, we should think of Valladolid as a particularly pure city; for it was here that the terrible Torquemada dwelt for years, while he was planning some of the methods of the Holy Office in dealing with heresy. Ferdinand and Isabella were married here, and Philip II was born here; but these historical facts are of comparatively slight importance compared to the zeal of the inhabitants in their religious intolerance. In 1559 a celebrated *auto da fé* took place in the Plaza Mayor, when fourteen Lutherans were burned alive for their heresy and the body of a woman "suspected of imperfect orthodoxy" after her death was exhumed and burned with them. It appears that this particular celebration was of unusual distinction, as the Infanta Juana presided and people paid high prices for seats. Philip

also attended another *auto da fé* here, when thirteen persons were burned; and it is illuminating to know that he was very fond of the city.

The Cathedral, which is in the Renaissance style, has no great interest. It was begun in the sixteenth century and was to have had four towers. One was completed, but it fell in 1841 and has been rebuilt. The church is the work of Herrera, who was responsible for the gloom of the Escorial. The interior is vast, but it is not beautiful, and one's chief interest is likely to be the splendid silver monstrance that weighs one hundred fifty pounds and has a design representing Adam and Eve. We are attracted by the unusually ornate portal of the University, which dates from the middle of the fourteenth century, and which at one time attracted students and artists from all parts of Europe. The Museum in the Colegio de Santa Cruz should be visited, altho the pic-

THE AUTHOR AT ONE OF THE GATES OF AVILA

tures contained in it are not likely to attract our interest so much as are the wooden statues. The church of Santa María la Antigua and the Colegio de San Gregorio deserve at least a glance; but it is more important to visit San Pablo, which was founded in 1276 and remodeled by Cardinal Torquemada. The Cortes met in this church during the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, and it has been described as "the finest surprize which the local architecture has to offer."

About seven miles from Valladolid we come to the Roman Septimanca, which has a castle in which thirty-three millions of documents are said to have reposed since the days of Cardinal Ximenez. Beyond this is the town of Tordesillas, where Joanna the Mad lived after her husband's death.

When we arrive at Avila, we are soon aware that here is one of the most charming of all Spanish towns, altho the

A FEW OF THE EIGHTY-SIX TOWERS IN AVILA'S OLD ROMAN WALLS

GENERAL VIEW OF AVILA AND ITS WALLS

place has lost its early importance and often is entirely overlooked by tourists. All who have the leisure to do so should avail themselves of the privilege of spending at least a day in this splendid walled town, which has nine city gates and eighty-six towers, all in a remarkable state of preservation. It is said that eight hundred men worked upon these fortifications for a decade, and their handiwork has been called "the mural wonder of Europe." Here in the Church of Santo Tomás is the tomb of Prince Juan, son of the "Catholic Kings," who died a month after his marriage. Had this son of Ferdinand and Isabella lived, all later Spanish history would have been different, and the country, as likely as not, never would have known the reigns of Charles V and the Philips. His parents often rode across the *vegas* to mourn at his tomb, and well they might, for his death was a calamity

ONE OF THE NINE ANCIENT GATES OF AVILA

not only to them but to their country. His magnificent marble monument is the work of a Florentine artist.

At about the time of these sorrowful pilgrimages, Avila was the birthplace of the child who was to become the sainted Theresa, patron of modern Spain. This woman, "beautiful, gay and full of a heavenly sort of common-sense," was born in 1515 and spent her youth, without incident of any kind, in the manner of the usual daughter of gentle but not wealthy parents. When her mother died, she was sent to the Convent of the Encarnación, not as a novice, but as a pupil. While she was there, she figured as one of the principals in a romantic episode, for it appears that many young men sought her hand in marriage. It is recorded that she much enjoyed the chivalrous romances of the time and read many of them, until she was seized by a serious illness. During her convalescence, she dwelt at the home of an uncle, a formal old man, to whom she read religious books, for he would not listen to others. When she was reading aloud the works of St. Jerome, she felt impelled to take the vows of a Carmelite nun; and, altho she struggled against the inclination, according to her own writings, she entered the convent where she had been a pupil. She soon felt that the discipline of the institution was lax, and that the place lacked many of the qualities that a religious house should possess. But she was obliged to wait for twenty years before she could obtain official permission to depart from the place—with thirteen nuns who desired to go with her—and found a convent to be governed by the strict rules of the older time. There were many efforts to dissuade her, but she was victorious, and thus the Reformation of the Barefooted Carmelites was begun. Then came the founding of the Barefooted Friars, also through her influence, and laboring on for Strict Observ-

ance, she died in 1582 and was canonized by Pope Gregory XV in 1621.

Perhaps we can begin our wanderings in Avila in no more profitable manner than by walking around the old town, examining the walls, which are nearly three thousand yards in length; and if we do so, we should pause at the Puerta de Santa Teresa, outside of which is the Convento de Santa Teresa, with a church erected upon the site of the house in which the saint was born.

The Cathedral, like so many of the buildings in Avila, seems as much a castle or fortress as a church. It is said to have been begun at an earlier date, but was really founded in 1091 and pressed to completion in the succeeding years; yet it has the appearance of a Gothic edifice of the thirteenth or fourteenth century. The main entrance is guarded by "two wild men" of granite. The interior is solemn and dignified, and the lofty transept has some fine stained-glass windows. Of great interest here are the exceedingly valuable works of art: a copy of Michelangelo's "Pietà," a copy of Raphael's lost "Madonna di Loreto," ten paintings from the Life of Christ, iron pulpits, terra-cotta reliefs, an alabaster altar, and a silver custodia.

The finest example of Romanesque architecture in the city is the Church of San Vicente, now preserved as a national monument. The façade is flanked by two towers, between which is an open porch. Inside is the sarcophagus of St. Vincent and his sisters, Saints Sabina and Cristeta, surmounted by a Gothic canopy. A staircase descends to a crypt containing the rock upon which the three saints are said to have stood when they suffered martyrdom. Other churches that deserve visits are: San Pedro, which dates from the twelfth and thirteenth centuries; San Segundo,

which contains the tomb of St. Secundus, who was Bishop of Avila; and the twelfth-century church of San Andrés.

At Valladolid we were reminded of the ingratitude of kings in regard to Christopher Columbus; and when we arrive at Salamanca, we are reminded again of the great man, altho in happier moments of his life. It was to Spain's oldest university town that the explorer came to talk with its wise men concerning his project of crossing the Atlantic Ocean. It was here that he first received the encouragement that led him to place the matter before the monarchs, pleading for their assistance in making the great voyage. This bit of history gives an idea of the intellectual standing of Salamanca in the time of Columbus; as a matter of fact, this city was considered the center of Spanish learning two centuries before Columbus. It enjoyed the patronage of Alfonso XI, whose reign was made otherwise remarkable by the Christian victory at Tolosa. There came a time when popes, kings and students from England, France and Flanders consulted the books in the great university library at Salamanca, and it is said that at one time ten thousand students were enrolled in its twenty-five colleges. Four of these colleges received only noblemen. Another, still popularly known as the Irish College, was founded by Philip II for Irish students, and it remains to-day a popular school

TORRE DEL CLAVERO, SALAMANCA

THE TWO CATHEDRALS OF SALAMANCA: THE NEW ONE IN THE FOREGROUND

for the training of young men from Ireland who wish to enter the priesthood.

Salamanca should be visited for a glance at its relics of the past, as well as for its present-day interest. It retains much of the spirit of gaiety that must have been characteristic of it in the older day. In addition to its university, or perhaps, more correctly, in contrast to its intellectual pursuits, it has one of the largest bull-rings in Spain.

The city has had a remarkable career, even when compared to ancient towns of the southern coast. It was already a place of considerable importance two centuries before Christ, when it was captured by Hannibal. It belonged later to the Roman province of Lusitania, and afterwards was the object of much rivalry during the Moorish supremacy. About the year 1100, Salamanca was beautified by Alfonso VI, and foreigners as well as natives of distinction were encouraged to make it their residence; but it was Alfonso IX who, by the founding of the university, extended the reputation of the city to neighboring countries. Pope Alexander IV placed it, as an intellectual center, on a par with the three university centers of Bologna, Paris and Oxford. One of its important functions was to place the learning of Arabia before the western world. The decline of the place usually is dated from the removal of the court from Toledo to Valladolid, and the establishing of a bishopric in the latter city, which previously had been subject to Salamanca. Political events and warfare of the following years added to the decline, so that to-day the city is only a relic of its former greatness; but it is an imposing relic. Nearly all the important buildings of the town were built of the same material and many of them remain in an unusually fine state of preservation.

SALAMANCA'S PLAZA MAYOR AND MUNICIPAL BUILDINGS

First of all, we go to the Plaza Mayor, usually called the finest square of its kind in Spain. Its four-storied buildings date from the eighteenth century; and as they surround the square and have colonnades on the lower floor, they furnish the popular promenade of the town in the evening, when all of Spain finds pleasure in strolling. Another popular promenade, and one of more interest to the newly-arrived visitor —also, one to be taken in the daytime—is that encircling the city walls. Little is left of the walls themselves; but there are excellent views of the city to be obtained during this walk, and in this way one comes upon the Roman Bridge, fifteen arches of which are of original Roman construction, while the others date from the seventeenth century. It is well to cross over to the other side and obtain a view of the towers of the city, grouped in an area that one

visualizes as it was in the older days, when it was surrounded by walls.

The Romanesque Old Cathedral, which was founded in the year 1100 by Count Raymond of Burgundy, but was not finished until a century later, is an exceedingly fine example of the transition style. Owing to the thickness of its walls, most of which are ten feet through, it is sometimes called *Fortis Salamantina.* One should obtain a good view of the exterior and note particularly the lantern, which served as the model for the tower on Trinity Church in Boston, Massachusetts. The interior has a massive appearance, and there are many features worthy of close observation. The large fresco of "The Last Supper" has below it more than fifty pictures on wood of scenes from the lives of Christ and the Virgin. A feature of the interior decoration is also

QUADRANGLE OF THE FAMOUS UNIVERSITY OF SALAMANCA

the fantastic figures of men, imps and animals on the capitals and corbels. In the Cloisters are several monuments of no particular interest; but we visit the Capilla de Talavera, founded for the Mozárabic rites, which are celebrated here several times during the year.

The so-called New Cathedral was begun early in the sixteenth century, but was not completed until far into the eighteenth century; thus it is a record of the changes of taste in architecture and presents examples of several styles. The façades are much ornamented, above the north portal being a relief of "Christ Entering Jerusalem." The interior is over three hundred feet long, and one of its most marked features is the balustrade that runs around the entire church. The Capilla Dorada contains the tomb of its founder, a beautiful screen, and statues of several saints. The reliquary has the well-known crucifix of the Cid, a much revered statue of the Virgin, and several other treasures. The Capilla del Carmen, behind the high altar, contains the tomb of Jerónimo Visquio, comrade of the Cid, who became Bishop of Salamanca.

Several other features of the city may be of considerable interest to tourists who come upon them in their wanderings. San Martín is a late Romanesque church said to have been founded as early as 1103. On the north portal we note the relief of "St. Martin and the Beggar." Near this church we come upon one of the chief curiosities of the place, the House of Shells, which dates from the early sixteenth century. It derives its name from the fact that its façades and window grilles are sprinkled with scallop-shells. The church of San Esteban was built for the Dominicans in the sixteenth century, and here again we find an interesting relief on the façade—"The Stoning of St. Stephen."

XIV ASTURIAS AND GALICIA

ONE OF THE OLDEST CHRISTIAN CHURCHES IN SPAIN:
SANTA MARIA DE NARANCO, NEAR OVIEDO

XIV

ASTURIAS AND GALICIA

WE are making a comprehensive tour of Spain, visiting not only the well-known cities, but also many out-of-the-way points of historical interest; for these give us a better idea of the country and the people than possibly could be gained by remaining in the more progressive centers, where the old Spanish life is feeling the influence of the foreigner. Let us assume, then, that we have arrived in the northern province of Galicia, at the port city of Corunna (Spanish, Coruña) which is visited by several lines of steamers from European ports. Here, as in the South, we find a distinctive Spanish life of which we should have at least a glimpse, because it affords many side-lights that are intensely interesting.

Corunna is a very ancient city, perhaps founded by the Phenicians, who were the great colonists of the ancient world. It was the Brigantium of the Romans and the Coronius of the Middle Ages; always of importance, owing to its situation, its deep harbor, and quick communication with other countries. It is perched picturesquely upon a tongue of land between two bays, and the Castillo de San Antón, on a rocky island, makes an imposing picture for the eyes of the newly arrived traveler. We think of Corunna chiefly as the city from which sailed the Invincible Armada with its army of thirty thousand men, which was to conquer England. Ten years later, a British fleet under Drake ar-

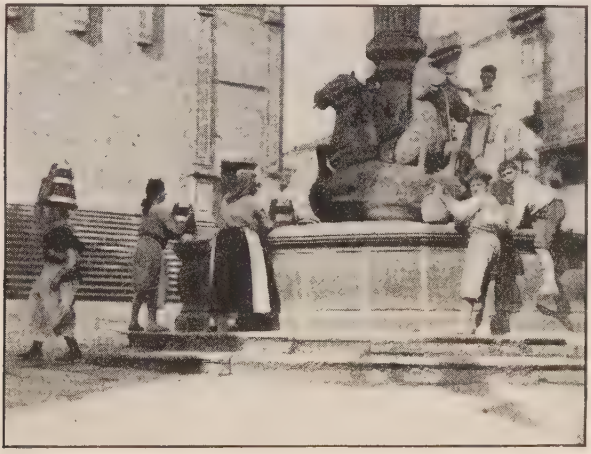
rived in the harbor and burned the city, and in these waters have occurred many more recent events that have left notable pages in the history of nations.

Our first impression is that it is the city of the solarium; at least, we seem to realize for the first time that sun-parlors were in general use long before they were approved by modern architects. Only, here they are called *miradores,* and are glazed windows in balconies built primarily for protection against the wind.

Corunna has an Old Town and a New Town; and, as usual, we find a greater interest in the former. We visit the Jardín de San Carlos, the burial-place of Sir John Moore, who fell in battle on the neighboring heights of Elviña during the Peninsular War. His monument here bears a simple inscription. Many American as well as British readers will recall the Rev. Charles Wolfe's stirring poem, "The Burial of Sir John Moore." His death wound was received in 1809 while successfully protecting the embarkation of British troops against a superior force of Napoleon's army under Marshal Soult. "He would not suffer his sword to be unbuckled, tho the hilt galled his wound," says the historian, "and so he was borne from the field. His last hours were cheered by the knowledge of victory, and his only care was to recommend his friends, and those who had distinguished themselves, to his government. He died with the name of Lady Hester Stanhope on his lips."

The Tower of Hercules overlooks the city, and altho it dates from the time of the Roman founders, it still serves its first purpose of a lighthouse. There are several sea trips that may be made from here. One of them takes us to El Ferrol, usually counted as Spain's chief naval port on the Atlantic.

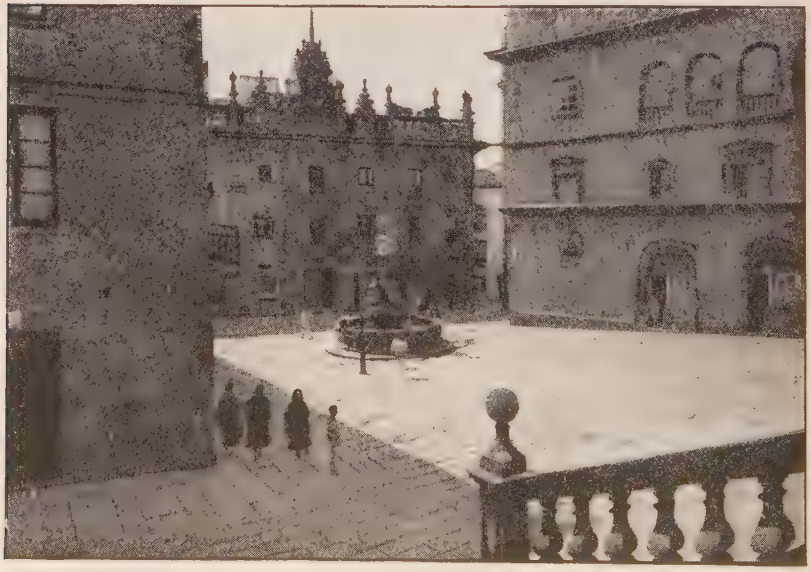
Vigo is a much favored port city, one of its chief industries being the canning and shipping of fish, which might not seem to make it an attractive place for the visitor; but the suburbs afford beautiful vistas, and the bathing is much enjoyed. Lines of motor-buses make it convenient for visitors to reach several watering places in the vicinity, and most of the routes lead through fertile districts, in which the peasants may be seen busily at work in their fields.



AT ONE OF THE PUBLIC FOUNTAINS OF SANTIAGO DE COMPOSTELA

Santiago de Compostela is one of the most interesting cities in the northern part of Spain. It claims only about fifteen thousand inhabitants, but it has about fifty churches and is one of the great national shrines of the country. Santiago de Compostela owes its importance to the fact that St. James, "the warrior saint," is said to be buried here. The legend was current, as early as the fourth century, that the son of Zebedee made a missionary tour of Spain; later centuries added to the popularity of the story, until it came

to be accepted as an authenticated fact. It was also received as a proved fact that after the saint was beheaded in Judea, his remains were brought to Spain for burial. Here they attracted comparatively little attention, we are told, until some time in the ninth century, when a star was seen to point to the exact spot of burial, the *campus stellæ*, which is supposed to give the place its name. Veneration of St. James the Greater became almost a national cult; and it was soon reported that the saint was seen frequently, mounted upon a white horse and assisting the Christians in their fight against the infidels. It seems likely that Alfonso I directed the erection of the first edifice over the grave; but this was destroyed by the Moors. With the building of a new church, public interest in the tomb increased. Ferdinand and Isabella caused a hospice to be erected for pilgrims; and these



AN ALMOST DESERTED PLAZA IN SANTIAGO DE COMPOSTELA

were soon streaming into Santiago de Compostela from all parts of the Catholic world, causing some witty observer to call the main highway by the popular Spanish name for the Milky Way—El Camino de Santiago, St. James's Road—owing to the annual multitude of visitors.

ONE OF THE CATHEDRAL TOWERS, SANTIAGO DE COMPOSTELA

Whether we enter the city as pilgrims or as mere sightseers, we go first to the Cathedral, one of the finest examples of Renaissance architecture in all Spain. It is said that the present edifice was commenced early in the eleventh century, but that the building progressed through the twelfth century, the consecration taking place in the year 1211; but there have been many alterations and restorations since that time, so that we confront a beautiful baroque structure in the form of a Roman cross. It is more than three hundred feet long, and the dome is over one hundred feet high. The gable of the west façade has a statue of St. James, which is flanked by towers over two hundred feet high. The portal, however, is opened only for high dignitaries and officials. The Capilla Mayor stands above the grave of the Apostle, and the high altar is of jasper, alabaster and silver. The silver in the altar alone is said to be eleven hundred pounds, not counting the large number of silver

lamps. St. James sits enthroned in a niche above the altar, and the figure is ornamented by gold, silver and precious stones from pious donors. A staircase leads into the crypt containing the graves of the saint and two of his disciples. The bones of the former repose in a silver casket.

We may make the circuit of the various chapels, some of which have attractive carvings and decorations; and in them we may see the tombs of many of the illustrious figures of the past. Kings, queens and once-famous military men rest in these caskets of marble and metal. The Gloria Portal is famous; it is the work of Mateo, who spent twenty years upon it. It has been called "one of the greatest glories of Christian art." The Cloisters are considered among the best in the country and are in what is known as the Plateresque style.

CLOISTERS OF THE CATHEDRAL OF SANTIAGO DE COMPOSTELA

CARRYING WATER IN SANTIAGO DE COMPOSTELA

As we emerge from the Cathedral, we see the hospice erected by the "Catholic Kings," and the Consistorial Palace, now occupied by municipal authorities. In the tympanum is a representation of a battle, in which one notes St. James directing the operations on horseback while battle rages around him.

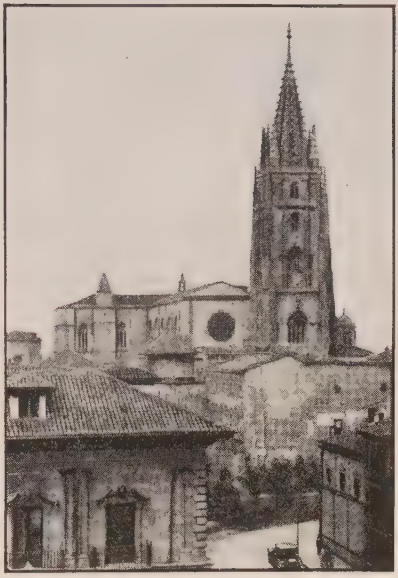
As might be expected in the city of such an important shrine, there is an ecclesiastical atmosphere about the place; most of the people one meets in the streets seem to be not only serious for Latins, but devout. Probably many of them are visitors, and they have not come here for gaiety, but to kneel before the shrine in the Cathedral, often, no doubt, in fulfilment of a vow; and many of them have traveled over long roads to reach this final destination—a visit that they will always remember. There are many churches and convents that are interesting to the casual foreign visitor, altho the names upon the tombs, as at the Cathedral Cloisters, are likely to have none of the meaning for strangers that they have for the natives.

Oviedo, a city of about twenty thousand inhabitants, reminds one of those towns in Ireland that grew up around monasteries. Here was a retreat in the eighth century that became so important that a town arose around the conventual buildings and in time became the capital of the Asturias. The place began to lose its importance, however,

as the Reconquistadores pushed their way through the country. The center of life in the modern town is the Cathedral, which was rebuilt on the site of an earlier church in the early ninth century; and the present edifice is a later building in Gothic style, probably dating from the fourteenth century. Even in the multitude of Spanish churches, it is notable for several features, among which are the beautiful stained-glass windows, the Retablo de la Virgen de la Luz with many marble statuettes and canopies, a silver shrine of St. Eulalia dating from the eleventh century, a retablo in five sections, representing scenes in the life of Christ and the saints; many tombs, the Capilla del Rey Casto, and the Pantheon of the Kings, with an ancient sarcophagus and several urns said to contain royal remains. In the Cloisters are many tombstones and reliefs that were

OVIEDO AND THE FERTILE PLAIN THAT SUPPORTS IT

brought for safe-keeping from desecrated churches of the neighborhood.



CATHEDRAL OF OVIEDO

The pleasant old city of León has permitted the spirit of progress to pass it by; and altho there is the atmosphere of modernity in many parts of the country, this city seems not to care to change its routine of life, and some of the narrow streets must appear to the stranger of to-day much as they did a thousand years ago. Even the inhabitants have no inclination to alter their costumes; they pay no attention to the changing vogues, but wear clothing in the patterns used by their grandparents. León was once the proud capital of the kingdom; but one who arrives here for the first time should have at least a slight knowledge of the place; for none of the inhabitants is likely to show sufficient interest to remind the stranger of its great historic moments or even to point out the monuments that remain to prove the glorious past.

The center of activity is the arcade-encircled Plaza Mayor. This offers an excellent opportunity for observing the natives of the city, and the peasants who come to town for the purpose of trading in the markets. In León, as elsewhere in Spain, however, we soon make our way to the Cathedral, a fine early-Gothic edifice, which reminds one of similar structures in France. It is said to occupy the site of ancient

CATHEDRAL OF LEON, A SPLENDID EXAMPLE OF EARLY GOTHIC

Roman baths. The main façade has three doorways, a large rose window, and a turret-flanked gable. Over the main portal is a statue of Nuestra Señora la Blanca, and over the side portals are scenes from the life of the Virgin. There is much in the interior that is worthy of close observation; the carved choir stalls, the alabaster *trascoro*, a Gothic retablo with paintings of the fifteenth century; a silver casket containing the remains of the saints Alvito, Pelayo, Froilan and Antolin; many tombs, and the famous statue of Our Lady of the Die, concerning which the story is told that a gambler, imploring aid of the Virgin, threw one of his dice at the figure, whereupon the statue began to bleed.

From the Cathedral we go to the Colegiata de San Isidoro and pass the famous Neptune Fountain on the way. The Colegiata was founded in 1005 as a suitable place for the reception of St. Isidoro's remains. The high altar has a shrine containing the bones of the saint, and at the west end of the nave is the Pantheon, formerly the national mausoleum. The larger of its two rooms dates from the eleventh century and contains several stone coffins. The Library contains fine examples of early printing and several rare manuscripts, including a Bible of the tenth century. In the so-called Muniment Room is a magnificent agate chalice, ornamented with precious stones.

The Convent of San Marcos occupies the site of a former hospice for the shelter of pilgrims on their way to Santiago de Compostela. This building now contains the Museum, which has a collection of Roman monuments, an altar to Diana bearing an inscription that shows it was dedicated by a grateful hunter, and bricks bearing the stamp of the Seventh Roman Legion, which once inhabited this territory; also processional crosses of rock crystal and bronze, wooden

LEON CATHEDRAL'S "SLENDER FINIALS AND TASTEFUL BALUSTRADE"

CLOISTERS OF LEON CATHEDRAL

THE LITTLE PLAZA OF SAN MARCELO, LEON

THE FORMER CONVENT OF SAN MARCOS, LEON

statues, and paintings. A thoroughly uninviting cell in this former convent is pointed out as the place where the poet, Francisco de Quevedo, was confined for writing a bold satire on Philip IV.

The city walls, with their round towers, attract our attention from various points of view; and they deserve to do so, because their foundations date from the third century and are considered first-rate examples of Roman fortifications of their period. If we are near the northern gate, it will be well to inquire for the remains of the Roman house, whose mosaic pavements are in a fine state of preservation.

XV BURGOS OF OLD CASTILE

BACK-DOOR VIEW OF THE CATHEDRAL OF BURGOS

XV

BURGOS OF OLD CASTILE

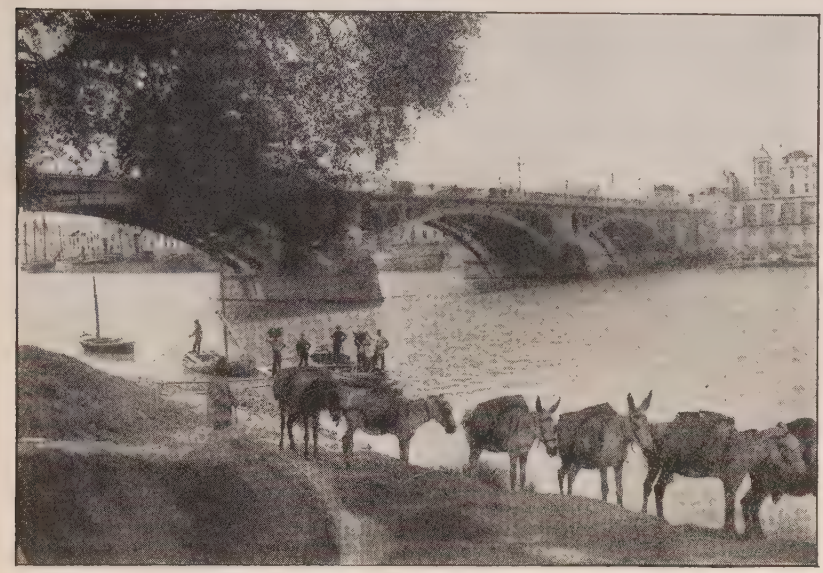
IN our Spanish journey, we have visited many cities that seem to be only monuments of the great past. We have seen many empty palaces, or palatial residences now fallen to a lowly estate. Many once-lovely gardens and patios that are now overgrown with weeds or strewn with rubbish. Many decayed monuments of the time when Spain raised its head over the other nations of the western world. Many churches that have been restored, repaired and altered, in the attempt to preserve them, but that nevertheless seem to be neglected by congregations whose ancestors loved them devotedly. We have also noted that there is an awakening. There is a new interest among the people. It is more notable in certain parts of the country than in others; the larger cities are the leaders, and the towns and villages, some of them rather reluctantly, are following the example of the larger communities. This wave of progress not only adopts the new customs and methods of living, but also brings a keener sense of the values of ancient treasures, a demand for the preservation of the old, along with the desire to keep pace again with the march of nations.

All these things are to be observed at Burgos, a city which no traveler should overlook in his journey through the country. I have heard many Americans ask: "Why go to Burgos? There is nothing there but the Cathedral, and one who travels in Spain will see enough churches to satisfy the

beholder for a lifetime." This is both inaccurate and untrue.

There is much at Burgos to interest the casual tourist, in addition to the Cathedral; and we are certain to enjoy ourselves if we plan to spend more than the day that the usual itinerary assigns to this city. One of the drawbacks is the extreme temperature. When the people of Burgos are feeling a bit disgruntled they describe their climate as "nine months of winter and three months of hell"; but that is only a humorous exaggeration. The thoughtful traveler should be properly equipped for all kinds of weather, and whether one arrives at Burgos in winter or in summer, he should do so with the intention of remaining long enough not only to glimpse the chief sights, but also to feel the spell of the old capital, and to note the remnants of its former grandeur

ENCLOSED BALCONIES ARE POPULAR, FOR BURGOS HAS MANY COLD DAYS



ON THE BANKS OF THE ARLANZON AT BURGOS

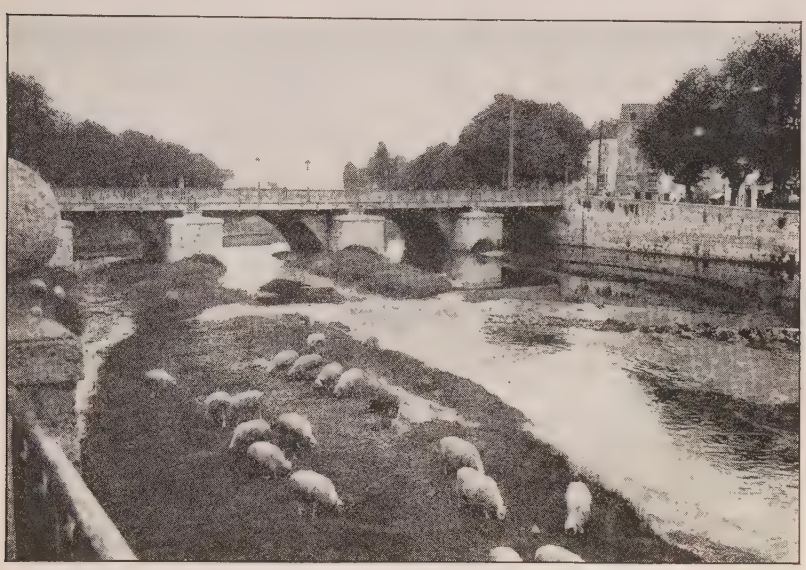
and the manner in which it is again forging ahead as a thriving modern city. Situated on a plateau, it is chilly in the autumn, winter and spring; and it is excessively hot during the summer. Modern heating arrangements now dispel many of the winter discomforts of which earlier travelers complained so bitterly; less relief, however, may be expected from the torrid wind that frequently blows from the south in the summer months. Travelers in Spain should expect excessive temperatures, and if diet and clothing are properly considered, comparatively little inconvenience will be felt.

It is true that there is a certain monotony about the place; but it is the monotony of the Spanish atmosphere, because the place is Castilian in architecture, street life, customs and inhabitants. There is constant activity on the river front, where sandbags are being placed on the backs of donkeys,

which seem to be forever plodding back and forth, carrying sand for building purposes. This stream, the Arlanzón, serves many purposes: furnishing pasturage for sheep, water for drinking and for bathing, and constituting a public laundry. Beneath almost every bridge we find the laundress at work. No matter how large the city or small the town in Spain, we are almost certain to find the family wash scattered along the banks of a stream and dozens of *señoras* rubbing for dear life. The Spanish laundress is born, not made. She looks with disdain upon a novice, and prides herself upon her art; the washerwomen, indeed, maintain a sort of clan.

Altho Burgos has one of the most beautiful churches in Europe, an edifice that is more important than any other in the city, let us reserve our visit to its interior until later, and first of all, now that we have arrived in the city that

A BURGOS LAUNDRY IN BUSINESS HOURS



SHEEP GRAZING IN THE CITY OF BURGOS

was his home, let us first think of the Spanish national hero, popularly known as El Cid, the great champion of Spain against the invading Moors, Rodrigo Diaz de Vivar, or Bivar, as it is sometimes spelled. He was born probably about the year 1026, and he was first mentioned in history about 1066; while we cannot visit the house in which he was born, we may stand upon its site, which the natives consider almost holy ground, and we know that part of his bones, at least, and the remains of his famous wife, Ximena, or Jimena, repose in a reliquary in a chapel of the City Hall.

El Cid Campeador was a man whose character and deeds would not permit him to be the hero of any other European country; but one expects everything to be different in Spain. We are not surprized, therefore, to find that before we can admire him as the natives of his own country profess to do, we must appreciate that he was a product of his age

ARCH OF SANTA MARIA, MAIN ENTRANCE TO BURGOS BUILT TO PLEASE CHARLES V

and race; and that while accepting him as a grim male figure, we must realize the vast difference between the Cid of history and the Cid of legend, the latter most certainly being the hero of to-day. The American who fails to comprehend the esteem in which he is held as "the pattern of religious zeal, the mirror of chivalry, the type of patriotism, the champion of public rights, and the model of unquestioning loyalty," possessor of all the graces that the modern Spaniard most admires, should remember that this is a legend of growth through successive centuries; and that, while he undeniably was a rough freebooter, a cruel tyrant, a destroyer of Christian churches, one who couched his lance against Moor and Christian alike, serving whoever would pay him most, he finally did do a great deal to liberate his country from Moslem domination. W. D. Howells expressed the popular American opinion of the Cid, when he wrote:

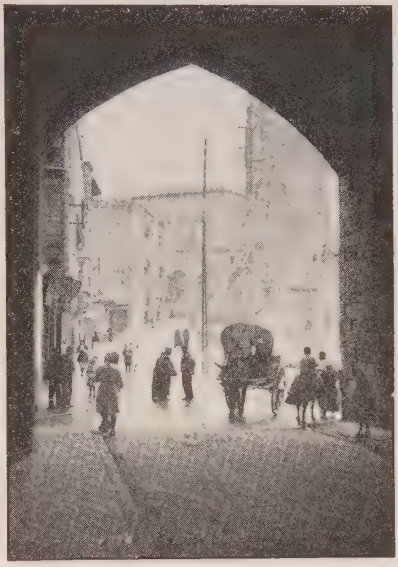
"Tho he made his king publicly swear that he had no part in the murder of his royal brother, and tho he was the stoutest and bravest knight in Castile, I cannot find it altogether admirable in him that when his king banished him he should resolve to fight thereafter for any master who paid him best. That appears to me the part of a road-agent rather than a reformer, and it seems to me no amend for his service under Moorish princes that he should make war against them on his personal behalf or afterward under his own ungrateful king. He is friends now with the Arabian King of Saragossa, and now he defeats the Aragonese under the Castilian sovereign and again he sends an insulting message by the Moslems to the Christian Count of Barcelona, whom he takes prisoner with his followers, but releases without ransom after a contemptuous audience. Is it well, I

ask, that he helps one Moor against another, always for what there is in it, and when he takes Valencia from the infidels, keeps none of his promises to them, but having tortured the governor to make him give up his treasure, buries him to the waist and burns him alive? After that, to be sure, he enjoys his declining years by making forays in the neighboring country and dies 'satisfied with having done his duty toward his God.' "

It should be recalled, however, that he spent his last year in holy works, and when the mosque at Valencia was consecrated for Christian worship, he brought rich gifts to it, and Te Deums were chanted in celebration of his victories.

Even his horse, Babieça, achieved undying fame. All his battles, the legend insists, were fought on this horse; so it must have been close to fifty years of age when it died, for it survived its master two years, and enthusiastic writers tell us that it "left descendants in the land."

When the Cid was about to die in Valencia, which he had captured from the Moors, he did not lie down in suffering and await the approach of the end, but held an audience and thus addressed the Bishop, Ximena his wife, and a company of relatives, knights and honorable men: "Well do you know, as many of you as are here, that of all the men in this world, however honorable and powerful they may be, not one can escape death. To it, I am now nigh." He then went on to make all arrangements for his funeral, and ordered that his food henceforth should be the balsam and myrrh that had been sent to him by the Sultan of Persia, after they had been mixed with rosewater. He took no other nourishment for eight days, and when the end was near, he received the last sacraments of the Church and directed that his body be put in a casket after it had been anointed with balsam and myrrh.



STREET VISTA IN BURGOS

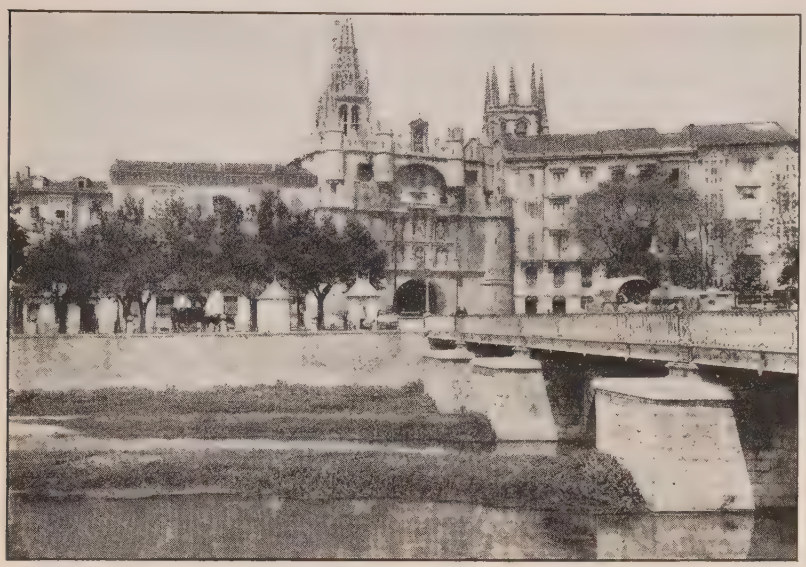
It seems also that he arranged the details of his celebrated funeral journey northward. The story of how Ximena placed the dead body of her husband on his famous war-horse and passed safely through the ranks of the terrified Moors is a favorite one with the Spanish ballad-writers. The procession, we are told, became an event of huge national importance in each town through which it passed.

First the Cid was buried in the convent of Cardeña, and his widow dwelt in a small house near by for four years, after which she was buried at the foot of the throne upon which his statue was seated. There are reports of a removal of parts of his body to Germany, and then, in the year 1801, what remained of the body at Cardeña was removed to Burgos, where, since 1883, it has reposed at the City Hall, doubtless awaiting a more appropriate mausoleum.

In the Cid's city, let us go to the hillside above the Cathedral and see some of the palaces which the nobles built when life was gay here and Burgos was one of the most important cities in the country. There were not many comforts in the palaces of those days, but a glance is still sufficient to show that there was splendor. Yet many of these imposing structures are occupied to-day by people who have not the slightest idea of the history that surrounds them. Poor old

women dwell in some of them with their cows, selling the milk from the latter around the city. We go to the Casa de Miranda, which dates from 1543, and here see the fine mansion of an ancient noble of Castile; yet the place is now given over to the manufacture of wine-skins from the hides of pigs. We pass into the entrance hall and through an archway to an anteroom which has an octagon borne by four arches over which there is a dome. The portal to the staircase has sculptured columns and friezes, and there is a barrel-vaulting. The patio is surrounded by Corinthian columns, the space between some of them having been bricked up; and one should mount the slippery, uneven staircase, if for no other reason than to look down in the middle of this characteristic specimen of ancient domestic architecture. There are many of these old mansions, altho the one visited

OXEN ARE MUCH MORE COMMON IN BURGOS THAN HORSES OR MOTOR-CARS



APPROACHING THE CENTER OF THE CITY BY THE SANTA MARIA BRIDGE

may give us a better idea of the interiors than any of the others, owing to its comparatively good state of preservation. We should not overlook the Casa del Cordón, however, a structure that dates from the fifteenth century.

The Puente de Santa María spans the river and leads to the Espolón, where the band plays on summer evenings and where the crowd passes to and fro in the promenade that is a feature of life in all parts of Spain. In the middle of the Plaza Mayor stands a statue of Charles III. At the other extremity of the Espolón is the Arco de Santa María, a gate that dates from the sixteenth century; it is an unusual structure with semicircular towers adorned with the statues of celebrities (including the Cid), and above them a balustrade and image of the Virgin. Inside, there is a museum of some interest.

Before we visit the giant among the churches, let us step inside some of the smaller members of the Burgos group, because each will be found to contain at least one feature to arouse our admiration. For example, the high choir of San Nicolás, which rests on four sculptured arches and has a beautiful balustrade. The Gothic Church of San Esteban, which was begun in the thirteenth century, has a good rose-window, a small Gothic chapel over the font, a relief of "The Scourging of Christ" and a painting of "The Last Supper," dating from the sixteenth century. The Church of Santa Agueda is notable as the locale of the oath forced from the king by the Cid, that he had taken no part in the murder of his royal brother. The Church of San Gil has two paintings by Raphael Mengs and some good examples of wall tombs.

One of the most satisfying of these excursions about the city brings us to the still-occupied Carthusian monastery of Cartuja de Miraflores, in the church of which we find the superb monument of John II and his wife, Isabella of Portugal, which usually is accounted as the finest work of its kind in the country, and which, more than anything else, makes the church a lodestone for visitors. The monument is ornamented with many statues, and the king has a ring on a right finger, while the queen holds a prayer-book. Another fine monument here is the one erected to the Infante Alfonso at the age of about sixteen. Near the entrance is a "Magdalen" by Ribera.

The Cardeña convent lies several miles outside the city, but it deserves a visit, as it was the place in which the Cid and his wife were first buried, in accordance with his will. It is very old and perhaps dates from the early years of the sixth century.

THE CITY HALL OF BURGOS—AFTER A SHOWER

The Huelgas Monastery, about a mile outside of the city, was originally a château belonging to King Alfonso VIII, in the eleventh century. It is still a Cistercian nunnery for noble ladies, as it became in his day; and the occupants are not called "sisters," but "señoras doñas," as they all belong to the patrician class and each must provide a sufficient fortune to defray her expenses. The convent was founded by Alfonso "to expiate his sins and to gratify his queen." (Someone remarked, after reading this, that "she probably knew of them.") The institution always enjoyed tremendous prestige, and for a time the abbess held the privilege of life and death. In the Gothic vestibule are the tombs of Knights of Santiago, and in the church are statues of Alfonso VIII and his wife Eleanora, daughter of Henry II of England; their tombs are in the Coro de las Señoras, where the nuns

attend mass each morning—a service to which men are not admitted.

The visitor who has the time should make several visits to the Cathedral of Burgos. It was founded in 1221 and it took three centuries to build. I have heard architects and artists compare it with a bride's cake, owing to its excessive ornamentation; and I have heard others wax eloquent over it as one of the most beautiful Gothic structures in Europe. Most of us are likely to use the comparative and not the superlative degree in our appreciation; but, altho we may feel that we have "seen enough churches to last a lifetime," as I heard one American say after traveling up through Spain from the South, we shall quite willingly give this mighty monument a close and careful inspection, knowing that we shall be well paid for doing so. We approach the southwestern façade,

A TYPICAL STREET SCENE IN BURGOS: CATHEDRAL IN THE BACKGROUND

which has three entrances: the middle adorned with statues of Ferdinand III, Alfonso VI and two bishops; the side portals with reliefs representing the Coronation and Conception of the Virgin. There is a rose window, and, in the third stage, two Gothic windows, and the two towers rise to a height of two hundred seventy-five feet. There are several additional entrances, however; and before entering any of them, one may gain a new impression of the edifice by walking completely around it, taking particular notice of the octagonal lantern above the central crossing, which has eight pinnacles, each crowned by a statue.

The interior is three hundred feet long, with the Capilla Mayor at the eastern end and various chapels surrounding the church. Four massive and ornately decorated piers support the Octagon, and the Coro is surrounded by Corinthian columns; in its center is an enameled bronze monument to Bishop Maurice, an Englishman credited with being the founder of the church. The *retablo* of the high altar is gilded, and the *trassagrario* behind the altar has a relief showing scenes of the Passion. Behind the presbytery is the Capilla del Condestable, usually considered the finest feature of the whole church. It is beautifully decorated, the high altar having panels, one of which in life-size figures represents the "Presentation in the Temple." The altar of Santa Ana, the superb tombs of the Constable and his wife, and the painting of "The Penitent Magdalen" by a pupil of Leonardo da Vinci, are other prominent features. The Capilla del Santísimo Cristo is celebrated for its ancient image of the Crucified, usually believed to consist of a dried and stuffed human body, but probably made of some animal's hide, with human hair upon the head. The Capilla de San Juan de Sahagún has six paintings of the Flemish-Spanish

school. Many of the other chapels have tombs, statues and paintings that are interesting chiefly to one who associates them with important names in local history. The Gothic Cloisters date from the fourteenth century and contain many tombs and statues.

High up on the northern wall of the Corpus Christi Chapel hangs the famous Coffer of the Cid—"dean of all the trunks in the world," a witty Frenchman calls it—which the Cid filled with sand instead of gold when he gave it to the Jews of Burgos as a pledge for money advanced to him—another outstanding feature in the life of the national hero that only Spain would recall with admiration. It is fair to add, however, that in this case the national hero was more honest than the security he put up, for he ultimately repaid the loan.

XVI THE BASQUE PROVINCES AND SAN SEBASTIAN

THE HARBOR OF SAN SEBASTIAN WHEN THE TIDE IS OUT

XVI

THE BASQUE PROVINCES AND SAN SEBASTIAN

WE now approach the land of the Basques, who are among the most interesting people of the earth. Probably as soon as we arrive at Santander or Bilbao, on our way to the North, we shall employ a Basque coachman or driver. We recognize him by his flat cap, and by other characteristics, as a descendant of that ancient race which has kept itself clean from the "taint" of all invaders. Voltaire described the Basques as a fearless people who dance upon the tops of mountains. The "Essai sur la Noblesse Basque," which dates from 1785, asserts that these people around the western end of the Pyrenees have played their part in history for thirty centuries, and adds that they came to Spain fifteen years before the beginning of the Christian era and gradually withdrew to the hills rather than yield to the conqueror. Nobody knows of their origin, altho countless theories have been advanced.

The Basques themselves declare that they are directly descended from Noah or Tubal, but others have considered them a branch of African stock. Still others trace them from the Semitic stock of Chaldea, or from the race that produced the Indians of North America, or from the inhabitants of the lost Atlantis. Certain it is that they are an individual and interesting people, whose customs have not been altered from time immemorial, and who speak a language that is almost impossible for others to learn. Tradi-

ONE OF THE BATHING BEACHES OF SANTANDER

CHIEF CENTER OF LIFE IN BEAUTIFUL SANTANDER

tion has it that when God realized that Satan had tempted Eve and caused her and Adam to be expelled from the Garden of Eden, He sent the devil to the land of the Basques, commanding that he remain until he had mastered the language. Satan remained for seven years and learned practically nothing, so when God realized that He had required an impossibility, He commuted the sentence and declared it to have been too hard a punishment.

ON THE PASEO DE LA CONCHA

Santander was a place of importance in the Roman era; but, like several other cities of the vicinity, it declined and only recently has come back to its older estate as an important port on the northern coast of Spain—very largely on account of the product of the mines of the district. The city is situated on a bay surrounded by hills; and there is the Old and the New Town, affording a first-rate impression of the history through which the place has passed—a Castle and Gothic Cathedral of the thirteenth century on the heights, and modern boulevards and plazas near the water. One is sure to enjoy a ramble into the suburbs, which afford many glimpses of pretty villas, gardens and bathing beaches.

Bilbao, another commercial town with many similarities to Santander, was founded in the year 1300, and the narrow streets of the Old Town have a quaint beauty that appeals to the visitor. The New Town lies across the Nervión, which

WHERE THE PYRENEES MEET THE BAY OF BISCAY: SAN SEBASTIAN

THE BROAD BATHING BEACH AT LOW TIDE

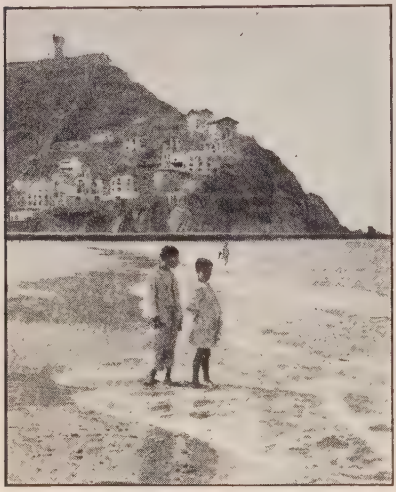
FISHERMEN AT SAN SEBASTIAN MENDING THEIR NETS

HANDSOME BRIDGES SPAN THE RIO URUMEA IN SAN SEBASTIAN

UNDER THE ACACIA TREES OF THE FASHIONABLE PASEO DE LA CONCHA, SAN SEBASTIAN

is spanned by several bridges. The river has been canalized, and at high tide the place has the appearance of a busy little port because of the iron-ore deposits of the district. These sources of iron have been well known for centuries, so that old writers called a rapier a *bilbo* and referred to iron fetters as *bilboes*. There are several attractive drives and walks around the city, offering the suggestion that in the course of time this whole coastline will be a pleasure-ground for excursionists and summer residents who attempt to escape the heat of the inland Spanish summer.

Motoring through an attractive country, we arrive at San Sebastián, our last stopping-place in Spain—or the first for those who are entering Spain from France. It has become the most fashionable seaside resort in the country and one of the most fashionable in all Europe, chiefly owing to its attractive scenery, climate, good hotels, and the presence of the royal family and prominent members of the court and diplomatic corps during the summer months. The social prominence of the place dates from only a few years ago—in fact, from the infancy of the present King of Spain, Alfonso XIII. After the death of her husband, Maria Cristina, mother of the king, practically defied court etiquette and took her child to the Basque country, where he could enjoy healthful surroundings and pure air. Year after year, she spent at least part of the time at San Sebastián, being followed by the nobles and courtiers. Alfonso XIII spent many of his youthful days here, and developed a liking for the sports and outdoor exercises that have been characteristic of his later life; and now, in the heated term, he and the royal set make the pilgrimage each summer, and the monarch gladly relinquishes life in the great palace at Madrid for life in the comparatively small Miramar, which stands in



WHEN THE TIDE COMES IN

a shady grove overlooking the waters of the bay.

San Sebastián has many of the characteristics of the other large European seaside resorts. The sights beloved by visitors are elsewhere, and here one is more interested in the scenic beauties of the surroundings and in the people who congregate to make it a rendezvous of gaiety. The curved beach has lines of wheeled cabins and wicker seats, and the population of the strand is happy in the sunshine; near by is the promenade with moving groups in kaleidoscopic raiment; then the border of acacia trees, and behind them the hotels that offer all the comforts and luxuries of modern life—with rates accordingly high. The most fashionable promenades are those around the Concha, or Shell, a bay that has mountains on two sides and the lovely little island of Santa Clara at the outlet. The Casino also draws the fashionables, and as admission is permitted to all who pay a slight fee, one sees here the gorgeously costumed crowds made up of all nationalities, brilliant butterflies for the major part, enjoying their holidays or continuing the holidays of the Lido, Swiss lakes or French resorts.

San Sebastián is an imposing gateway to Spain for those who have just come across the border from Bayonne and Biarritz—a sort of carnival and processional that is not at all indicative of the Spanish scene in the interior cities, but nevertheless an imposing picture to greet the stranger, seem-

ONE OF SAN SEBASTIAN'S ATTRACTIVE PLAZAS

AT THE ENTRANCE TO THE "CONCHA," SAN SEBASTIAN'S BEAUTIFUL BAY

ON THE SANDS OF SAN SEBASTIAN: THE ROYAL SEASIDE RESORT OF NORTHERN SPAIN

ingly almost a spectacular gesture of welcome. To one who travels northward and arrives here after following the itinerary of the foregoing pages—along what seems to me the preferable route, particularly for the American who arrives in the spring or early summer, the most popular season for tourists in Spain—the beauties of San Sebastián serve the same purpose of giving the visitor a spectacular picture at departure—one that will linger in memory and serve as a fitting locale for reflection upon past joys and the adjustment of the program of observations and impressions that will be one's final memory of Seeing Spain.

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